



P282.10

B.d. Mar. 1895.



Harvard College Library.

FROM

Convers Francis.

1 June, 1864.

THE
NEW-YORK QUARTERLY.

DEVOTED TO

Science, Philosophy, and Literature.

VOL. III.

APRIL, 1854, TO JANUARY, 1855.

NEW-YORK:
PUBLISHED BY JAMES G. REED, 346 BROADWAY.
LONDON: TRUBNER & CO.
1855.

~~IX. 273~~

P28210

100th 1864, Jan. 1.

Letter to
George B. Davis.

JOHN A. GRAY, *Printer and Stereotyper*,
95 and 97 Cliff street, N. Y.

TERMS.—\$3 per Annum, single copies; \$2.50 per Annum to Clubs of Ten.

THE
NEW-YORK
QUARTERLY.

DEVOTED TO
SCIENCE, PHILOSOPHY, AND LITERATURE.

VOL. III.—NO. I.
APRIL, 1854.

NEW-YORK:
PUBLISHED BY CHARLES B. NORTON,
71 CHAMBERS STREET.
LONDON: SAMPSON LOW, SON & CO.

NORTON'S LITERARY GAZETTE

AND
PUBLISHER'S CIRCULAR.

*A Semi-Monthly Book Reporter, especially intended for the
Book-Trade, Librarians, and other Literary Men.*

Published on the 1st and 15th of every month at the Irving Book-store,
71 CHAMBERS STREET, NEW-YORK.

TERMS, TWO DOLLARS PER ANNUM,
IN ADVANCE.

Prospectus of Volume Fourth, for 1854.

THE arrangements for the coming volume differ from those which related to its predecessor mainly in one feature—that they will be much more extended, and that greater promptness will be secured by issuing the journal more frequently. The principal features will be the following:

I.

LISTS OF NEW PUBLICATIONS, American, English, French and German. In these lists it is intended to give regularly the complete titles, and to mention the size, price, and publisher's name of every new work. New Editions, Reprints and Translations, are all distinctly marked, and Serials and Pamphlets are mentioned in separate lists.

II.

NOTICES OF NEW BOOKS, brief, candid and analytic, designed to convey to those who do not see the works alluded to, a correct idea of their contents and position. Occasional Reviews may also be expected.

III.

ANNOUNCEMENTS OF WORKS IN PRESS, both in England and America.

IV.

EDITORIAL ARTICLES, on matters connected with the Trade, with Libraries, and with the general interests of Literary men.

V.

LIBRARY AND EDUCATIONAL STATISTICS, including Historical Sketches of various Literary and Educational Institutions in this country and abroad.

••• Special facilities are now enjoyed by us for giving this information with promptness and accuracy.

VI.

EXTENDED ADVERTISEMENTS, of old and new books, forming valuable means of communication between Publishers and Dealers on the one hand, and Buyers and Readers on the other.

VII.

LITERARY INFORMATION, including Reports of Society Transactions, accounts of Auction Sales, items of English and American news, a record of changes in the trade, &c.

Publishers are requested to keep us fully informed of the titles and prices of their new publications, with announcements of the works they have in preparation, and of any changes that occur in the title of their firms.

Printers and Authors of printed Addresses, Sermons, &c., are invited to send in such Pamphlets by mail or otherwise.

Librarians, Teachers, and College Faculties, by sending in their Catalogues, Circulars, and Statistics of the Institutions which they severally represent, are assured that proper publicity will be given to them.

Secretaries of Literary, Historical, and Scientific Societies will do us much service by forwarding, in a condensed form, lists of their officers, and reports of their different meetings.

TERMS FOR ADVERTISING.

For one page per annum, ...	\$350 00
" " per insertion, ...	20 00
" half " per annum, ...	200 00
" " per insertion, ...	15 00
" one column per annum, ...	150 00
" " per insertion, ...	10 00
" half " per annum, ...	100 00
" " per insertion, ...	5 00
" quarter column per annum, ...	60 00
" " per insertion, ...	3 00
" one eighth " per annum, ...	40 00
" " per insertion, ...	2 00
Card of four lines, ...	1 50

SUBSCRIPTION, \$2 PER ANNUM, IN ADVANCE.

CONTENTS

OF

No. I.

ART.	PAGE
I. OUR NATIONAL POST-OFFICE, ...	1
II. THE POLITICS OF RUSSIA, ...	20
III. THE ENGLISH UNIVERSITIES.	
1. Recommendations of the Oxford College Tutors' Association, on the Relation of the Professorial and Tutorial Systems. Oxford, 1853.	
2. Report upon the Recommendations of Her Majesty's Commissioners for Inquiring into the State of the University of Oxford, presented to the Board of Heads of Houses and Proctors, Dec. 1, 1853, by a Committee of their Number. Oxford, 1853, ...	38
IV. POPULAR AMUSEMENTS, ...	68
V. THE GREAT WANT OF NEW-YORK CITY—A GOVERNMENT, ...	80
VI. THE QUARTERLY CONSERVATIVE IN POLITICS, ...	102
VII. GROTE'S GREECE.	
History of Greece. By GEO. GROTE, Esq. London: John Murray. New-York: Harper & Brothers, ...	106
VIII. PRIESTS—THEIR VARIOUS ORDERS, ...	123
IX. UPON THE ORIGIN OF ECCLESIASTICAL TRIBUNALS.	
Treatise in Answer to Discourses Published by Doctor Lefevrière, in his History of French Rights, and by the Advocate Bellime, in his Dissertation upon the Ancient Ecclesiastical Jurisdiction, inserted in the <i>Revue Etrangère et Française de Législation, de Jurisprudence et d'Economie Politique</i> , of October, 1843. Translated from the Italian of MICHAEL DE MATTHIAS, by P. Y. CUTLER, ...	139

X. CONTEMPORARY LITERATURE OF THE LAST THREE MONTHS.

1. History of the French Protestant Refugees. By M. CHAS. WEISS. Translated from the French by HENRY WILLIAM HERBERT. 2 vols. Stringer & Townsend, . . . 150
2. Auto-biography of an Actress; or, Eight Years on the Stage. By ANNA CORA MOWATT. Ticknor, Reed & Fields, ... 153
3. Sketches of the Irish Bar. By the Rt. Hon. RICHARD LALOR SHEIL, M. P. With Memoir and Notes by R. SHELTON MACKENZIE. 2 vols. Redfield, ... 157
4. Haps and Mishaps of a Tour in Europe. By GRACE GREENWOOD. Ticknor, Reed & Fields, ... 157
5. Theological Essays. By FREDERICK DENISON MAURICE. Redfield, ... 159
6. Passion-Flowers. Ticknor, Reed & Fields.
Hours of Life. By SARAH H. WHITMAN, ... 160

1864, June 1.
Bequest of Convers Francis, D.D.

THE
NEW-YORK QUARTERLY.

APRIL, 1854.

OUR NATIONAL POST-OFFICE.

THE Post-Office is one of the permanent institutions of the country. In its daily operations it affects, more or less, every individual in the nation. To appreciate its importance, let us imagine its functions completely suspended for one short month. How disastrous would be the result, in a mercantile community! How much, often times, is depending on a single letter! What heart-burnings, what losses and calamities, sometimes occur in consequence of a delay of a single day! Of what importance, then, is every wheel and axle in this vast machine! What a type of perpetual motion! With what confidence is committed to its care, the letters, papers, valuables, loves, hopes, and fears of twenty-six millions of people! And what is the modern post-office? It is a universal errand-boy. It is a TEACHER in the widest sense of the term. It is a bank of discount, exchange, and deposit, not only of dollars and cents, but often of commodities of greater value.

The printing-press is the bird of knowledge, and the post-office gives it wings. The postal chain is a link that joins those who are separated by distance, but united by ties of affection or interest. It is a constant "bearer of dispatches" between sovereign hearts and kindred minds. It is the ship of Jason that carries the golden fleece to Thessaly. It is a Briareus with ten thousand hands. Under liberal governments, it is a bond of peace and good-will among a united people. In the hands of a Cardinal Beaton, or a Sir James Graham, it is the instrument of a despot, used to betray and murder the innocent.*

* It is related of Cardinal Beaton, Archbishop of St. Andrew's, and the Pope's *legatus à latere* in Scotland, in the time of Henry VIII., that he sent Norman Leslie, son of the Earl of Rothes, and some others, to Edinburgh, with sealed letters directed to one of his associates, a high officer in the ecclesiastical and civil govern-

The safety of the post, the sacred character of its contents, the confidence that is placed in its secrecy, regularity, and dispatch, the cheapness of transport, all tend to make it a universal messenger for our most private communications and most valuable documents. And yet we are prepared to prove that this post-office establishment has not one half the efficiency, safety, and security that it might have; that it costs our people far more, in proportion to the business done, and brings them far less than it should; that were those improvements introduced which are every way practicable, there would be four letters written where now there is one; and that the time and money saved, would more than equal all that we now pay in postages. Our post-office is probably managed with as much sagacity, diligence, and honesty, as any branch of the public service, particularly when we take into consideration the number of persons that have to be employed, the amount of property committed to its care, the consequent temptations to dishonesty, and the never-ending daily and hourly demands of the public in regard to it. But when we have said this, we have said all. The post-office is of more importance to the people, and its daily operations are felt to a wider extent, and affect a far larger share of the population, than the land-office, pension bureau, war, navy, treasury and interior departments, all put together. This branch of the government is certainly greatly inferior to the post-office establishments of several other

ment of the country. Suspecting foul play, he "fingered their packet," and found

"A royal knavery—an exact command,
That on the view and knowing of these contents,
Without debatement further, more or less,
He should the bearers put to sudden death,
Not shriving-time allowed."

There was a "total failure" of the mail for that trip. Leslie and his companions returned, and at an early morning hour, as the draw-bridge of the castle was lowered, they rushed in and put the Cardinal to death, thus turning the tables upon him.

It is well known that Sir James Graham, post-master-general of Great Britain, in 1848, claimed and exercised the privilege of opening and reading any letters that he chose, that passed through the post-office. Whether he was "retained" as a spy, by the tyrannical rulers of continental Europe, to find out and catch republicans, does not appear. At any rate, he seized and opened, among others, some letters from Italy, gave their contents to the envoy of Ferdinand, the king of the Two Sicilies, who informed his royal master. His Majesty immediately caused the writers—two young Italians of liberal principles—to be arrested, and put to death; and all on the information given by Sir James Graham, the post-master-general of "free and happy England." It is but just to state that the press and people of Great Britain, with almost entire unanimity, condemned this unwarrantable assumption of power.

Rulers such as these might express themselves in the language of the rogue in the play:

"Leave, gentle wax, and manners, blame us not;
To know our enemies' minds we'd rip their hearts;
Their papers is more lawful."

countries, and if we are entitled to boast of our political system, it should be superior to all others. We shall only draw comparisons between our post-office and the post-offices of other nations, when we wish to prove our statements, or appeal to instructive examples. In this country, as in others, the calculations of the economist, the genius of the statesman, and the labors of the philanthropist, have all been exerted to develop its greatest efficiency, insure the highest degree of speed and safety, and bring the expense of postage down to the lowest remunerative sum. Let us look at one significant fact. We think that our schools and educational systems are the best in the world, and that the great mass of our population are better educated than the people of any other country. We have in the United States more than twenty-six millions of people; Great Britain about thirty millions; and yet the number of letters written and mailed in the United Kingdom is four hundred and eleven millions annually, while in the United States the number is but ninety-six millions. What should make this vast disparity? Why should they—where the bulk of the population is notoriously ignorant—so much so that near one half of all who are married can not write their names on the register, while nine tenths of our people can read and write—why should they write four letters where the Americans write but one? It can be shown that it is not merely a question of cheap postage; that there are other requisites of quite as great importance, which with us are totally lacking.

We seem to have come to the conclusion that our great and only want was *cheap postage*, and now that has been granted, we fold our arms and sit down satisfied with the thought that a letter travelling two or three thousand miles for three cents, is the climax of good postal facilities. Mr. Rowland Hill's great scheme of "penny postage" is not the only, and we had almost said not the greatest improvement in the English post-office system. Let us take a rapid glance at the pages of history, and see from what small beginnings the modern post-office has grown to its present magnitude and importance.

The ancients had no regular postal system. Military posts and travelling couriers were established by Julius Cæsar to keep up a connection between his armies and the seat of government at Rome. The Dictator's famous *Via Appia* was a post-road of the first class, and quite equal to any made by McAdam. Even to the present time—if we except the *Steda ferrata*, which was unknown to the great Triumvir—the Appian Way is scarcely inferior to the finest specimens of engineering skill in Europe. Augustus Cæsar and succeeding emperors kept up

the plan of posts and couriers, and enlarged and greatly extended the scheme of the originator; but being established in a warlike age, and for military purposes, in less heroic times the system went down and finally disappeared. The modern post-office dates from about the year 1497, when Maximilian, emperor of Germany, established posts and mail carriers. At the head of his establishment he put Francis, Prince of Thurn and Taxis, the first post-master-general mentioned in history. He came of a race of huntsmen, as is shown in one of his titles, and had he been a mail-carrier instead of post-master, he would undoubtedly have made a skillful rider. His ancestors were Italian princes with the family name of Turre—in Spanish de la Torres, in French de la Tour, and in German Von Thurn. Lamoral, Prince of Turre, was expelled from Milan in 1513, and went to Bergamasco, where he amused himself in badger-hunting. From this he took the surname of *Tassis* or *Taxis*—(It. “tasso,” *badger*,)—and put a badger in his coat of arms. Roger, first Prince of Thurn and Taxis, the great grandson of this Lamoral, went into Germany, and was chamberlain and chief huntsman to the Emperor Frederick III. Francis, the grandson of Roger, was the first post-master-general under Maximilian, and died in 1518. His son, Prince John Baptista, succeeded him, and was Imperial post-master to the Emperor, Charles V., and in this family, the princes of Thurn and Taxis, the office of post-master-general, and sole management of the posts in certain of the German states, has remained to the present day. It is worthy of remark that this feudal tenure, this hereditary gift to a family of badger-hunters, is at this time a stumbling-block, and a serious impediment in the way of postal reform and cheap ocean postage, materially affecting the interests of communities numbering more than forty millions of people. The greatest difficulty now in the way of an equitable postal treaty, with a low rate of postage between the United States and these German Principalities, and through them, other European States, is this office of post-master-general, held as a hereditary property by the Prince of Taxis. No considerations of public good, no ideas of state policy, are allowed to stand in the way of the largest emoluments that shrewd financiering can bring from so powerful a monopoly.

The establishment of the post-office for the use of the public toward the close of the fifteenth century, was nearly contemporaneous with many of the most important discoveries and political events of modern time. Printing was invented in 1441. Constantinople was taken by the Ottomans, the Greeks driven from the East, and the Turkish Empire founded in 1453. The kingdom of Spain was established by the union of Arragon

and Castile, in 1479. The Cape of Good Hope was discovered in 1486, America in 1492, and Africa circumnavigated in 1498. Printing was introduced into England in 1474, and a system of punctuation by marks and pauses, adopted in 1520. Hungary, which was founded by Arpad, in the year 889, was united to the House of Hapsburg in 1521. The Reformation commenced in 1517, and extended to England in 1534. The first circumnavigation of the globe, by Magellan, was completed in 1522, and the astronomical system of Copernicus, promulgated ten years later, in 1532. As early as 1464—previous to the post-office establishment of Maximilian—the governments of France and England had been in the habit of forwarding dispatches regularly by special couriers. This was for political and government purposes, and not for the use of the public. Mercantile companies in the Italian, German, and French cities, also had their couriers, who carried letters regularly from place to place. In India, as early as 1570, a system of foot posts was set on foot by Akbar, the head of the Mogul Empire. Indian runners, noted for their speed, were employed, and without a relief, one courier would often travel from eighty to ninety miles in a day. Ferishta, an Eastern historian, says Akbar owned six thousand war elephants and had an annual income equal to fifty millions of dollars. We are not informed, though, whether elephant post-coaches formed part of his establishment or not. Newspapers, books, “stump” speeches, congressional documents and the franking privilege, were not probably among the “institutions” of that day. The mails being light, consisting principally of government dispatches, speed was more requisite than “bottom.” With that immutability, which we so often see among the Orientals, this same system of foot posts is in use at the present day. Over the same soil, where the swarthy runner moved at the bidding of Akbar and Ghengis Khan, men of the same race carry the military despatches of a Napier and a Hardinge.

To return to the German postal system: the princes of the house of Taxis were and are Roman Catholics. Previous to the commencement of the Thirty Years' War, (1618,) the Protestant princes and people of Germany complained greatly of the mismanagement, partiality, and unjust exactions of the postal authorities. Lamoral, prince of Thurn and Taxis, a military general as well as post-master-general, with the aid of powerful allies, defeated and dispersed the Protestant union under Frederick the Elector Palatine. This was followed by the “massacre of Prague,” “horrible persecution of all malcontents,” the “banishment of thirty thousand Protestant families, and the total suppression of the Protestant religion.”

We hear of no more complaints of the bad management of the post-office, under the reigning prince of Thurn and Taxis, for a long period afterward. Perhaps if similar means were employed at the present day to silence the clamors of the disaffected, modern post-masters-general would live in a more quiet atmosphere!

A glance at the history of the English post-office will show that fourteen years of good management, aided by liberal and enlightened legislation, has increased the accommodations and business of the department more than three hundred years had accomplished previously. Bryan Tuke, the first English post-master-general, was appointed to the office by Henry VIII., in 1516. His salary was £66 13s. 4d. The number of letters sent by mail at that time was probably less than 10,000 in a year. In 1839 the number of letters mailed in Great Britain was 82,000,000, and the next year, penny postage being established, the number was more than doubled. The salary of the present post-master-general is £2,500, and the gross revenue of the department more than £2,400,000. In 1619, James I. created a new office, that of post-master-general for foreign correspondence; but the office conflicting with that of domestic post-master-general, the two were united in one under the direction of Matthew de Quester. In addition to the government post-office, two companies, the "Merchants of London," and the "Merchant Adventurers," employed their own couriers for the transmission of correspondence, bills of exchange, and money. During the reign of Charles I. the government took measures to secure the business of transporting all correspondence as an independent monopoly of the government. In 1636, fixed rates of postage were established, and horse posts substituted for foot posts. We are told that these horse posts travelled one hundred and twenty miles in a day, and made the journey from London to Edinburgh and back in six days. The rate of postage between England and Scotland was 8d. sterling. In 1640, the Long Parliament growing jealous of power in single hands, removed the post-master-general for restraining private carriers from conveying letters. Two years afterward, however, they revoked their decision, and declared all transmission of correspondence by private persons or companies illegal. In 1649, the Common Council of London attempted to set up a separate post-office, but the House of Commons stopped the proceedings, and declared all postal affairs to be under the exclusive control of Parliament. At this time, the mail was only conveyed between London and the provincial towns once a week. As in later times, the wishes of the people were not

always met by government; a semi-weekly mail was asked for between London and Edinburgh, but it was refused. In postal affairs, as in many other things, Cromwell accomplished more than all his predecessors. In 1656, an act was passed establishing a general post-office, "for the speedy carrying and re-carrying of letters by post to and from all places within England, Scotland, and Ireland, and into several parts beyond the seas." The chief officer was styled "Post-master-General of England, and Comptroller of the Post-Office." It was made a complete monopoly of government, and all persons forbidden to "set up or employ any foot-posts, horse-posts, or packet-boats." The postage on letters was rated by weight. At this time the posts were farmed out or rented, the contractor paying government £10,000 a year and all the expenses of the post-office, and receiving all the postages. Four years later, in 1660, on the restoration of Charles II., the post-office was rented for £21,000 a year, and in 1663 all the profits of the post-office were settled by law on the king's brother, the Duke of York, (afterward king James II.,) and his heirs male. We hear of no more important changes in the management of the post-office or the rates of postage, till the reign of queen Anne. In 1683, a Metropolitan penny post was established for the delivery of letters at the houses throughout the city, and the environs of London. At this time an attempt was made to set up a separate post-office for Scotland; but it was a failure, the contractor, Sir Robert Sinclair, losing money, and throwing up his contract. In 1784, a great improvement was introduced by Mr. Palmer, who established mail-coaches, greatly increasing the speed, safety, and efficiency of the mails. This improvement, like a more memorable one at a later day, met with the most bitter and determined opposition of the government officers, particularly the post-office authorities. It was, however, successful; triumphantly so. On the introduction of mail coaches, the net revenue of the department was £150,000 per annum, and in ten years it was £400,000; in twenty years, £700,000. The transfer of the mail from coaches to railroads on all the main routes, in the time of William IV., came as a matter of course, and the introduction of the penny postage, principally through the efforts of Mr. Rowland Hill, in 1840, is familiar to every one. Many are under the impression that the receipts of the British post-office, under the universal penny postage, have never equalled the sum received under the former higher rates of 4d. and 7d. a letter. This is a mistake. The largest sum received under the old rates, was in 1839, and amounted to £2,396,763 10s. 1½d., while in 1851 the gross revenue was £2,422,168 1s. 1½d., with a constant increase to the present time. The cost

of management of the British post-office is greater now than it was fourteen years ago, while the amount of business and the accommodations to the public are increased more than five fold, and yet the *clear profit* to the government for several years, has amounted annually to more than five million dollars.

The history of the post-office of the United States is exceedingly interesting, but we have only room for a brief sketch. The first mention that we find of postal affairs in the Colonies, is in the record of the General Court of Massachusetts, September 5th, 1639. It was then "ordered that notice be given that Richard Fairbanks *his house* in Boston, is the place appointed for all letters which are brought from beyond the seas, or are to be sent thither." It was also ordered that this Richard Fairbanks "must answer all miscarriages through his own neglect." In 1657 a law was enacted in the colony of Virginia, requiring each planter to take the government dispatches when they arrived at his place, and convey them to the next plantation on the route, and thus from one to another till the dispatches reached their destination. The penalty for neglecting this duty was a hogshead of tobacco. In 1667, a petition was gotten up in Boston requesting the general court to "depute some mete person to take in and convey letters according to directions." The court hereupon appointed "John Hayward the Scrivener" to the office of post-master. The first official action that provided for the regular transportation of the mails was in the colony of New-York in 1672, when Governor Lovelace established "a post to go monthly between New York and Boston." In this postal arrangement it was stipulated, with a wise forecast, that "all persons pay the post before the bagg bee sealed up."

In 1683, William Penn established a post-office in Pennsylvania, and appointed Henry Waddy post-master. The mails were sent to different towns in Pennsylvania, and the neighboring colonies, once a week, and the times of departure were regularly published, "on the meeting-house door, and other public places." The colonial mails, and a prospect of profit therefrom, attracted the attention of the Home Government, and in 1685, by an order in Council, a post-office was established, "for the better correspondence between the colonies of America." In 1686, an order was made in New-York, that all letters coming from beyond sea should be delivered at the custom-house. The postage was "four pence half penny for a single letter, and nine pence for every packett or double letter," *one half of the money to be given to the poor*, under the direction of the Captain-General and Council, and the other half to the

officer of the custom-house. In 1691, Thomas Neal received a patent as post-master-general, with authority to erect post-offices in the American colonies. He seems not to have acted on it himself, but appointed to the office, Col. Andrew Hamilton, of New-Jersey. The post-office, however, did not sustain itself; and in 1710, Post-Master Hamilton sold out to the Crown, and by the 9th of Queen Anne, the American post-office was incorporated with that of Great Britain and Ireland. Under Col. Hamilton, the post went east from New-York, as far as Boston; and west, to Philadelphia. Lord Cornbury wrote home, in 1704, stating there was "no other post on all this continent. If I have any letters to send to Virginia, or to Maryland, I must either send an express, who is often retarded, for want of boats, to cross those great rivers they must go over; or else, for want of horses, I must send them by some passengers who are going thither. The least time I have known any express take from hence to Virginia, has been three weeks." At this period, the mail was carried "in stage-coaches," twice a month, between New-York and Boston, and New-York and Philadelphia; and from New-York to Albany, a foot-post once a month. In 1732, a general post-office was established in Virginia, with a post-office in each county. About the same time, a post-office was established in New-York, separate from the custom-house. It was located in Broadway, opposite the end of Beaver street. In 1736, there was a weekly mail from New-York to Philadelphia and Boston. In 1737, Col. Spotswood, formerly Governor of Virginia, and at that time Post-Master General, appointed Benjamin Franklin post-master at Philadelphia. The following is an advertisement from Franklin's newspaper:

"Oct. 27, 1737.—Notice is hereby given, that the Post-Office of Philadelphia is now kept at B. FRANKLIN'S, in Market street, and that Henry Pratt is appointed Riding Post-Master for all stages between Philadelphia and Newport, in Virginia, who sets out about the beginning of each month, and returns in twenty-four days, by whom gentlemen, merchants, and others, may have their letters carefully conveyed, and business faithfully transacted, he having given good security for the same, to the Honorable Colonel Spotswood, Post-Master General of all His Majesty's dominions in America."

Col. Spotswood died in 1753, and the Home Government appointed Franklin as his successor, and associated with him Mr. William Hunter. They were to have six hundred pounds a year between them, *provided they could get it!* Franklin says:

"The American post-office had hitherto never paid any thing to that of Britain. We were to have six hundred pounds a year between us, if we

could make that sum out of the profits of the office. To do this, a variety of improvements were necessary; some of these were inevitably, in the beginning, expensive; so that, in the first four years, the office became above nine hundred pounds in debt to us. But it soon after began to repay us; and before I was displaced by a freak of the Minister's, we had brought it to yield three times as much clear revenue to the Crown as the post-office in Ireland. Since that imprudent transaction, they have received from it—not one farthing!”

Franklin was thus turned out of the office of Post-Master General for the Colonies, in 1774, after having held it for twenty-one years. His equanimity was probably not much disturbed by this “freak of the minister's,” for, though he suffered official decapitation, the next year he was reinstated by a higher power, being unanimously appointed Post-Master General of the United Colonies, by the Continental Congress. The next year, he was sent as Ambassador to France, and vacated the office of post-master-general; and on the 7th of November, 1776, Richard Bache was appointed. The next, and last post-master-general chosen by Congress, under the Confederacy, was Ebenezer Hazard, who went into office January 28th, 1782, and remained seven years. Since the election of the first President, the post-masters-general, and the years of their appointment to office, have been as follows:

Samuel Osgood, appointed in 1789; Timothy Pickering, in 1791; Joseph Habersham, 1795; Gideon Granger, 1802; Return J. Meigs, 1814; John McLean, 1823; William T. Barry, 1829; Amos Kendall, 1835; John M. Niles, 1840; Francis Granger, March, 1841; Charles A. Wickliffe, September, 1841; Cave Johnson, 1845; Jacob Collamer, 1849; Nathan K. Hall, 1850; Samuel D. Hubbard, 1852; and James Campbell, in 1853.

The rates of postage from the time of the Confederation, when Mr. Bache was post-master-general, to the year 1816, were from 7 to 33 cents, according to distance. In 1816, the rates were fixed by Act of Congress, at 6, 10, 12½, 18½, and 25 cents, and thus remained till the Postal Act of 1845, when the rates were reduced to five and ten cents. The last alteration of postal rates was by the Act of 1851, making letter postage three cents for all distances under three thousand miles, if pre-paid; and when not pre-paid, five cents; and double that sum for all distances over three thousand miles; the weight allowed for a single letter, being half an ounce.

The following table shows the number of post-offices, the miles of post-roads in operation, and the receipts and expenditures of the United States Post-Office department, every fifth year from 1790 to 1840, and every year from 1840 to 1853:

Date.	No. of Post-Offices.	Receipts.	Expenses.	Post-roads.
1790	75	\$37,935	\$32,140	1,875
1795	453	160,620	117,893	13,207
1800	903	280,804	213,994	20,817
1805	1,558	421,373	377,367	31,076
1810	2,300	551,684	495,969	36,406
1815	3,000	1,043,065	748,121	43,748
1820	4,500	1,111,927	1,160,926	72,492
1825	5,677	1,306,525	1,229,043	94,052
1830	8,450	1,919,300	1,959,109	115,176
1835	10,770	3,152,376	2,585,108	112,774
1840	13,468	4,543,522	4,718,236	155,739
1841	13,778	4,407,726	4,499,528	155,026
1842	13,793	5,029,507	5,674,752	149,732
1843	13,814	4,296,225	4,374,754	142,295
1844	14,103	4,237,288	4,296,513	144,687
1845	14,153	4,439,842	4,320,732	143,940
1846	14,601	4,089,090	4,084,332	149,679
1847	15,146	4,013,447	3,971,275	153,818
1848	16,159	4,161,078	4,326,850	163,208
1849	16,747	4,705,176	4,479,049	167,703
1850	18,417	5,499,985	5,212,953	178,672
1851	19,796	6,410,604	6,786,493	196,290
1852	20,901	5,184,526	7,108,459	214,284
1853	22,320	5,994,229	8,111,307	217,748

The following is the number of letters mailed in Great Britain, and the gross receipts and expenses of the British post-office department, since 1836. The sums are given in United States currency, reckoning five dollars to the pound sterling.

Year.	No. of Letters.	Receipts.	Expenses.
1837	Unknown.	\$11,698,689	\$3,436,568
1838	Unknown.	11,731,390	3,433,841
1839	82,470,596	11,953,817	3,784,997
1840	168,768,344	6,797,332	4,293,385
1841	196,500,191	7,497,093	4,690,845
1842	208,434,451	7,890,729	4,887,522
1843	220,450,306	8,104,338	4,903,252
1844	242,091,684	8,525,339	4,925,553
1845	271,410,789	9,437,883	5,677,971
1846	299,586,762	9,819,287	5,693,726
1847	322,146,243	10,905,084	5,482,600
1848	328,830,184	10,718,400	7,016,253
1849	337,399,199	10,826,749	6,622,814
1850	347,069,071	11,323,421	7,303,928
1851	360,647,187	12,110,841	6,520,818
1852	379,000,000	Unknown.	Unknown.
1853	411,000,000	Unknown.	Unknown.

The number of letters mailed in London in the year 1851, was 88,405,451. Of these there were delivered by carriers in the London district post, 40,585,952. And sent inland and to foreign countries, 47,819,499.

The presumptive number of letters mailed in London, in 1852, according to the rate of increase for previous years, (returns of the actual number not having been received,) was 92,705,136. Of these, the number delivered within the London district post, would be 42,559,877. Sent inland and to foreign countries, 50,145,259. The population of London is estimated at 2,500,000. The following is the population of the five principal cities in the United States, and the number of letters sent through their post-offices, in 1852.

Places.	Population.	No. of Letters.
New-York, - - - -	515,547	9,105,312
Philadelphia, - - -	340,045	3,019,364
Boston, - - - - -	136,881	2,842,435
Baltimore, - - - -	169,054	1,400,252
New-Orleans, - - -	116,375	1,982,252
Total, - - - -	1,277,902	18,349,615

Had the number of letters been as great in these five cities, in proportion to the population, as in London, there would have been 47,387,281, instead of a little over eighteen millions. The population of cities and towns in the United States equal to that of London, (2,500,000,) only write and mail in a year, 35,897,931 letters; falling short of the number mailed in London by 56,807,205. The postage on this last number of letters, at 3 cents each, (could we, by a far more perfect postal system, induce the population of fifteen or twenty of our cities to write that extra number,) would be \$1,704,216 15 cents.

If we compare the number of letters mailed in the United States, with the number in Great Britain, we find that in 1852 there were mailed in this country, 95,790,522, while in Great Britain the same year, there were 379,000,000. Reckoning the population of that country at thirty millions, and that of the United States at twenty-five millions, the number of letters mailed in this country should have been 315,666,666, or more than we now write, by 219,876,144. The postage on that number of letters at three cents each, would be \$6,596,284 32 cents, which sum added to the actual receipts from letter postage in 1852, (\$4,226,792 90,) would give an annual revenue from let-

ter postage alone, of \$10,823,077 22. As an argument or stimulus to induce our population to write that number of letters, let us imagine our postage reduced to the universal rate of two cents each, including drop-letters, and those sent to and from California and Oregon. At that rate, the amount received for letter postages, on 315,666,666 letters, would be \$6,313,333 32, which added to the postal revenue from other sources, and the increase in the business and population of the country by the year 1860, would yield a revenue of \$12,000,000. These are not figures of rhetoric, but actual facts. From the brief history of postal affairs that we have given, the reader can draw his own conclusions. We shall draw ours. We believe it can be demonstrated as readily as a mathematical problem, that by three perfectly practicable and simple improvements, our postal system can be made to yield a revenue equal to its entire expenditures, and at the same time, cost but little more than half the money in proportion to the number of letters written that we now pay, and also, save all our time and trouble in going to the post-office to obtain our letters, guarding against carelessness and dishonesty in our servants, give a safe and unerring method of remitting money to all parts of the country, without the possibility of loss, save all the money that we pay for box-rent at the post-office, and increase our mail privileges and facilities in all large towns and cities, at least five-fold. These several requisites are not mere visionary schemes, recommended to be tried as experiments, but practical systems that have long been in successful, permanent, and "paying" operation in a neighboring nation. These are, 1st. A UNIVERSAL DELIVERY IN ALL OUR LARGE CITIES AND TOWNS, BY MAIL-CARRIERS, IN THE REGULAR AND CONSTANT EMPLOY OF THE POST-OFFICE DEPARTMENT; 2d. A METHOD OF REMITTING MONEY BY MAIL THROUGH POST-OFFICE "MONEY ORDERS;" and 3d. A UNIVERSAL POSTAL RATE OF TWO CENTS A LETTER; AND DOUBLE THAT SUM WHEN NOT PRE-PAID.

As it may be thought that a two-cent postage is not advisable at this time, we will base our arguments on the supposition that we shall continue to pay for some time to come, the same rates of postage that we now do. "Oh!" many cry out, "that will never do; have letters delivered at all the houses at the expense of the post-office department? Every man that has his letters delivered at his door, should pay for it." Of course he should, and three cents will pay it all. The man that lives on a western prairie, ten miles from any post-office, and who necessarily has to go after his letters, says he does not wish to pay so high a rate of postage as to enable the city merchant to enjoy a privilege that he can not. On the other hand, the

city resident says, he thinks it unfair to charge him the same postage for a drop-letter, which merely goes from one part of a city to another, that is charged to take a letter from New-York to Illinois, or from Maine to California. Now it is all equitable, notwithstanding. In the first place, one rate of postage so simplifies the business of conducting the post-office, that all parties can thus have a lower rate than they could possibly have at several rates. Then, with a universal delivery by carriers, in cities and towns, the increase in the number of drop-letters alone will far more than pay for the services of all the letter-carriers. Farther than this, all the residents of cities who have their letters delivered by carriers pay the same now; that is, two-cents extra to the carrier, and that, with the one-cent postage for drop-letters, makes his city letters cost him three cents, and those that come from out of the city cost five, three for postage and two for the carrier. Now we come to the reason, and one of the principal ones, why they write so many more letters in England than they do in this country. Their post is so convenient, so cheap, and so expeditious, that they write three letters where we write one. In London there are ten letter deliveries a day; and sub-post-offices, called "receiving houses" are located all over the city, so that a person never has to walk over two or three squares before getting to an office where a letter can be mailed; and every two hours, at eight, ten, and twelve in the morning, and every hour in the afternoon, all the letters are collected by carriers, and those for the city delivered at once. Often has the writer of this mailed a letter in London, and other large cities in Great Britain in the morning, and had it delivered, and got an answer to it by post, before two o'clock the same day. In New York, where the sub-post-offices and letter-carriers are depended on at all, it is usually from two to three days before a letter is delivered after it is mailed, when it is only going to another part of the city, unless it is put in the City post-office in Nassau street, and then it is totally out of the question to get an answer under thirty-six or forty-eight hours. Then, when there is a universal letter delivery, there is not one fourth the number of delivery-clerks required in the post-office; for people do not call for their letters, but stay at home and get them earlier in the day, on the average, than they now do. Were there a regular letter delivery, and post-office "money orders"—drafts from one post-office to another—between all the principal offices, there would soon be such an increase in the number of letters, and in the revenue, that we should be able to have our postage reduced to two cents, and the expenses of the post-office met by the receipts. The number of letter-carriers in Great Britain is

about 4920. They receive for their services £168,794 per annum, or in our currency \$843,970. Now, in the London District alone, the number of letters delivered annually, as we have seen, is 42,559,877, and on these letters the postage is over \$850,000; *a larger sum than is paid to all the carriers in the Kingdom.* Were it not for this letter-delivery, two thirds of these letters would never pass through the post, and consequently, the revenue now derived from them would be lost. The letter-delivery by carriers in Great Britain far more than supports itself, aside from the great loss of time there would otherwise be spent in going to and from the post-office; and to be sure of getting our letters, we must call at the office often, delay others, and consume the time of the clerks in looking whether there are any letters for us or not. No! a postal system is not half a system, that does not carry the letters to the door of every man living in the towns and cities. The very men, many of them, that are engaged in carrying letters part of the time, can act as sorters and stampers in the post-office at certain hours of the night or day. The morning delivery being much the heaviest, many of the carriers will be at liberty a part of the time, and a portion of these can do other duty. The wages paid carriers in England varies much; in London, usually from fifteen to twenty shillings sterling a week, but in provincial towns it is frequently much less, their services being often required only for an hour or two, and when performed, their time is their own.

Letters are usually addressed to street and number, and if the owner of the letters calls for them at the post-office, he can not have them, but must wait for the delivery. When a writer of a letter does not know the residence of his correspondent, and expects to have him call at the office for a letter, he then addresses it, with the words "Post-office," before the name of the office: and often, what is better still, writes on it "to be called for;" and these letters are not sent out by the carriers at all, but kept at the office. If a merchant or banker, who has a very large mail, prefers sending for all his letters, he can hire a box or a locked draw at the post-office, and give directions to have his letters retained; or, what is often done, have a private mail-pouch of his own, that is locked, and this is sent by the carrier. There is greater safety and security in the mail-carriers, than in allowing servants or clerks to go to the office for the letters. There are policemen and "inspectors of letter-carriers" in England, and the system is so conducted, that if a carrier goes to robbing the letters, he is just as certain to be caught as he exists. They all wear a uniform; usually a gold band on the hat and a red collar to the coat, and they are thus

known, which is often a great convenience; and being thus distinguished, they can not loiter away their time or neglect their duty without being detected. Large numbers of city residents have letter-boxes at their doors, or a hole cut through the door, and a metallic plate hung over it, where the carrier drops the letters and papers in, and thus saves time, as nearly every thing being pre-paid, he has usually no postage to collect.

We now come to one of the greatest advantages attending a universal letter-delivery. Whenever persons can not be found according to the direction on the letter, it is at once sent to the Dead-Letter Office, opened, and returned to the sender. With us, great delay, anxiety, and often serious loss occurs, when the person to whom a letter is addressed can not be found, while the writer remains ignorant of it, and the letter is never returned to him, though often of great consequence, unless it contains money or something valuable, and then only after a delay of from four to nine months.

In Great Britain, all letters addressed to persons that can not be found, are returned to the writer, and usually within a week of the time he mails them. If addressed "post-office," or "to be called for," they remain one month, and are then treated as dead-letters, and returned. By a late regulation, if a writer puts his own address on the outside of the letter, or has it impressed in the seal, it is at once returned to him without being opened, provided the person to whom it is addressed can not be found. How vastly superior to our system—if system it may be called, where some three million letters—more than a thirtieth of all that are written in this country, are burned up after being opened at the Dead-Letter Office; and money and valuable letters that do get back to the writers, seldom reach them under six or eight months from the time they are mailed. Another very important regulation in England—all letters are stamped at the office where received, as soon as they arrive. This stamp is put on the back of the letter, and gives the name of the office and the day, month, and year of its arrival. By this arrangement the receiver knows just how long his letter has been in the office before it is delivered to him. In England, letters are never advertised. If we had a letter delivery, we should not have one-tenth part as many to advertise, even if it were necessary to advertise any. Letters pre-paid in England, if returned to the writer, are delivered without charge, but when he mails a letter without paying the postage, if his correspondent refuses it, or can not be found, it is returned to the writer, and he is charged double postage on the letter, and if he refuses to pay it, is at once arrested and imprisoned. This is a good regulation; and another most excellent one is, that no

letters that are chargeable with more than four postages can be sent at all unless they are pre-paid. Such letters, and all others not mailed according to law, and also those improperly directed, are at once opened and returned to the writer. With us we often see a letter that is addressed to a foreign country, the postage on which is required to be paid in advance before being sent, but by the ignorance of the writer is left unpaid; and it is then retained, and not sent, and the writer never knows but that his letter is gone, unless perchance it happens to contain a valuable inclosure, and then several months intervene before he gets it. The losses, anxiety, and detention of business, attendant on our dead-letter system, are of great magnitude. The whole arrangement of our dead-letter office should be differently regulated by act of Congress, but we never can get at the root of the evils without beginning in the right place, by having a letter delivery. All dead letters should be returned to the writers, and they should be compelled by law to pay any postage left unpaid at the mailing. If this were done, and all letters bearing more than quadruple postage were required to be paid in advance, we should not see *cows' horns, galvanic batteries, bags of garden-seeds, pieces of rock weighing one or two pounds, boxes of sugar, and bundles of clothing* accumulating in the dead-letter office, all sent through malice or ignorance, and costing the country enough to send an extra million or two of letters, per annum. It might take a few more clerks to return all letters to the writers, but the unpaid postages would be collected, letters often of great importance returned to the writer; and much more in the aggregate be saved to the nation than the salary of a few post-office clerks.

Much more could be said to show our wretched system of managing dead letters. The officers in the department undoubtedly do their duty, but the law is radically wrong, and the whole management of dead letters must continue to be wretched till there is new legislation respecting it. For convenience and dispatch in returning dead letters to the writers, and for some other purposes, there should be one, two, or more sub-general post-offices, particularly in California, as recommended by the late Post-Master-General. Every fact connected with the letter delivery in Great Britain goes to show that it is a large source of revenue, and of vast convenience to the people, and would be, if adopted, in this country, and by it would be removed the irregular, and often irresponsible men that go about our large cities, delivering letters, and charging as much for their delivery and miserable service as should be charged for carrying a letter across the continent, and delivering it also.

Then when we consider that all papers, books, pamphlets, and other mailable matter would be delivered free, a three-cent rate of postage for all letters would not be high. By the regular legal system in the English post-office, a salaried solicitor is employed, and all prosecutions for robbing the mail or purloining from letters, describe the stolen articles as "the property of the post-master-general." We think it could be readily shown that a universal two-cent postage, and a letter delivery, would put our post-office system where the revenue would more than meet its expenses, and where the system should have been twenty years ago. Some who consider themselves wise in post-office affairs, say, we can not introduce "the English system" here; because our country is so much larger. Now all these main improvements that have been mentioned, can as well be carried out here as in England, and some of them we need far more than they do there. The system of sending money, through "money-orders," with some other topics, will form the subject of a future paper. It is sufficient to say here that the amount of money remitted by "money orders," in Great Britain, during the year 1852, in sums under five pounds, amounted to more than \$47,000,000. The number of remittances was about five millions; and though the exchange was hardly one per cent., it paid a profit to the post-office department of over \$75,000. In this way of remitting money, it is almost an impossibility that it falls into the hands of, or can be obtained by, any one but the lawful owner, and not one dollar in a hundred thousand is ever lost. The money is sent through a draft made out on a form printed in ink of a peculiar color, any imitation of which is felony. This system has scarcely a feature in common with the awkward mode of one post-office drawing on another, through the medium of a manuscript order, that was attempted a few years since by one of our post-masters-general. A great number of clerks are employed, and at all the large offices these clerks do nothing but attend to the furnishing and paying of money orders, and, as stated, the small per centage or exchange charged—usually less than one per cent.—more than pays the expenses of this branch of the post-office business. This per centage all comes out of the sender, so that the drafts or "orders" are all cashed at sight and paid in specie. We need such a system, far more than they do in Great Britain, in consequence of the greater extent of the country, and the unsafe and irredeemable character of much of our paper currency. Were the system of post-office "money-orders" adopted, the aggregate saving to the country from uncurrent money and mail robberies, at a moderate calculation, could not be less

than one hundred thousand dollars annually. One half of this sum would be saved to one class of business men, publishers of newspapers and periodicals. It would be difficult to tell how large a per centage through uncurrent funds and mail robberies editors and publishers now lose, but it can scarcely be reckoned at less than two per cent. on all their remittances by mail. Each publisher can make his own calculation on the amount that he would gain, had we a safe and reliable way of remitting money, that should give every remittance its par value in gold and silver. Certainly many publishers in our large cities would save from five hundred to two thousand dollars a year. There is one reason, perhaps, why post-masters-generals like other heads of departments, feel a reluctance in recommending great changes, although they may be great improvements; and that is, the responsibility as well as the care and labor attending their adoption. These improvements, however, lie almost entirely with Congress. But they *are* improvements, and great ones, and they must come, and the officer or public man, be he member of Congress or post-master-general, who is instrumental in bringing them about, will receive the hearty thanks of the country, and gather for himself an unfading wreath of laurel. It may be said that if these proposed improvements are founded in reason, they must be introduced, and that is merely a question of time; but while this is true, that "time" need not be long. If the public will move, we can have them at once, and when we get them we shall only wonder and regret that we did without them so long. While we are, with good reason, proud of our political system, and know it to be the best in the world, we seem contented to remain far behind one monarchical government, in the laws and regulations which guide that important institution, the **POST-OFFICE**.

THE POLITICS OF RUSSIA.

At the present time, when the position that Russia has assumed, is engrossing so much attention, there is no subject connected with its condition which is not of the greatest interest.

To be fore-warned is to be fore-armed. To insist on the fearful power of Russia, or to warn mankind of the boast of Attila, that *grass never grew where his horse trod*, or of Bajazet, that *he would feed his horse from off the Altar of St. Peter's*, contains no terror in comparison with the calm and measured menace that is now heard from the banks of the Neva.

The army of Russia is, indeed, great. Borodino declared it, and Napoleon remembered it. Frederic and Maria Theresa trembled at the name of it. As far back as the time of Charles the XIIth, it gave promise of a renown, that since then has been increased alike on the plains of Hungary, and the steppes of Crimea, and the fearful passes of the Caucasus. But her politics are a more important study for us, and for every monarch from the Baltic to the Black sea, than any statistics of, and criticisms upon, generals and regiments.

"Russia has no money to support her armies," it is said. But in 1847, she was the support of the tottering fabric of England's Bank, as she had previously been that of the French Bank, and vested \$30,000,000 in the English and French securities, having \$100,000,000 in deposit. She offers to cancel a claim on a remote Caspian Province of the amount of \$60,000,000. Russia has never yet failed for the want of an army, or of the means to equip it. She may not be able *at once* to bring a large body into the field, but the supply is constant and inexhaustible. The Cossacks are more ready to rally around the banner of the azure cross in calamity than in victory.

Russia, too, has nothing of disloyalty slumbering or festering in her innumerable hordes, to make the monarch hesitate in calling them out, or doubtful of their continued fidelity. France may fear the effect of the Marseillaise on her lines, and Austria and England be compelled to hire the foreigner, who has the least sympathy with the wants of the people in the midst of whom he is serving. But the Slavonians' attachment to their civil and religious head has become almost a proverb. Young men beg that their youth may not hinder their enrollment, and old men erect their bent and shrivelled forms, and plead by the merit of former victories and scars, that they may once again be

enrolled among the hosts of the faithful. Every where, from the Cossacks, wild and bold, on the south-east, to the inhabitants of Moscow—that old and real capital and seat of true, conservative Russia—on the north-west, stories are told, by travellers hating the Russians, of a devotion to the Czar, that makes it idle to think of exciting disaffection in his empire, and criminal to attempt to oppose him with an army less than that which perished under Napoleon.

But besides this devotion which may be expected from the troops of Russia when on the battle-field, there is in this attachment to the throne over the great extent of the Emperor's territory—one eighth of the whole world—a power in the military phase of the Russian question, which seems to put it out of the power of any and every government to conquer the Russians. Ports may be closed. And perhaps this is one of the best modes of carrying on the warfare. If, at the Dardanelles, at Cattaro, from Saxony and Denmark, and even from Astrachan the manufactures of England and America and France, are excluded, there may be a conquest by delay, by a masterly defense. Such was one of the great reasons, if not the greatest, which induced Alexander to treat with France, and become an ally of a power that could clothe the Russians. But to attempt to storm St. Petersburg is useless; to lay it waste, impossible. The Muscovites lay waste some places in *advance*, and destroy others. In Montenegro, against the Turk, at Moscow against Napoleon, at Pultowa against the King of Sweden and the Sultan combined, the Russian showed a willingness to destroy his home, to leave it, to burn to ashes every blade of grass, and to fight as he fled, sooner than let a foreign foe trample on the soil.

The *political* power of Russia is Russia. It may come through family alliances, through the rise and fall alike of corn and consols, and more than all through its most powerful incentive—Religion, but still it is the question of Russian politics that every European statesman has first of all to understand and grapple with; for it is this which first or last has extended the limits of this vast empire within a century to the Baltic, to the Rhine, to the Euxine, and to the Adriatic, and which even now is baffling the sagacity and humbling the pride of those two nations which have reached the highest civilization recorded in history—England and France.

The politics of Russia gained those memorable treaties from Kainardji to Unkiar Shelessi, which Nicholas now relies upon in his present contest with Turkey and the two great powers of Western Europe. The politics of Russia have so compromised and entangled the relations of the German Powers, that

they dare not break with St. Petersburg; and finally they ruled in the Congress of Vienna and among the allies gathered in the city of Paris, making Alexander the great autocrat of Europe, when even Castlereagh and Wellington and Metternich were the mighty men who should have taken a part in the arrangements which decided the subsequent fate of the Continent.

Kossuth said, "The events of 1848-9 show that in every cabinet Russia has had a spy, and it is not too much to infer—an agent." The *Times* declared, some time since, "The continent of Europe is governed to-day by colonels in Russian uniforms." Coletti said, "It would be economical for England to expend three millions in forming a man to understand Russia." The giant greatness of this country overawes, and its darkest counsels make men uncertain, imagining evils where there are none, and investing with unreal terror every sign that is observed in the north.

It is this question, then, of the politics of the Russian Empire, that is here to be considered, principally in those elements which are peculiar to this empire, and which give it, beyond any other country, an ability to carry out its own designs with certainty and dispatch, and which bear so momentously on the present and future interests of the earth. Let us see a few of the features which enable Russia to give to its political views an influence peculiarly efficient.

In the first place, Russia—whether we consider this word to imply the great and characteristic body of thought and view and feeling entertained by the entire mass of the most powerful inhabitants of the empire, the nobles and the peasants, or its head, the almost idolized Czar, who is, and in a great measure dare not refuse to be, the representative and organ of such views—Russia acts with one accord. She is a unit. There are no great and bitter parties dividing upon every question of politics and finance, each, by its extremes, driving the other party to greater extremes, and each appealing to the people at one time, exciting the people to sustain themselves, or again quailing and bending before some popular manifestation of the different sections of country, or different and rival interests in the same section; no home organs for every statesman, and no stump orators to manufacture opinion for the people, or galvanize it when its life is moving too sluggishly in the veins. Nor are there Chartists, Red Republicans; no earnest claimants for constitution and freedom throughout the land, requiring a *cordon* of glittering bayonets to overawe them, and causing a home secretary to do nothing, lest he should raise a zephyr to fan the smouldering embers.

In other countries there is no such absolutism, and no such

oneness of nationality as here; and there the law is but the result, the product of a combination of views, brought into comparison and collision, and moulded and rounded by the reciprocal action of every force originating in the mass. *There* legislation *ascends* from the people to the crown—at least but a controlling power is given to it. *Here* the law is handed down from the hand of the sovereign to the serfs, being indeed a form to mould the character and course of the nation in so far as there may be any occasional or sectional peculiarity of view or any of that suspicion and jealousy which can not ever be said to cease entirely to exist.

We shall see presently that parties may be said to have an existence in Russia, though not in a formal sense—not in the sense of open and hostile action, but rather in that of tendencies, or of dwarfed and stunted growth. Virtually, there are no parties. Politically, Russia can do as she chooses, without a moment's dread of internal hindrance—provided the Czar, as is generally the case, is in the main a true Russian; otherwise even he may have difficulty, though his sacred office renders opposition a fearful venture.

This is so true a position of Russia that many words are not needed to support the assertion. By way of illustration, the following fact is mentioned: When Nicholas attempted to give his country a well-digested code of civil and criminal law, he found the task an impossibility. It was impossible, because the civilization of Russia did not permit of it. Her ideas and condition were feudal, not commercial. As well might a Plantaganet have tried the experiment. The law was often just what the Czar had chosen it should be a moment previously. Even a lawyer would have to be manufactured for such a Russian scheme, for jurists and legists do not flourish in such a soil. Indeed, in the memorable trial that took place when the enemies of Nicholas were accused of conspiring against the country—a trial which had all the secret visitation and separate examination and private confessions of a Spanish inquisition—Nicholas not only abated the rigor of punishment meted out to many of the hapless criminals, but went so far as in his own name and sole authority to increase the penalty of one of the offenders.

A few facts are given in support of this view, that from the Neva to the Volga, and from Siberia to Montenegro, scarcely can it be said that any where in all these vast regions of empire, embracing almost every variety of climate, there is any disaffection. Even the Cossacks are bound to four years' service in the army, and seldom fail to do their duty. It is, undoubtedly, partly from religious motives that the vast race of the Slavonians are

generally and almost universally lending their support to Nicholas in his present rupture with Turkey; but political reasons had also an influence in directing their course; oppression from the Moslem has so embittered their feelings that it almost amounts to stupidity for one to think that any considerable portion of the Slavonians will use the scimeter. In the south they are already in revolt. And this oppression has come from a foreigner and an infidel. The yoke is not rendered light and easy, as it would be under Nicholas, by the thought that allegiance was paid to one belonging to the same great family of races, identical with themselves, for the most part, in language and religion. Every reason exists for a violent political aversion to the Turk, even in those provinces now under a nominal subjection to the Porte.

By agents and armies Nicholas has fostered dissensions. From of old the battle-cry between the Russian and the Turk has seldom died away. "*Bellum semper manet, pugna cessat.*" Of neither of these parties can it be said that an entrance will be found hereafter to those outer chambers of the region which Dante describes as the miserable abode of those who on earth neither hated nor loved, but preserved the imperturbable mien of indifference and neutrality.

Even more strong is this cause in provinces already wrested from the false prophet. Similar, too, is the hatred of this people for every German ruler. And a knowledge of this hostile sentiment is no doubt the great reason of Austria's unwillingness to side with France in the present Turkish difficulty. It is bad to break with France, but worse to break with Russia.

Beside the dread which Austria has of cutting off from her control her vast Slavonian population, who at the first signal of war would join the Russian because of their ardent religious sympathies for the Russian Church, and their abhorrence for the Austrian, there are many political reasons which make Francis Joseph shrink from arraying against him the forces of Nicholas. Austria has already helped Russia to a foothold on the Adriatic, with a transit through the intervening territory; in part the payment for the aid which Russia gave in keeping the revolutionists of the Danube in subjection. Moreover, Austria has ruled her people with the greatest severity, in order to prevent these popular outbreaks, and hatred for this, as well as admiration for the greatness of the Russian conqueror, lead the people to look behind and beyond their own throne to the real power, which, if any, they will glory in serving.

Once more, may it not be owing in part, at least, to this

cause that England and France are pursuing such an uncertain and tortuous mode of action? England has the feelings of her people urging her on, at almost any hazard, to a war with Nicholas, and yet England's policy is, not to go to war. Her manufactures can not afford it; even the Radical Cobden wants to have Turkey sacrificed, that Russia may be contented and the spinning-jennies of Manchester may have enough to occupy them. England, then, must contend against the popular voice for war. By every stratagem she must try to appease all foreign parties; stop all agitation at home; give general and evasive answers to parliamentary questions, and make and break protocols and cabinet conditions as emergencies arise. Thus, but a few months since, Lord Clarendon declared that the evacuation of the principalities was a *sine qua non* to the settlement of the whole question; yet, while we are writing, the Emperor Napoleon, with the entire privity of the English cabinet for the substance of his autograph letter, blows this *sine qua non* to the winds, by saying that the withdrawal of the fleets from the Black Sea will be contemporaneous with the evacuation of the Principalities.

England is urged on by a current of popular feeling which can not be stemmed. Yet if any minister of the crown consents to go into the threatened war with the national debt of the country at £800,000,000, with a blockade against shipping in its most profitable ports, with the crippling of the mercantile marine by its resources being drawn into the war, and with increased taxation, he may envy, in the end, even the fate of the younger Pitt, retiring before the people. An exasperated people and a bankrupt treasury may well alarm the cabinet.

But France is in still more perilous state. Sweet as is revenge on a country once ruling France, and lately refusing to recognize its sovereign, Napoleon must remember that the blades of the proscribed revolutionists of Paris are not yet rusted. In every department of France danger is lurking. The old Legitimist and the young Republican, Orleanists and Napoleonists, are all struggling, and perhaps three out of the four would chaunt a *Te Deum* on the fall of the Westphalian. This is not an African war, where the king of the French can send his disaffected subjects to get rid of them and to win a glory that shall please and quiet the people at home, but the war that now threatens may pass from the centre to the circumference of Europe, rousing and inspiring every democrat in Naples and Piedmont, on the Rhine and the Danube, and calling into life revolutions compared with which the republican throes of '30 and '48 were but the sports of childhood. Nor can we but think, however magniloquent and warlike France may

be and must be to do honor to all her antecedents, there is a vacillation and timidity breathing throughout every period of the late French autograph letter—a bullying and a begging, which cause different emotions in the two emperors, and which speak but little in behalf of any precipitate action of France on the theatre of war.

If there must be war, if England will be forced into it, then doubtless France would like to have the preëminence in the offensive operations. And this in such an unlikely emergency the autograph may have gained. But if France was eager for the war, would a Napoleon have written as he does? *At the time of the affair of Sinope*, he says, *we were but spectators*. But immediately after he adds in effect, *as allies we must revenge the affair of Sinope*. Does it need the astuteness of a Nesselrode or Menschikoff to see the absurdity of such language, or the pride of a Nicholas to glory in the vacillation that has dogged the steps of the allies throughout the recent difficulty, and which makes them both neutral and hostile in the Black Sea—which hinders them from knowing whether they are at peace or war, or whether at so late a date as the destruction of the Turkish fleet, the two powers were spectators or allies? But these absurdities and weaknesses may be needed to convince the French people that Napoleon, like his uncle, will be only a spectator so long as he thinks that thereby peace may be secured, and that still he is so valiant that he will avenge the cause of the hapless Turk, even by becoming his ally, and by rushing into the Black Sea, when peace is endangered.

Strength employs both the word and the blow, as courtesy and duty require, but in leaving the mind under the sting of the last denunciation, it says in effect, I care not how soon you are offended, I can afford it. But the French Emperor soothes any ruffled emotions that the blow has occasioned, by his last affectionate suggestions, and virtually hopes that despite what has just been said no offense will be taken, and no rupture ensue.

How different is Russia! Firm and straightforward; pursuing steadily onward the line she has marked; even raising her demands by a refusal to make, at present, any treaty unless with Turkey alone, she exhibits a strength which can only be found when the throne is a mighty one, and doubly so because it is supported by the people.

But again, the political power of Russia is great and peculiar, because there is so little of religious dissension in her empire. Such dissensions have often paralyzed the energies of statesmen. They have made the haughtiest king parley with his foe. They were the rock against which even the bark

of Charles the Vth went down—though a monarch of the largest European territory since the time of Charlemagne. The difficulties which religious dissensions threw in the way of France, and rendered it so difficult even for a Richelieu to know what measures to adopt for the welfare of the country, and to carry them out when adopted, is known to every reader of the thrilling history of the Huguenots. The Puritans were equally an obstacle in the legislation of England. Throughout Germany the same cause led to most of the plots and counter-plots, the hesitancy and difficulties, the conference and rival conference, the Thirty Years' War, and last of all to that Peace of Westphalia which has stamped the character of Germany, destroyed its unity, and cut the sinews of its growth among the nations of Europe. Prussia, it is true, has tried to force an union between the Calvinist and Lutheran, and by an outward and mechanical discipline she endeavors to make them, not perhaps, speak alike, but at least keep from speaking. But the question may arise whether the measure was a wise one, whether the country has thereby gained the cordial support of either of the two parties, whether it has not called up other religious or irreligious foes that still keep her vigilance from repose. England, even to-day, is at a stand. Her legislation is cramped and crippled, nay it is set at defiance, by a religious body at her own doors, that she dares not offend. The case is the same with Austria. It may be the case, on the breaking out of a revolution, of other countries in Europe.

But how different is it with Russia! There, there is no such hindrance to a bold and uniform political career; no divisions of a court on matters of faith; no revolutions in provinces goaded on by the most fearful incentives of conscience. We have said there are no religious differences in Russia. In the same sense it is true, however we may account for it, that there is no infidelity. There is none, we mean, of moment; none to cause any hesitation or alarm within the walls of the Kremlin. There are, indeed, the Uniates (Roman Catholic converts, and other members of that church.)

A few years since Polotsh was the centre of Jesuit influence, and even a few of the nobility, including a scion of the great Galitzen family, were converted. But a little ukase of Alexander drove the whole order for ever from his dominions. In Poland the Uniates, at one time, were powerful, and caused the greatest trouble to the Czar, but in 1839 there were (besides 25,000 conversions from various religious bodies to the Russian Church) a million and a half of these Uniates who then renounced allegiance to the Pope—perhaps the greatest change from one form of religion to another which Europe has wit-

nessed at any one time since the Reformation. Since 1839 Russia has had but little trouble from the Roman Catholics in her realm.

There, are indeed, dissenters from the Russian Church, some of them of the most radical and fanatical character, and over a part of these the Sultan exercises a sort of protection. Various bodies of Lutherans and Calvinists are also to be found. But altogether they are only a handful. They generally look for Russian favor as a boon, instead of demanding it as a right.

Such facts, when we know that there are 70,000,000 belonging to the Russian or Greek Church, that 30,000 are preparing for her orders at one time, are of no force. Virtually, Russia is a unit in her religion, as well as in her politics. The Slavonians are not a cause of disquietude to the Czar. On the contrary they are the Church itself, and wherever located, from Greece to Poland, are the fast friends of Russia, giving to the Czar almost a religious veneration, and looking to him as the head of their church, for protection against other and external forms of religion. The formation of the patriarchate of Moscow, separating it from the patriarch of Constantinople, with his consent and that of the three other patriarchs of the Greek rite—Jerusalem, Antioch, and Alexandria—tended rather to draw around the Emperor still more closely the religious affections of the Slavonians. For they felt that now they had a patriarch of their own, within their own country, and one not set over them through any agency of the Sultan, for whom they have so intense a hatred. The subsequent change of the church administration, by the appointment of the Holy Governing Synod—partly lay and partly clerical—has also been assented to by the other patriarchs, and so far from clashing with the prejudices of the subjects of Russia, may rather be said to have coincided with them and to have given dignity to the Church in their eyes. The recent metropolitan action in Moldavia is evidence of such statements. And without quoting more to the point, which almost any traveller in Russia will furnish, often as a matter of reproach for the blindest of veneration, we will cite but one instance of such unanimous and cordial sympathy of the members of the Russian Church, in the remote province of Montenegro—a province under the protection of Russia. A traveller remarks: "I happened to enter a school; the teacher asked the scholars the following questions: 'Whom ought we to worship?' 'The only God;' was the answer. 'Whom ought we to serve to the last drop of our blood?' 'Alexander alone!' was the unanimous reply." The boys are constantly firing pistols, exclaiming, "Long live

Tzar Alexander! Perish the dog's faith!" (Roman Catholicism.)

But not only is Russia thus without any dread from offending the religious scruples of her own people by any measures of a political nature which she may wish to adopt for her own welfare, but her religious influence is so great and extensive beyond her own immediate territory, in the way of formal or virtual protection to the Slavonians and Greeks of other countries, especially Turkey and Austria, that Russian politics, as such, receive a welcome from three fourths of South-eastern Europe. The Emperor being regarded as the head of the Greek rite, the 12,000,000 Slavonians of Turkey are ready to break forth at any moment, and flock to the standards of the northern ruler.

The Greeks not forgetting their revolution and independence of twenty years' date, are already, combining and conspiring to light up a religious war, the battle-cry of which shall be, *Death to the Moslem*.

But *Austria* has also to fear from such a religious influence, brought to aid the politics of Russia. With a Slavonian population of 15,000,000, she has only about 8,000,000 of German subjects, and these are divided in their theological tenets. 4,000,000 of these Slavonians are offering their daily prayers for Nicholas. The Slavonians are Greek or Russian in their religion, and doubly so by reason of the persecutions which have been the price they paid for their orthodoxy. Other reasons actuate them, but the strongest claim that binds them to Russia is their religion. The Czar is their real head. They think it will be safe for them to dwell beneath his protection. The thought of a common origin, and tongue, and faith, has lent a power to the disaffection of these Eastern subjects that makes Austria tremble to think of any collision, and most of all, of one with that foe who is regarded as a friend by so large a part of the Austrian empire.

It is true some of the Slavonians may prefer an independent kingdom, a great nation of their own, starting at once into existence with no toleration for German or Turk, Slavonian even beyond that of the Russian empire. But as this scheme is impracticable, what remains but for all this people to look to the Czar as their greatest friend, to favor every measure he adopts, to identify their every interest with his?

Hence the result, when, but a few weeks since, Orloff went to Vienna, every school-boy, in looking at the past, might have prophesied of his success, though the diplomatist might have been overreached by matchless stratagem into the adoption of the worst measures, and the banker, led by an erring telegraph,

have entered too largely into the loans. Orloff had, doubtless, an easy task to get all he wanted, a Metternich was no longer in the way—that greatest of all enemies which European Diplomacy has yet sent forth to match and curb the Czar. Austria for her own sake, will take heed lest she offend the North.

In this connection we may add, that the present struggle in Europe is a witness to this gigantic influence, which Russian politics have derived from her religious influence over tribes and races, even out of her own territories. A few remarks on this point must here be added. The existing difficulties between the two Eastern powers originated, or rather, we should say, had the proximate cause of their present manifestation, in the contest about the Holy Places. It was a contest between the Greek and the Roman Catholic Church; about a mere question of precedence, it may be, or ecclesiastical etiquette, but one which, like the petty dispute of Louis XIV. with his minister, on the subject of a painted window, has threatened to involve Europe in all the horrors of carnage. By the treaty of Kainardji, 1774, Russia claims a protectorate over the Christians in the Ottoman dominions; if she is to protect them, of course, she would reason, no alteration could be allowed in their condition prejudicial to the interests or feelings of the Greek Christians. But in 1852, the Sultan, at the instance of M. de Lavalette, (backed by the French Emperor and the Pope,) consented to *restore* to the Patriarch of Jerusalem, delegated by the Holy See, the key of the grand entrance to the church at Bethlehem, to give orders for replacing in the grotto of the Nativity a stone bearing a Latin inscription, that had disappeared in 1847, and lastly, to accord to the Catholic community the privilege of celebrating divine service according to their ritual, "in the Church of the Holy Virgin." On the ground that there is no meaning in legislation, unless to alter or originate, as well as on the ground of the phraseology itself of this concession, Russia would hold that her protectorate has thus been set at defiance, the treaty of Kainardji violated, and in effect, that the Church of Rome is now vested with a preëminence in the very centre of all religious memories and sympathies, and indeed with a headship in all spiritual questions arising among the Christians of the larger part of two continents, to be looked up to by the masses of uninformed and enthusiastic adherents of the Christian religion, from the centre of Europe to the centre of Asia.

Russia at once seized the opportunity. Here was the time to cross again the Balkan, with something more of benefit than the contingent occupation of a couple of principalities. Immediately Nicholas advocated the cause of the Greek Christians; elicited all their sympathies; became their most *powerful*, in-

deed their only friend. And Europe, sadly harassed and perplexed, unconsciously or consciously, threw herself out on the Slavonian question. By defending the Turk she was thought, in the East, to defend the Roman Catholic claim of the shrines. The line was drawn—England and France in behalf of the Pope and the Sultan, on the one side, and Russia in behalf of the Slavonian and Greek Christians on the other. What a step toward the possession of the Strait! It requires not a word to convince any one, who knows or has read any thing of the sufferings which the Greek Christians have endured from the Moslem, and of the dread and hate which they bear to the Roman Catholic religion, perhaps even greater than that which they bear to the Infidel, that Russia here gained, or rather cemented an influence in behalf of her political projects throughout Europe and Asia, even should they reach to the possession of that outlet to the Persian Gulf and the East Indies, which England so suspiciously fears.

Another consideration here to be noticed as contributing vastly to the power of Russian politics, is, that Russia, when she chooses, acts alone. At times, though seldom, she may become an ally, but she does not often permit allies to intermeddle in her own affairs. All the advantage of the allied system she derives in another way. Family alliances she prefers to national ones. It is her pride, and she is able to gratify it, to say, as Nicholas did, even to the great Duke of Wellington, that Russia could attend to her own affairs, and would permit no intrusion. The Duke had gone to St. Petersburg to attend the funeral obsequies of Alexander. The liberation of Greece was discussed, and urged, and demanded, subsequently by Nicholas, so that the great revolution and independence of Greece was effected by him, even when the Duke forgot it. The Duke, in turn, wanted to help the Czar to settle his difficulties with the Porte, but he received the above reply.

It is the same reply, virtually, which Alexander made to Castlereagh, when, at the entrance of the allies, he attempted to interfere in the affairs of Poland.

The only memorable instance to the contrary effect is, perhaps, to be found in the dismemberment of Poland itself. Russia wanted an outlet on the Mediterranean. It was essential to her interests. England had a protectorate of the Eastern Mediterranean; why not give Russia the Western? But a partition of Turkey would bring the Russian too near to Austria. Moreover, the Prussian could not be suited with such favors and spoils. So all agreed to anatomize Poland. It is very questionable, however, whether the substitute was not, at the time, as important to Russia as the acquisition originally intended.

It is the same reply which Russia now addresses to France and England combined, that she will treat with Turkey alone, and the four powers, or rather the two powers, (for two of them are under Russian influence,) can have not even a protocol to offer in the matter.

The Russian acts the more efficiently by not making his nation one of the men upon a common chess-board. He has no idea of joining the republic of European nations to sit at the council-board as a provincial deputy, and submit to the vote of majorities. The balance-of-power system, dating back to the time of Henry VIII., which regulates every league of Europe according to the common weal, does not suit the autocrat whose Finnish, and Polish, and Crimean, and Montenegrin enlargements of territory and influence would not permit the square and compass of national preponderance to be applied to the case.

And then there is another efficiency in so acting. Frederick the Great, when his kingdom had received none of its Eastern enlargements, kept all Europe at bay. Single-handed, he found that he could often conquer while the allies were deliberating plans, and settling compensations, and quarreling over precedences. The same difficulties which beset the great Marlborough, of vacillation in courts and rivalry on the field, favored Frederick. "Save me from my friends," can every warrior exclaim, even when the odds are fearfully against him.

Such, in part, was the secret of Napoleon's success. The desertion from his cause of other nations permitted him to run that lightning course which often took his enemies by surprise, and win his battles, while the generals opposed to him were waiting instructions or settling disputes. *In a multitude of counsellors there may be wisdom*, but not efficiency; and in war, efficiency is as valuable as wisdom. Thus, if even a Gortschakoff is supreme, at once he goes to the Caucasus. And the general whose pique is roused on the battle-field, gets redress from Nicholas, or goes, in a cart well filled with straw, to the luxuries of Siberia. Hence, too, the policy of Russia has not to be telegraphed back and forth to other courts, and clipped, and rounded, and delayed, until other powers can be persuaded or overreached. Russia has but one settled policy. It is whole and entire. It comes before Europe with majesty; and before that policy, Europe must rise or fall.

Not to dwell longer on this topic, let us consider further that the politics of Russia are, and have been, of the weightiest character, by reason of her bribes. This is an unpleasant topic to dwell upon, but as this mode of giving success to the plans

of Russia has been one of the most successful ones, it must not be entirely ignored, though it is treated simply as a fact.

Some how, the country gentleman, the rude baron, the conservative, and legitimist, has not always the close, avaricious, dollar-loving character that we so often find in the progress-man—the man devoted to the highest development of commerce and civilization. Whether to his praise, mentally or not, he is often frank, and free, and generous; not easily bribed, though caring so little for the fractions of a rouble, that he is quite willing to lavish his money on those who will sell their votes, and smiles, and influence, for the consideration.

It is certain, however we may account for it on broad principles of character, or national civilization, that the gold of Russia has been very liberally poured out in behalf of her lofty schemes, unless she has been sadly calumniated. Even if Kosuth has spoken merely in the way of oriental metaphor, and Urquhart gives the mere suspicions of a disordered brain against the statesmen of England, yet a few facts remain to show that there may be a foundation for the general charge of corruption.

Of course, no general information on the subject is possible. We are ignorant of much from the nature of the case, since a bribe is not always paid in ducats, and when it is so paid, no receipt thereof is gazetted to the world. Yet when we find that the Vladika of Montenegro in one year returned from the Neva with about seventy thousand dollars; that M. Saint Priest, the French ambassador to the Porte, left his position because he could not honorably act against the Russian Empress who had given him his bread; that in 1844, about five hundred thousand dollars were the amount of bribes used in the canal project of the Danube; that the Turkish ministers who signed the conditions of a treaty with Alexander, afterward lost their heads on a charge of Muscovite corruption, we can not but conclude that Russia has been pretty mindful in her political efforts, of the remark of the ancient sage, that no hostile walls could stand if the portals of the gates were large enough to admit a horse and a bag of gold.

With a revenue that, although but partially reckoned, amounts to over one hundred million dollars; with the most trivial expenses, (for even her million of soldiers cost her but little;) favored by her own disposition to buy, and not opposed by others' unwillingness to be sold, we must conclude that she is in a condition to gain whatever money can procure. And when we remember that the greatest events of the world have been moulded or controlled by silver and gold; that the execution of Charles I., the continuation of the reign of Charles II., and the success of the revolution of William and Mary,

were all owing, in a great measure, to the want or presence of pecuniary aid, we can well understand that the politics of Russia can level many a hill, and fill many a valley of difficulty, by her use of wealth.

There is another branch of this subject on which we must not omit to say a few words. We have said that Russia is virtually a unit in her political character, that there are no rival parties to hamper her actions. This is undoubtedly true in any usual sense of the terms. There are, however, ever, and there must be differences of opinion, schools of views in politics, every where, even when by the most powerful internal impulse, or by outward force of circumstances, such schools exist rather in embryo than in boldly defined and well organized forms, and are hindered from stopping to draw around themselves too broadly the lines of demarcation. In art and science, in church and state, in social life and in types of individual character, there are, and always have been, the two schools, however sometimes changing in the mere drapery and accidents of the moment, and by whatever name they are called—the old and new, the conservative and progressive, the high and low, the aristocratic and the democratic. We have ultramontane and Gallican, the high and low Church, the old and new school in religious bodies; we have whig and tory in politics, and we have these again subdivided into conservatives, progressives, and liberals.

So in Russia there may be said to be two parties, but with the least definiteness of outline in their constitution and action. There is the party of the old régime—the thorough Russian, high conservative, with all the bigoted attachment to the past that a Warwick would have in presence of the new school about to sweep the last of the barons and his feudal ideas from existence.

At the head of this school, whose head-quarters are at Moscow, is Menschikoff, whose great ancestor's fate, like another favorite, Cromwell, exhibits the most tragic reverses of life, and recalls the thoughtful and the good to a sense of the fleeting and fearful nature of earthly prosperity. Menschikoff is the very ideal of a Russian, noble in family, with the title of Prince, with vast possessions: perhaps, next to the Czar, his name is a spell for weal or woe, from the Baltic to the Caspian. Whenever a project is to be presented to Russia, the name of Menschikoff will be a guarantee for its orthodoxy. There are no quarantees and embargoes there to stop and question it, as it passes throughout the country, from one parallel to another. And accordingly, to give the recent collision with the Porte the unmistakable odor of nationality, none but Menschikoff is sent to the Divan, and allowed to present an ultimatum.

On the other hand, is Nesselrode, the Foreign Secretary, the head, if there be any head, to the German party. He does not and dare not go very far. He is good as a sort of break on the machinery, or as one to be played off in some trivial matter against his opponents, as Elizabeth and Louis XIV. used to play off their agents and produce a rest from the neutralizing influence of antagonistic forces. Nesselrode is tinged with the new order of things, his tendencies are to the German party—to European as well as Russian policy, to a more Western civilization, to a higher mental culture, and social ameliorations—in a word, to produce a commercial rather than a feudal system of things, or at least, to have as much of the former as is possible.

And this leads us to say that the Count is German literally, in his descent; and that to some extent, doubtless, though it is impossible, from the nature of the case, to say how much, his views are shared by other families, and those of the highest or next to the highest rank in the empire. For in Russia, where the nobles and the serfs are really the nation, in numbers and in influence, and where the great middle order—the merchant class of the commercial civilization—is comparatively unknown there have grown up, especially since the time of Peter the Great, various classes of nobility, or rather a nobility of a variety in national origin. These exercise a great influence. There are, among others, the German, the Polish, the Swedish, and the Tartar nobles. At the head of the German nobility, of the *Baltic*, are the families of Lieven, Pahlen and others. The Nesselrodes and Tattgensteins belong to the nobility of Germany *proper*. Among the most illustrious families of peculiarly Russian origin may be mentioned the Princes Dolgorouki, Galitsin, Kourakin, Stroganoff, and Panim. The families of Orloff and Potemkin are of more recent date. It is reasonable to suppose that some of these families would have brought with them and retained their foreign views.

Nicholas has a controlling influence over all—in part German and in part Russian, like Peter, and Catherine, and Alexander, fearing the wrath of his intensely national subjects, if he goes too far; yet, like them, feeling obliged to go as far as possible in the way of keeping up with the age, and benefiting his people even in spite of their wishes. Yet he feels himself safe in so acting, for he has the reverence of his people to rely upon, generally, to protect him. He, moreover, feels that he can go farther in the direction of progress than it would be safe to trust any of his German nobles to go, for there is a sense of responsibility resting on him to act as a curb, which there would not be in their case.

But not only does the presence of Nicholas, his absoluteness and his greatness, tend to check any too great tendency to assimilate with the West, but history is too full of startling warnings to permit any very rash experiments in such a direction. A few instances may confirm this, and show still better than we have done the present position of any so-called parties of the country.

It was Peter the Great, the reformer, who, two centuries and a half ago, introduced foreigners and their arts in a flood tide to his native land, and in order to bring Germany nearer to Russia, and to break in upon the almost hopelessly conservative state of things that must exist while Moscow was the capital, built the magnificent structures of stone in the pestilential marshes of the Neva. But what did it cost him? The Strelitz rose in mutiny, and it was not until he had abolished this national force entirely, that he was enabled to go on with his projects. Peter III., who, after the death of Elizabeth, attempted to espouse the cause of Frederick the Great, in admiration of so illustrious a warrior, and introduce reforms from the West, paid the terrible penalty of his temerity, in dying by the knife of an assassin. Even Catherine, who longed to exalt her country by going to the East Indies through the acquired territory of Persia, who excluded all foreigners from her government, and who said to her English physician, "Bleed me, bleed me, that not a drop of German blood may be in my veins," gave offense by her reforms, and narrowly escaped the dagger.

Alexander, who stood the great monarch of Europe in the Tuileries; who had Richelieu, his governor at Odessa, made prime minister of France; who gave laws to France, through that minister, on the overthrow of Napoleon; and who thus left a shame to cause the blush of every Frenchman, only to be avenged, if avenged it can be, by the present contest with the Russian within the four castles that guard the Turks' dominions—even he had to hasten home from Paris to quell the discontent which his people manifested for his too little nationality. Diebitsh, the fearless and noble warrior, who crossed the Balkan, and pointed out this new pathway from the Kremlin to St. Sophia, fell under suspicion of being German, because too lenient to the Poles, and a speedy death removed him from further annoyance.

And lastly, to cite no further instances, we see the same warning to that country, against any lukewarmness in Russian sympathies in that appalling spectacle which inaugurated with blood the accession of the present emperor. Young Russia overstepped the uncertain boundary of discretion and safety. It was too fast. The grand conspiracy (to which we have

before alluded) which Nicholas punished, so entirely to the approbation of his whole dominion, even though a life-time of labor, and a banishment to Siberia, were part of the direful penalty, to some of his nobles, rings the loud clarion tones of terror to any who shall now attempt to Germanize the empire of Russia.

True, Russia has even gone out of her territories to form family alliances. But in almost every case, it is not to disturb her political condition at home, nor to lessen, but increase, her national and peculiar power. The Emperor draws other kings to him when he marries his offspring into a foreign line. Politics are as powerful when marriages, as when armies, lend their aid. Holland, and Wurtemberg, and Brandenburg, are witnesses.

And for this reason it is that Prussia, in the present struggle in Europe, can hardly dare to join France and England. The Prince of Prussia, in marrying a daughter of Nicholas, virtually promised to strain every nerve that the Baltic should be closed to English fleets, and that Warsaw should be guarded at its Eastern gates, even if neutrality was all that Prussia would consent to promise in behalf of the Russian. And this neutrality is all that Nicholas will ask. Hence the remarkable position which even the Chevalier Bunsen has occupied of late in regard to the Danish succession—a course that so certainly tends to make the throne of Denmark, through Prussian influence, but the seat of a vice-royalty of Russia.

For a long time, Constantinople has been longed for by Russia. Perhaps, if the powers of Europe were wise, they would place no impediment in the way, provided Russia would promise to make it her third and last capital, and not establish a mere provincial government on the Bosphorus. For, in such wise, might the great empire of Nicholas fall away to a mere Asiatic dominion—indolent, slavish, and effeminate, beneath a southern sun.

But if war must come, how desperate will be the effort of France and England to withstand the Russian, if Austria dare not side with them, and the watery highway to St. Petersburg be obstructed by Prussia! However unwilling, and however tardy may be their submission to Russia, there seems every probability that the old, unalterable Russian system, so strong at home, will enter, through the chains and ties of marriage, to Berlin, and that, as there are no parties in Russia itself to coerce the sovereign, so there will be none on the Baltic, or the Danube, sufficient to arrest and roll backward his brilliant career.

Such, we think, is the case of Russian politics, so subtle,

extensive, peculiar, powerful. Uncontrolled by faction, political or religious, at home; and aided by them, both within and immediately around; with wealth, and family alliance, and a vast and intrepid army; and religious enthusiasm to give impetus to every move, how grand, how terrible, is the position of such a nation! As to the future, we do not speak. Nor as to right or wrong. Facts and arguments are here given, so far as we can get at them, amid so much of stratagem and secrecy.

The past and the present are before us. Before such political ascendancy, men will be truly courageous to stand in awe. To underrate that power, is to be unprepared to cope with it. Duty forbids any rashness, and any boasting. Archimedes longed for the fulcrum. Nicholas is trying to make one. Like the greatest of gladiators, he dares none but the fiercest foe.

In view of what has been said, let us remember the words of Alexander to Napoleon, both for the sake of estimating the capabilities of a country which, so long ago, and when it had but a part of its present influence, could promise so much; and for the sake, also, of estimating a part of the policy which that country is pursuing: "I offer you the half of Europe; I will help you to obtain it; secure you in the possession of it; and all I ask, in return, is the possession of a single strait, which is also the key of my house."

THE ENGLISH UNIVERSITIES.

Recommendations of the Oxford College Tutors' Association on the Relation of the Professorial and Tutorial Systems.—OXFORD: 1853.

Report upon the Recommendations of Her Majesty's Commissioners for Inquiring into the State of the University of Oxford, presented to the Board of Heads of Houses and Proctors, December 1, 1853, by a Committee of their Number.—OXFORD: 1853.

It has, time out of mind, been a set prayer in the English Church, that, "in order that there might never be wanting a due supply of persons qualified to serve God in church and state, his blessing should be given to all schools and seminaries of sound learning and religious instruction, and more especially to the universities of the land." A character was thus given to the universities, which their system has been studiously designed to maintain. Their theory has been strictly in accordance with that idea; and if practically they have failed to realize it in all respects, they have yet constantly been resorted to by

those whose object in life was the public service, either in the state or the church. An university education has ever been considered indispensable to qualify an English gentleman for a statesman or a divine—nay, to fit him for any public profession where eminence is to be attained, not only in the senate or in the church, but at the bar, and even in the camp. Public schools there were in sufficient abundance, and of ample resources for all ordinary requirements, even of those who sought high classical and mathematical attainments. Eton, and Harrow, and Rugby, and Westminster, and Winchester, and Shrewsbury, are schools where there may be brought into operation every means and appliance for giving a much better education than perhaps three fourths of English collegians commonly obtain. But they are, in a majority of cases, employed only as schools *to prepare*, as the phrase is, for the universities.

And here let us notice an element of the whole system, which is, from its principle of exclusiveness, creating a greater difficulty than almost any thing else in that adaptation of the universities now being made to the altered circumstances of the nation; we mean the religious element. Not only the universities, but the public schools which we have just enumerated, are all considered as Church institutions; their education is conducted upon the presumption that all who receive it are members of the Established Church, and the various rules of discipline laid down, and the religious principles inculcated, are in accordance with this idea. Dissenters, therefore, are necessarily excluded from them all; or if they now and then contrive to gain admission to the schools, it is only as it were by stealth, and under something very like false pretences.

There are two apologies for this exclusiveness, which are not, it must be confessed, without their plausibility, if not also their force. First, the founders, alike of the colleges and the schools, were Churchmen, and expressly designed them for, and limited them to, those of their own religious communion; and, second, if religion is to enter into the system at all, it must be that which, being established, is regarded as the national religion.

Now, the fact of these institutions being founded, not by the state, but by private beneficence, and continuing to be supported not by any state grants, but by the funds which such private beneficence has amply provided, is certainly one which seems to impart to them a very different character from that which would have belonged to them had they been created, and were they maintained by the bounty of the state. "Is it not lawful for me to do what I will with mine own?" May we

not—the founders have a right to say—prescribe the conditions on which our bounty is to be dispensed? Is it unreasonable, that being Churchmen ourselves, and our religion being that of the nation at large, established, and sanctioned, and protected by the law, we should stipulate that those who are to enjoy the privilege of being educated by our means must profess the same religion, and be brought under its discipline? The English Dissenters themselves have in their colleges and schools adopted, and are enforcing the self-same principle.

Then the difficulty, not to say the impossibility, if there is to be religion in the system at all, of adopting various creeds, and teaching different doctrines, is admitted on all hands. It is not as if the question were religion or no religion. In the case before us, that has been all along a settled point. They were to be "seminaries of sound learning and religious instruction." Such has been their character from the first—such the fundamental principle of their original institution. Their founders, in all probability, would not have endowed them on any other condition. Here, in the United States, where there is a different state of things, men act very differently. In the system of education provided at the cost of the public, the public being composed of citizens of all religious denominations, any distinctive doctrine of religion is expressly prohibited, in order that there may be no partiality, no exclusiveness. But with the English colleges and schools which we are now considering, the case is far otherwise. The law of the United States enacts, that "no school shall be entitled to, or receive any portion of, the school moneys, in which the religious doctrines or tenets of any particular Christian or other religious sect shall be taught, inculcated, or practised, or in which any book or books containing compositions favorable or prejudicial to the particular doctrines or tenets of any particular Christian or other religious sect, or which shall teach the doctrines or tenets of any other religious sect."* But constituted as the English universities are, this could never be the case with them. For, in the first place, the colleges of which they are composed were founded expressly, though not exclusively, for religious instruction; and provision was made, that such instruction should be in the doctrines and tenets of that particular body of Christians, the English Church. There, such religious instruction is not only to be taught and inculcated in the college schools, but practised in the college chapels. And, further, their libraries are full of the books containing compo-

* *Act relative to Common Schools.*

sitions favorable to the doctrines and tenets of the Church, and prejudicial to those of other religious bodies.

Yet a revolution is contemplated. Not, perhaps, by those who may, at present at least, have the power of effecting a reform in the university system; but certainly by those who first originated, and are most determinedly urging on the movement in that direction. The late Royal Commissions of Inquiry into the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge were obtained by those who would abolish all their religious exclusiveness, and thereby not only dis sever their connection with the Church, but deprive them altogether of their religious character. Such a commission had been moved for, without success, in several successive sessions of the Imperial Parliament, by a member of the House of Commons, with that avowed object. Mr. Heywood, the member in question, is a Dissenter from the Established Church—a Socinian; and his great complaint is, that Dissenters are excluded from the benefits, and privileges, and honors of the universities as they now exist. But though, session after session, he had been thwarted in his object, he at length so far succeeded as to extort from the government the tardy concession of a commission, in anticipation of a renewal of his annual motion—a commission, not, it is true, specially directed to consider the separation of the universities from the Church, and the abolition of all religious exclusiveness, as he himself would have had it, yet armed with powers of inquiry quite extensive enough to deal with that, or almost any other question, and the very tendency of whose investigation was to give point and force to the revolutionary movement, because conceived and carried on in a revolutionary spirit.

The documents whose titles are quoted at the head of this article are what may be called collateral results of those commissions of inquiry. They relate exclusively, it is true, to the University of Oxford; but the case is substantially that of both universities, Cambridge being virtually in the same predicament.

The first document has emanated from an influential, though not a governing body in the University—the College Tutors' Association, which was formed with express regard to the subject of university reform, and with special reference to the royal commission. It embraces those who, though not now in authority, yet constitute the body from which hereafter those who are to bear rule in the University will have to be selected; and their sentiments, therefore, are entitled to every respect, while they certainly are full of hope for the interests of those institutions. Full of hope, we mean, for their conservation,

because alive to the necessity of reform—acknowledging as they, tacitly at least, do, one incontrovertible principle, so forcibly explained by Andrew Marvell, that “all societies of men do, in process of long time, gather an irregularity, and wear away much of their primitive institution; and, therefore, the true wisdom of all ages hath been to review, at fit periods, those errors, defects, or excesses, that have insensibly crept in; to brush the dust off the wheels, and oil them again; or, if it be found necessary, to choose a set of new ones—a reformation,” he adds, “most easily, and with the least disturbance, to be effected by the society itself, no single men being forbidden by any magistrate to mend their own manners; and much more, all societies having the liberty to bring themselves within compass.” The Oxford College Tutors’ Association, we say, are evidently mindful of all this, and anxious to act upon it. Well would it have been for the English universities had their authorities only acknowledged and acted upon it long ago.

The objects contemplated by Oxford Tutor’s Association, in the report before us, were, firstly, to ascertain the existing defects of the University, whether in the manner of the teaching, and the qualifications of her teachers, or in respect of her intellectual and literary eminence, as compared with foreign institutions; and, secondly, to inquire and set forth, to the utmost of their power, how these defects might best be remedied. “There appear,” they observe, “to be two prominent defects in the present condition of the University, as regards its teachers and its teaching. The first is the want of a body of instructors, who, confining their attention to a single branch of study, shall be capable of prosecuting it to its utmost limits, and who, not being burthened with a responsibility for the success of each individual among their hearers in the public examinations, may feel themselves at liberty to lecture rather up to the requirements of the subject than down to the capacity of inferior pupils. These points form the principal difference between such professorial teaching as is needed at present, and tutorial teaching as now practised. The professor should lecture as the master of a subject, the tutor as the commentator on an author. The professor should not be considered as responsible for the *testamur* of his pupils; the tutor, to a certain extent, is so. The second deficiency is the want of an adequate means of producing or retaining within the University, men of eminence in particular departments of knowledge. Hardly any of the teachers of Oxford can look upon their occupation either as the business of their whole life, or as affording any preparation for a subsequent employment. The college tutor has nothing to which he can look forward but the chance, common

to him with other fellows, of succeeding in his turn to a college living; and his labors in his calling, whatever may be his zeal and ability, neither advance his present position nor prepare him for the duties of a parochial incumbent. And his tutorial position is not, under the existing restrictions of college fellowships, such as most men will regard with satisfaction as a permanent occupation. He is thus neither encouraged to exert himself while he holds the office, nor enabled to hold it for a sufficient time to acquire real eminence as a scholar." Such are the two great deficiencies acknowledged by those who, from their practical acquaintance with, and interest in, the system, ought to be better qualified than any others to pass judgment upon it. And there can be no doubt that they are right as to the faultiness of the system of tuition arising from the tutorial position of those who practise it. Condemnation is conveyed in one single sentence: "Hardly any of the teachers of Oxford can look upon their occupation either as the business of their whole life, or as affording any preparation for a subsequent employment." And in this point it is, that the English Universities contrast so unfavorably with those of Germany; for the German teacher is a scholar or a philosopher by profession, instead of being compelled, as is too often the case at Oxford, to take up scholarship, or philosophy, as a mere temporary occupation. Our only wonder is that a system so glaringly defective as this should so long have been tolerated.

But the knowledge of a disease is half its cure. The very acknowledgment of such a defect is the preparation, at least, for correction. "A remedy," they tell us, "for this defect is to be desired, no less for the sake of the country at large than for that of the University. It may, perhaps, be allowed that in Germany there is too much tendency to encourage unprofitable speculations—that the influence of professorial chairs and the rivalry of professors tend to produce a perpetual growth of fresh systems of metaphysics and theology. But this is surely not more to be lamented than the opposite tendency in England, to encourage thought only in exact proportion to the marketable value of its produce. Admitting both extremes to be evils, the remedy lies in a middle course; and how, practically, the mean is to be attained in our own country, it is not difficult to see. There is no danger in the present day of the English mind becoming too contemplative. There is no need to raise a warning voice to exhort men to make profit of their minds while they are yet vigorous, and not to neglect the production of material comforts and saleable articles. But there is much need of an institution which shall bear perpetual witness to the truth that man does not live for these alone, and

that there are worthy employments of the highest faculties of the human mind of which the value can not be tested by the price of their produce. One of the greatest services," they add, "that could be rendered by a thoroughly efficient university in the midst of a commercial country, would be to furnish the necessary antidote to the evils of an exclusively commercial spirit; and any measure which should contribute to place the University of Oxford in this position—to make it a living and working element in society—a centre and a source for the exercise and encouragement of that unproductive thinking, which, to be successfully prosecuted, must be adequately endowed—such a measure might be hailed as the greatest and most beneficial means of reform, both of the University and of society in general, which the present generation could devise." There can be no doubt of the soundness of this conclusion; and had it been avowed and acted upon even a quarter of a century ago, they might have escaped all the perils to which a neglect of it now so eminently exposes them.

The Tutor's Association would not, however, adopt the remedy proposed by the Royal Commissioners. That remedy they regard as a scheme by far too revolutionary. In the first place, it would involve a sweeping change in the present mode of tuition. The commissioners evidently think, that teaching by professorial lectures will be more favorable to the independence and self-education of the pupil, than that now carried on by the tutors, public or private. They would have the tutors more immediately and more subordinately than at present the help-mates of the professors; the former to repeat in another shape the instruction imparted by the latter. They would, besides, have assistants, or under-professors, to lecture on the same subjects as their principals, but doing, we suppose, the drudgery of the professorial chair. Then they would have the tutors in a great measure superseded by the professors and their subs.; and so improved, they conceive, would be the instruction then given, that private tutors would no longer be necessary. The professorial body, moreover, they propose, should constitute a Board to preside over the studies of the University; and they should also, it is submitted, have an immediate control over the examinations.

All these details are opposed by the Tutors' Association. "A body of men," they complain, "either of entirely new creation, or raised from a comparatively unimportant position, are suddenly to be invested with the almost exclusive direction of the studies and examinations, while those who have hitherto been the principal teachers and examiners are to subside into mere subordinate channels for the diffusion of professorial

lessons." This is a scheme, they think, much too monstrous to be endured. It evinces, they tell us, far too revolutionary a spirit, which they attribute to "the necessity, imposed on the Commissioners by the purpose of their report, of giving prominence to reformatory rather than conservative measures." Something, they admit, may be said in explanation—that is, we suppose they mean, in justification—of each separate detail of the Commissioners' scheme; but "it is impossible," they contend, "to read this part of their report as a whole without feeling that its general tendency is to an unjust depreciation of the tutorial teaching as it at present exists, and an impolitic subversion of it for the future. Considering," they add, "as we do, that the independence and equal coöperation of the tutorial body is the only available mode of preventing the evils of an unrestricted professorial system, we can not approve of suggestions apparently based on the complete subordination of the old instructors to the new ones."

But there is one important point on which they appear to cordially concur with the Commissioners—that of removing all restrictions as to birth, degree, or tenure of office, which appears, they say, to be "the most commendable point in their (the Commissioners') recommendations." Still, even as respects restrictions, there is not an entire agreement. "We are sorry," they remark, "that we can not extend the same approbation to the suggested removal of religious tests. This question," they add, "did not, we believe, properly fall within the province of the Commissioners, and it is to be regretted that it should have been introduced into their report indirectly and incidentally. The proposed removal of religious tests from professors virtually carries with it the prohibited question of removing them generally from the University. So glaring an anomaly as teachers of all religions and pupils of one only, could not maintain its place for an instant; and such an anomaly would result if the connection between the Church and the University were once severed by the removal of religious tests from a number of the professors." It must be admitted that there is some force in this objection. But then, what guarantee is there that the Universities are to continue to receive pupils of one religion only? If the Commissioners felt the necessity of giving prominence to reformatory rather than conservative measures, might they not contemplate an ultimate state of things in which no such anomaly could well exist?

In another respect the tutors and the Commissioners virtually agree; for the former admit the want of good lectures while the latter seek to provide them both more abundantly

and in greater efficiency. Especially, it seems, is there a deficiency in lectures on theology and philosophy. "The great deficiency," the tutors tell us, "in the present system of lectures, for ordinary students, is the want of a general and complete course of dogmatic theology." Yet the supply of this defect could never consist with a contemplated severance of the Universities from the Church; or, in other words, their ceasing to enforce an exclusive adhesion to any distinctive theological principles. The Commissioners take surer and more practical ground, and express their opinion, "that one or more additional professorships are needed to carry on the researches of mental and moral science, in a manner worthy of the University of Locke and Butler."

But the tutors are not, after all, remiss in recommending both an extension of study, and an improvement in the mode of pursuing it. "The study of ancient history," they state, "does not appear to us to be sufficiently provided for by the single professorship, which is the sole university provision for the advancement of this branch of learning. Considering the extent of the field, and the abstruse nature of many of the studies, in which such as would fain master even a portion of the subject must engage, we are of opinion that not fewer than two professors are necessary to cover the wide range which is at present assigned to one." Again, they would have a statute to force upon the professors in the department of philology more active exertion, and to increase their stipends accordingly, the endowments of several of the chairs being at present very inadequate. Then they would encourage more prominently than at present the school of mathematical and physical sciences. In the first they would have a combination of professorial and tutorial teaching; and in the second they suggest a considerable addition of professorial operations. They would not, however, they say, speak positively upon the question of natural science. But its distinct recognition, they remark, among the studies of the University, "appears to require that the means available for its prosecution should be more closely examined; and the subject may be suggested as proper for the consideration of a special delegacy, composed of persons who are conversant with, or particularly interested in, the progress of this branch of knowledge." They doubt, too, whether the colleges have means at their command to answer the requirements of a numerous class of students in so extensive a subject as that of law and modern history. At present there are four professorships in this school, those of civil law, common law, modern history, and political economy. They suggest that the field of modern history should be parted out between two pro-

fessors—adopting the idea of the Commissioners, that one of these should take the History of England only. The two law professors, they think, fairly enough divide between them the field of jurisprudence; but they deem it most desirable that “the more constant residence of all the professors connected with this school could be secured, and that public lectures might be terminally delivered upon the several subjects recommended to the students in the school of *Law and Modern History*, particularly upon international law, and upon the *Institutes of Justinian*.” And they add the expression of their opinion, that “if an university education should ever be made a requirement for entrance upon the diplomatic service of the country, it might be advisable to commit the subject of international law to a distinct professor,”—a hint that is worthy of consideration by governments on both sides of the Atlantic. Law and medicine, they think, properly constitute distinct faculties; and they record their regret that residence for, or continuance of, the course of study is not easier and more profitable to students therein, after they have obtained their B. A. degree,—though they fear that, “looking to the circumstances of the present day, the prospect of establishing in Oxford a really efficient school of law or medicine appears too doubtful to warrant us in sacrificing to that object any portion of the course which is necessary to give real value to the first degree in *Arts*.”

These reforms, which, a body such as that of the tutors having given their approval to them, are certain of being accomplished, whatever else may be done, must of necessity create a considerable expansion of the professorial system. And then comes the question of patronage of professorial chairs, respecting which the tutors declare their decided dissent from the opinion of the Royal Commissioners, in favor of Crown appointments—though they admit that none of the existing modes of election are altogether satisfactory. But then the patronage of the chairs should be vested in the University in some way—if not in its convocation, yet in boards, or in delegacies. The following conditions they deem indispensable to the security of proper appointments:

“The electoral body should be sufficiently small to act in concert, and to examine carefully the merits of the several candidates. Such a body should not, we think, consist of more than twelve members. 2. The electoral body should not consist permanently of the same individuals, nor contain at any one time two members of the same college. 3. An oath should be taken, on every several occasion, to the effect that the electors will be influenced too by no other considerations than

the merits of the candidates and the interests of the University." But no such precautions could exist were they Crown appointments. The influence that would too generally prevail, would be a political influence, regardless alike of the merits of the candidates, and the interests of the University.

We have dwelt rather long upon the Report of the Oxford Tutors' Association, because we think that the highest importance attaches to it, not only as embodying much that is likely to be carried into effect, but as setting forth the experience of practical men in the highest departments of education, the value and the interest of which will extend far beyond the confines of their own country..

Let us now glance at the second Report, whose title forms one of our texts. This Report proceeds from a body of men whose accession to the cause of reform could scarcely be expected to be otherwise than tardily, reluctantly, and very partially yielded. The "Heads of Houses," at any rate, whatever the Proctors may be, are evidently not the friends of "progress," however enlightened, however conservative it is. They had refused, as a body, and most of them as the heads of their respective colleges, to give any assistance to the Royal Commission. But that Commission having, without their aid, obtained a vast amount of evidence as to the state of the University, and been enabled thereby to make a report, containing a series of not very unreasonable, and certainly very practicable recommendations, the "Board of Heads of Houses" thought it high time, if not to set their said houses in order, at least to make some show of a disposition so to do. They proceeded, therefore, to obtain written and oral communications from various members of Convocation, mostly, if not wholly, opposed to the Commission; and having done this, they make a report, embracing a series of recommendations, which may be indicated as follows: I. Such as mainly affect the University; which are arranged under the several heads of—1. Studies; 2. Discipline; 3. University Extension; 4. Revenues; 5. Museum and Libraries; 6. Professors and Teachers; 7. Constitution; and 8. Statutes: and II. Such as specially affect the colleges, arranged under—1. Statutes and Oaths; 2. Scholarships; 3. Fellowships; and 4. Visitors and Heads. Now these subjects are disposed of, in substance, to this effect: As to Studies, they decline to recommend any material alteration of the present system: all they suggest is, certain alterations as to the adjudication of some of the prizes, and a few trifling changes in the restrictions on some of the University scholarships. As to Discipline, they recommend nothing, save the substitution of a promise to obey the statutes, for the oath now taken at the time of the B. A. de-

gree, and some slight change in the practice of the Vice-Chancellor's Court—declining any interference in the question of extravagance and debts, so much complained of. As to University Extension, they express their approval of *affiliated halls*, or halls connected with the colleges; but they are opposed to private halls, or houses superintended by Masters of Arts, and unconnected with any of the colleges. As to Revenues, they object to a publication of the University accounts, but they agree to have a balance-sheet accessible to members of Convocation; and they propose a revision of the University fees. They approve of the creation of a Museum; and they suggest some relaxation of the restrictions in the use of the Libraries. They would assent to but a slight improvement of the professorial system, believing that "very few alterations are at present needed." They would raise the stipends of some of the professors, and consolidate the duties of certain of them; but they "do not wish to see the restrictions on the appointment of professors generally removed;" and they disapprove of the creation of boards of professors for the regulation of studies, though they would have a more frequent appointment of committees by the Hebdomadal Board, to consist in part of the professors. They wish also to revive the combination of professorial with tutorial teaching; but they are of opinion that the adoption of the system recommended by the Commissioners "would tend to substitute information for instruction, and sciolism for religion." As to the Constitution of the University, they agree to an enlargement of the Hebdomadal Board as the governing body, but are averse to the admission of the professors, as a standing delegacy for the supervision of studies—though they suggest some slight extension of the system of delegacies; and they deny to Convocation the right of amendment in the proposition of any new statute. As respects dealing with the statutes of Caroline, or other similar statutes, they allude to the renewal of an application to the Crown, formerly considered premature, for liberty to alter them; though they do not think it necessary to obtain any indemnity from Parliament for such alterations as have been hitherto made in them. This is all that relates to the *University*. They then proceed to the *Colleges*. They express themselves opposed to the abolition of oaths in colleges, but wish that "*all declarations against change in college statutes should be prohibited by law*;" and that "*the Head and Fellows should be empowered, under proper control, to alter and abrogate statutes, and to frame new ones*." They object to any general opening of scholarships; they would have the colleges left to their own discretion as to increasing the number of scholars; and they disapprove of limiting the tenure of scholarships and

exhibitions to five years. Again, as to Fellowships, they would have the colleges left to their own discretion, and deprecate any legislative interference in the matter. But they suggest a modification (not a removal) of the restriction upon Fellowships, arising out of the possession of property, and a retention of the obligation of celibacy. They object to any alteration in the mode of electing Fellows, and insist that not scholastic merits only, but moral worth and social position also, should enter into the qualification. And, lastly, they are opposed to any change in appointing the heads of colleges; and they think that all the visitors of the colleges should alike have the right of visiting them without special invitation.

Such are the main results of the inquiry of the governing body itself of the University—an inquiry tardily, and reluctantly, and ungraciously undertaken; and the issue of which falls woefully short of what the country would seem to expect, and of what the legislature will in all probability demand. We have gone perhaps somewhat tediously into its detail; but it is important as an indication of the mind of the executive of the University—that mind which clings so pertinaciously to things as they are, be they ill-adapted to the altered circumstances of the times, or unsuited or unequal to the extended requirements of society. It is well that it is not the mind of the University itself, but only of a small section of it; though that section does happen to comprehend its authorities.

A timely concession to the certainly not unreasonable demands for enlargement, at any rate, of their educational operations, with a better adaptation of their educational system, would, to all appearance, have spared the Universities much uneasiness. But their governing bodies have too resolutely resisted what it would have been their highest interest to have yielded. Much has been done to move them, but hitherto with little effect.

A most urgent, but most respectful appeal was made to the Hebdomadal Board of Oxford some eight or nine years since, for an extension of their means of education, in order to augment the ministry of the Church—an object, one would have thought, so congenial to their feelings, and so consonant with their interests, that they would not have failed to respond to it immediately and heartily. But it had no practical effect. Certain influential clergymen and laymen of the Church presented a memorial to that body, in which they distinctly told them, that though the universities professed to take up education where the schools left it, “yet no one could say that they had been strengthened or extended, whether for clergy or laity, in proportion to the growing population of the country, its

increasing empire, or deepening responsibilities." But they did more than tell them of their short-comings; they showed them how to remedy the defect, and even offered to assist in accomplishing it. "We are anxious," they declared, "to suggest, that the link which we find thus missing in the chain of improvement should be supplied by rendering academical education accessible to the sons of parents whose incomes are too narrow for the scale of expenditure at present prevailing among the junior members of the University of Oxford, and that this should be done through the addition of new departments to existing colleges, or, if necessary, by the foundation of new collegiate bodies. We have learned," they add, "on what we consider unquestionable information, that in such institutions, if the furniture were provided by the college, and public meals alone were permitted, to the entire exclusion of private entertainments in the rooms of the students, the annual college payments for board, lodging, and tuition, might be reduced to £60 at most; and that if frugality were enforced as the condition of membership, the student's entire expenditure might be brought within the compass of £80 yearly." So that here was a feasible plan to meet an emergency of the Church, and redeem, in some degree, the credit of the University—a plan, too, for which they who suggested it generously offered to assist in providing the requisite funds. "We desire," they further state, "to record our readiness to aid, by personal exertions or pecuniary contributions, in the promotion of a design which the exigencies of the country so clearly seem to require." Yet was there no response on the part of the University. At any rate they did nothing; and the plan, though the case was so urgent, and its proposal so liberal, is to this day unaccomplished. The governing body now condescend, it is true, to make known, that they approve of "affiliated halls, or halls connected with, and in part supported by, colleges;" and they express their willingness to allow "colleges to have their undergraduate members live in houses not locally attached to the college, under certain restrictions." But that is all. And eight years, let it be remembered, have elapsed since it was so forcibly urged upon them, that the exigencies of the country required an *immediate* extension of their educational facilities.

Now the object directly aimed at by this much-needed extension of University Education, was an augmentation of the clergy. "We have indicated a need," it is observed in an able article on the subject, published at the time, in the *Oxford and Cambridge Review*, "not of hundreds, but of thousands of additional clergymen, for our own home population *immediately*;

and that, in addition to many other pressing needs—the needs of our colonies and dependencies, the claims of the heathen to whom we have access, and the prospective claims involved in that rapid rate at which our population seems regularly to be increasing.” Well—but if the clergy so urgently requires augmentation, why are there so many of that body confining themselves to offices in the universities, which might be quite as properly and as efficiently filled by laymen? In the two Universities of Oxford and Cambridge, there are probably two or three hundred clergymen so situated—men, not set apart, by the holy orders into which they entered, for any secular occupation, but to “*minister the doctrines and sacraments, and the discipline of Christ*”—an office and ministration to which they professed to have been “inwardly moved by the Holy Ghost.” The Oxford Heads of Houses say, in their Report, that “they would not have the obligation upon Fellows to take holy orders removed generally, but they think the time might be in some cases extended, and that the number of lay fellowships might be increased.” But it is evident the time has come when they who take holy orders will be required to act out such orders, and not be allowed to content themselves with occupations which laymen, properly qualified, may quite as fitly fill. Beside, see what is the acknowledged evil of the present system of having the office of tutor monopolized by the clergy. It is the admission of the Oxford College Tutors’ Association, as we have already shown from their Report, that “hardly any of the present teachers of Oxford can look upon their occupation either as the business of their whole life, or as affording any preparation for a subsequent employment”—simply because they are clergymen; for, as they go on to say, “the college tutor has nothing to which he can look forward but the chance, common to him with other Fellows, of succeeding in his turn to a college living.” It is obvious, then, that, to say nothing more of other reasons why clergymen should not almost invariably exclude laymen from the tutorial office, this circumstance is of itself sufficient to disqualify them in the cases in question. The tutor, as at present, from his being a clergyman, it is further recorded in their own Report, “is thus neither encouraged to exert himself while he holds his office, nor enabled to hold it for a sufficient time to acquire real eminence as a scholar.” Could there well be a severer condemnation of such a system, coming, too, as it does, from those who have practical knowledge of its working, and, indeed, are parties to its evils!

We may remark, moreover, by the way, that the occupation of a tutor does not appear to be by any means a favorable preparation for that sacred office of the ministry to which he looks

forward. A very different training would seem to be requisite for a right discharge of the duties of an English parish priest. Scholarship is not only insufficient in itself for the pastoral office, but it is apt, unless qualified by other attributes, to create obstacles to practical usefulness. And the college tutor is, from his profession, exposed to the risk of being too much absorbed with the mere technicalities of theology. "Would to God," says Bishop Horsley, "the necessity never had arisen of stating the discoveries of revelation in metaphysical language;" adding that "the inspired writers delivered their sublimest doctrines in popular language, and abstained, as much as it was possible to abstain, from a philosophical phraseology." Now this is just the phraseology, we conceive, which a tutor's life, must, almost of necessity, encourage an addiction to. And it is commonly complained of that it is so with too many of the clergy, whose previous lives have been those of college tutors. Besides, they are, as tutors, too apt to contract habits of reserve and stiffness, which, however necessary, or, at any rate, unavoidable, in college life, are detrimental to that free and confidential intercourse which it is so desirable should subsist between a pastor and his flock. And then his early preparation for the tutorial office would appear to have the effect of debarring him from those opportunities which he ought to have embraced, of acquiring a full acquaintance with pastoral theology. The Tutors' Report observes, that this "is a work which demands some leisure, and calmness of thought, and special devotion of the mind to the subject of study, and to the development of mind and character in the students themselves;" and it is the want of this at college, it adds, "which has made diocesan seminaries serviceable to many students, even among those whose habits at Oxford have been sufficiently regular to allow of their continuing them with advantage." In how much, then, would it not seem, must the college tutor be deficient, for the efficient discharge of pastoral duties, whose time and thoughts may for years have been absorbed in the drudgery of tuition! "All persons of practical experience in clerical work must see," again observes the Tutors' Report, "that some close and systematic preparation ought to be made for undertaking the spiritual instruction and oversight of a thousand souls; and it is far better that candidates for the sacred ministry should seek such preparation in diocesan colleges, than that they should either be left without the needful superintendence, or remain where other causes must render that superintendence ineffectual." But then, how can it be sought at all—or, at least, how can it be obtained—in the case of tutors? Even if we suppose they

had obtained it when "candidates for the sacred ministry," could they be expected to retain it unimpaired during all the long years of their tutorial career? A young man is usually a candidate for holy orders at about two or three and twenty. Well, he is then ordained. He immediately afterward becomes a Fellow and tutor, and in this position he remains, it may be, for ten, fifteen, or even twenty years, until he succeeds, in his turn, to a college living. And where, by that time, is all the "close and systematic preparation," which he made in his youth, "for undertaking the spiritual instruction and oversight of a thousand souls?" Can he possess it still? The supposition were most unreasonable.

There is another consideration as respects preparation for the ministry of the Church, which affects tutors and all alike. There seems to be no acquisition of a knowledge of music; there would appear, in fact, to be no means provided in the University for the study of music, although we find that the statutes of several of the colleges enjoin its instruction and practice. Hence arises the glaring, the discreditable anomaly of men professing to be prepared for the ministry of the English Church, at her own Universities, utterly unable to perform aright some of the most important of her liturgical services. For *singing* is as much required as *reading*, if those services, as they are prescribed, and as their very meaning implies, are to be correctly and efficiently celebrated, and as her ministers, if we mistake not, solemnly pledge themselves to celebrate them. The *Canto Fermo*, or Plain Song of the English Church, is still part and parcel of her ritualism, which she inherits, as it has been proved, from her Primitive Fathers. For the teaching of this Plain Song, in particular, there were strict injunctions left, if not also ample means provided, by the founders of some of the colleges. But it is quite disregarded. And the Universities, generally speaking, send forth their sons to occupy the ministry of their Church, devoid of all ability not only to take part in her musical services, but even to perform their own duties in her ritualism, as they ought to do. And as with the priests, so with the bishops. There is not a single bishop of the English Church, we understand, who ever performs, for instance, the Ordination Service as he ought, and as he is by the rubric required to do. He neither *sings* nor *says* the Litany as it should be, but simply reads or preaches it. Then the hymn, *Veni Creator Spiritus*, which is ordered to be sung, "the bishop beginning, and the priests and others that are present answering by verses," is transferred altogether to lay choristers, from sheer inability, it may be presumed, of either the bishop or the priests to sing a note of it as

it should be. And yet the Universities have their professors of music, and confer the degrees of Bachelor and Doctor of Music. But it is remarkable, as an indication of the utter indifference to this department of education in the University of Oxford, that neither in the Report of the Heads of Houses, nor that of the Tutors' Association, is it ever alluded to. A correspondent of the *Oxford University Herald*, we see, has thus called attention to this striking circumstance: "If you are in the secrets of the 'Tutorial Association,'" he says to the editor, "can you explain the singular fact, that in their report on the professorial system, which appeared in your columns last week, no mention whatever is made of the Professor of Music, while, I believe, every other Professor obtains some share of notice? Missing him, I began to cast about as to where in the report he was likely to be found. Could he have taken refuge under Theology? Filled with a vague feeling, that, from the peculiar characteristics attributed to Oxford, and remembering what fierce controversies rage here from time to time as to the relative merits of the different kinds of church-music, I looked down the theological division of the Report. But there was no Professor of Music there. Then I betook myself to Mathematics. I knew that acoustics could provide problems, whose solution required no small mathematical acumen. But under this head, I found, indeed, the Professor of Experimental Philosophy, whose valuable lectures on acoustics provide the University with some notion of the theory of sound—but no Professor of Music was visible there. Then there remained Physical Science, under which, from another point of view, music might, perhaps, be placed. But there were no traces of her there. Nor was there any division of the Fine Arts, in which Sir Henry Bishop would really have found his proper place. Now, a vague suspicion crosses my mind, that the Professor of Music has been forgotten by the Committee of the Tutorial Association. Certainly, as far as any demonstrations on the part of the Professor himself go, there is excuse for this. He gives no lectures, does not reside among us, and only shows himself, whenever, at rare intervals, some degree-exercise has to be performed, or when he has to play that vile organ in the theatre, at Commemoration time, amidst the tumultuous singing of the gods. Just to think, Sir, that this professorship, founded, says Hawkins, in his *History of Music*, by King Alfred himself, should be of so little value or importance, as to remain a dead thing; and should have been overlooked entirely by a body of men who had their eyes fixed specially upon the various professorships of this University! To think that now, when music is evi-

dently so highly valued by the men, as one can see from the existence of several societies for its promotion, that professorship which ought to lead us onward in our search after harmony, should be in abeyance, and forgotten!" It is true, as he goes on to show, that there is a practical objection; "the poor professor gets only £30 a year from his post—while the poorer choragus (if he trusts for his livelihood to his income from the University) has to support himself on £13 6s. 8d. And how can they be expected to provide instruction—which must, too, involve considerable expenses—if they are paid at this disgraceful rate? And this," he adds, "is especially why I regret the omission of the Report; for something might have come of the tutorial suggestions, had they noticed the starving and wretched state of this professorship." And certainly this is any thing but creditable to the University of Oxford, with its own large revenues, and the solemn obligations of its colleges. The suggestions of the writer we have quoted—who is evidently one of their own body—are well deserving of attention by university reformers, and can scarcely fail, one would think, of reminding them of a deficiency that has been too generally overlooked: "a musical library—well classified musical lectures, popular and other—and especially courses of musical instruction of a thoroughly practical character, would do incalculable good. To take but one instance. How many young clergymen leave Oxford, who, when they get down into their curacies, have to endure what their ears tell them is most barbarous and ungodly, in the shape of a church choir, which yet they dare not meddle with, or improve, because they are conscious of their own utter ignorance of music! Would not a little time spent in the study of that art, prove both a pleasant relaxation here, and a resource and an innocent amusement in the country; and especially, would it not help to elevate the character of our church services throughout the land, and stop them from being (in a musical point of view) a bye-word, and a disgrace?" Surely these are hints, we repeat, which deserve to be regarded in any complete scheme of university reform.

Of course, we proceed upon the assumption that Oxford and Cambridge are to be considered as especially designed to complete the education of the clergy. There is no doubt that such was their original purpose; as there is none that they have ever been the joint nurseries of the divinity of the English Church. But they certainly would appear to have degenerated in that respect. We have noticed the deficiency in the case of music. And if it be necessary that there should exist Diocesan Training Colleges, as the Oxford Tutors' Association declare it is, the Universities can in nowise be said to answer

one primary object of their institution. The condemnation of their present state—the necessity that has arisen for their reform—could scarcely be more emphatically declared than it is by such an admission.

Nor is it easy to understand how any mere extension of the accommodation for theological students at Oxford or Cambridge—or any cheapening of the cost of residence and education there—can remedy the defect complained of, if, after all, it is necessary to send them to diocesan colleges ere they can be completely educated for holy orders. The plan of affiliated halls, or halls connected with, and in part supported by, the colleges, which the Board of Heads of Houses have expressed their approval of, would not, it is to be feared, do more than extend the present defective system, notwithstanding the restrictions which they propose, of having “one of the tutors always present at the meals of the students—these meals to be always in common—and no introduction of non-necessaries to be tolerated.” The object, of course, is economy. But no such restriction as this could, of itself, have much effect. The writer in the *Oxford and Cambridge Review*, whom we have already cited—and he is evidently one who is well conversant with the whole subject—more than doubts the practicability of any such plan in the present condition of the Universities. “All the objections,” he observes, “to the revival of the order of servitors would equally apply here. These private hall-men would be at once marked out from the rest of the students, and excluded from general society. They would form at once a lower caste amongst us. We need not again go over the evils that would follow.” The moral and social atmosphere of Oxford, in short, as things are at present, would seem to be unsuitable for any such object. “On the whole, therefore, we must confess,” adds the authority just adduced, “that we see no satisfactory mode of rendering Oxford education accessible to the class of persons whom it is wished to admit to it. Habits of expense are so ingrained in our system, that students here must either live at a rate that is unfitting for the sons of poor parents, or consent to be marked men, constituting an inferior grade. There must, for many years, be temptations to extravagance here, which would not exist else where. Changes, we hope, will come—changes are commenced, are in progress, promise well, will (we trust) prosper. But a whole system, and a whole style of life, adopted more or less by all, by the monitors and teachers themselves, whose business it is to protest against it, can not be altered all at once, can not be thoroughly reformed until the lapse of many years.” But it

is more than seven years since this hope was expressed; and still the complaint is made as loud as ever.

The Board of Heads of Houses at Oxford declare, in their Report, that whilst the expenses of the students *within* the walls of the colleges have been reduced in general, as low as is consistent with prudence, their expenses *without* must depend, for the most part, on the principles of the students themselves, and the coöperation of parents with the college authorities; still believing, however, they say, that these authorities might do more than is ordinarily done. And certainly they are right. The whole cost of a student's expenses within the college walls need not exceed £80 a year: that is to say, tutorage, £30; college battels, including university and college dues, £15; house bill, including servants, £15; coals, washing, and extras, £10; books and stationery, £10. Add £20 for dress, and the whole expense, calculating on a liberal scale, is but £100 a year. How comes it, then, that it so generally reaches £200 and £300 a year, and in some instances, £400 and £500 a year? How, but by "the habits of expense ingrained in the system." But why need it be so? Why need there at Oxford be "temptations to extravagance which would not exist elsewhere?" Extravagance generally implies luxury, and often involves vice. Strictly speaking, indeed, extravagance is itself a vice. "He that is extravagant," says Dr. Johnson, "will quickly become poor; and poverty will enforce dependence, and invite corruption. It will almost always produce a passive compliance with the wickedness of others; and there are few who do not learn by degrees to practise those crimes which they cease to censure." Surely, then, if the college authorities might do more than is ordinarily done—and it is their own admission, be it remembered—they incur a very grave responsibility in not doing it at once. What necessity can there possibly be for the indulgence of expensive habits by those who are only *in statu pupillari*—youths, for the most part, in their teens? No consideration of rank, or gentility, or fashion, ought ever to prevail in such a case. If extravagance be so pernicious a thing, nothing can for a moment excuse its being tolerated, especially at such a critical period of life. Besides, such indulgences must sadly interfere with the business of study—the first great object of residence at the University at all. Shakspeare tells us, that

"Study is like heaven's glorious sun,
That will not be deep searched with saucy looks."

Yet with what other looks can he be expected to search it, who gives himself up to the gratifications of extravagance?

Instead, then, of excluding students of but moderate means from Oxford or Cambridge, would it not be wiser to take away the pretext for their exclusion? Surely it would be wiser and better, not merely on that account, but because temptations to extravagance, and to the vices to which extravagance so generally ministers, must be pernicious to all—to those whose pecuniary resources are ample, as well as to those with whom they are scanty.

Doubtless, the principles of the students, and the coöperation of their parents with the colleges, must constitute important and indispensable items in the case of any such reformation. It is the saying of Clarendon, that "if the first corruption be not sucked in by domestic manners, a little providence might secure men on their first entrance into the world; at least, if parents took as much care to provide for their children's conversation as they do for their clothes, and to procure a good friend for them as a good tailor." And this is closely to the point. Their training at home is the first concern of all. A great deal is said in England about *preparation* for the Universities; schools are constituted, and tutors are engaged, for that express purpose. But the best of all preparation is that which may be given under the parental roof—as one of the best preservatives of all, against "temptations to extravagance," and every other kind of temptation, will be the perpetual parental influence. Well may the Oxford Heads of Houses attach importance to the coöperation of parents with the college authorities! It is an apothegm of old Horace, and one, therefore, which ought to secure respect in such classic regions, that "unless your cask is perfectly clean, whatever you pour into it turns sour." And home is the place where that purification must have been accomplished.

Not that we would disparage the preparation of the public schools, were they always what they ought to be. But there is too much reason to believe that their influences for good have been greatly over-rated in England. Even their tutorial advantages have not been any thing like what their advocates have represented them, or what they might reasonably be expected to be, or their pupils would not cut so indifferent a figure as they too often do at the Universities. A three or four years' tutoring in the classics ought to result in some considerable progress in those studies; yet the cases are frequent, where those who have gone through it all at Eton, or Harrow, or Rugby, are found amongst the most ignorant of University Freshmen. Much depends—if not every thing—upon the masters, who have not always, it is to be feared, been selected exclusively for their scholastic qualifications. Had they

all been Arnolds, the public schools of England might have spared her Universities a vast deal of trouble, and no inconsiderable an amount of odium. It is remarked by Mr. Stanley, in his life of Dr. Arnold—and it is the testimony of one who was himself a Rugby scholar—that “in spite of Arnold’s own efforts to make the school work independently of any personal influence of his own, it became thoroughly dependent upon him, and thoroughly penetrated with his spirit. Whatever peculiarity of character was impressed on the scholars whom it sent forth, was derived, not from the genius of the place, but the genius of the man. Throughout the whole, whether in the school itself, or in its after effects, the one image that we have before us is not Rugby, but Arnold.” And there is no doubt that the personal influence of a tutor will always be all-powerful where his heart is in his work, and he possesses in a high degree, all the pre-requisites for such an office. But there have been too few Arnolds presiding over the public schools of England; and her universities have too often had to bear the blame of their short-comings. Still, much of all the evil, we repeat, may be traced to mismanagement at home, where the tender thought was reared, and the young idea taught to shoot. But still the teaching and the discipline of a public school may do much to imbue the mind, and form the character, in spite of the disadvantages of early neglect. At any rate, it were but reasonable to expect, that the pupils would acquire what is necessary to qualify them for entering, with some degree of credit, upon the University course.

The transition from a public school to the Universities, to say nothing of that more private tuition from which many of the students are transferred, is such as ought to be watched with the most careful attention. Though still, in most cases, boys in years and in character, they all at once, upon taking up their residence at college, find themselves regarded as men. They are, to a great extent, their own masters. They occupy apartments of their own—they control their own expenditure—they dispose, in a great measure, of their own time. They are at liberty to smoke cigars, and drink wine, and play billiards, and to dress as expensively, and buy books, and pictures, and articles of *vertu* as profusely as they please. Boys, we say, of seventeen and eighteen years of age, are tempted, and are allowed to do all this, as soon as they enter upon their University career in England. Can one wonder that habits of dissipation should be acquired—that the moral atmosphere of such a place should prove unfavorable to study, and often to virtue?

"Nil dictu fœdum visuque hæc limina tangat,
Intra quæ puer est."

Such was the counsel of Juvenal, well known, because often repeated, no doubt, both at Oxford and Cambridge, though generally too much disregarded, it is to be feared, in college life, or, at any rate, practically, too much unheeded as a precaution. One half of the students whom the college doors inclose, are little more than boys; and for such to be exposed, as, where so much liberty for the action of self-will, and so much opportunity for vicious extravagance prevail, they certainly must be, to the influences of what is foul, and therefore contaminating, either through the eye or the ear, can scarcely fail to be most injurious to their principles, whilst it is most obstructive to their studies. Under such a state of things, it is no matter of astonishment that the "fast men" of Oxford and Cambridge should so frequently be the most rabid of their species.

Yet it is not always the "fast man" whose studies are neglected, and whose University career is wasted. We have known instances of steady, virtuous, and most respectable students failing, for a time at least, in the primary object of their studies. They did not lack talent—they did not give way to idleness—their conduct, moral and social, was in all respects exemplary; but they were not placed under proper discipline as to their studies—and so they failed in their examinations; in one or two cases, indeed, that have come to our knowledge, they did not dare to go up for examination at all. So that, either way, they could not graduate; and thus one great object of their University career was defeated, and a great deal of valuable time, and of costly expenditure, thrown away.

The necessity, now so general, of the students having private tutors, in addition to the college tutors, argues an unsound state of things. Tutors are duly provided by the several colleges, and their services paid for by the students; and the system must, on the face of it, be a most defective one which requires such supplementary aid as that of other and unauthorised teachers, in order to make the students in any degree passable. Nor is this all. It is no uncommon thing for those who are near their time of examination to have to devote the long vacation to hard study under a private tutor—as though he had been neglected all his terms before, and it was requisite, at length, to set to work in good earnest. And then, after all, they must have their "coach"—have, that is, their tutor to cram them full for, and "coach" them through, the ordeal that is at hand. It is these "appliances and means to boot" which make an English university education so expensive. The authorised

tutorage does not exceed £30 a year; but this private tutorage, vacation study, and "coaching," will often increase it to £150 or £200 a year. This must ever be a great obstacle to the extension of university education. "The number of young men residing within the precincts of the two Universities at one time," we learn from one of Archdeacon Manning's Charges, which we happen to have at hand, "may be taken to be about five thousand. Can it be maintained," he asks, "that this is an adequate number upon a population of twenty millions? Can we believe that five thousand represents *even a calculable proportion* of the active and powerful intellects by whom this country shall be hereafter, or is at this moment swayed? What is five thousand upon the youth of England? Upon the nobles, gentlemen, statesmen, legislators, jurists, clergy of the next generation? What is such a number, measured upon the multitude of keen and practised intellects laboring with power upon the public mind in every branch of literature and science?" What indeed—and in such an age as this! But the reason of this insufficiency is obvious. "Our universities," the Archdeacon continues, "are not the schools of the poorer of the middle classes, but of what I may call the titular and natural aristocracy of the country. But, through the abundant blessing of God upon us," he adds, "our people is multiplied, and the number of those who are by nature born or gifted with powers to affect the course of events, and the character of the nation, is likewise multiplied. In one word, there is the great middle class, for whom in the universities a new and distinct provision is required." Yes—that is the want. Still, were such new and distinct provision made, it would be of comparatively slight avail under the present system. There must evidently be reform, as well as extension. There is a vast amount of active and cultivated intellect in the country, for which the universities are unable to provide; but even were they able, it could not be taken advantage of by any considerable portion of that intellect unless a course of study better adapted to the requirements of the age were established along with it. At present, little or no value is attached to such knowledge as is most practically useful. All study is forced into one channel. Any proficiency in physical science, in law, art, modern literature, political economy, is but as dust in the balance in comparison with the acquisition of classical lore and antiquated dogmas; and when those studies happen to attract the attention of the students, their failure in the schools is almost certain. Hence it comes to pass, that the lectures of their professors, which are designed to teach what the world without most requires that they who are to engage in its various pur-

suits should especially be taught, are all but deserted—not because there is no desire for such instruction, but owing to the practical exclusion of such subjects from the university system : they will not gain a degree, or acquire any honors, or obtain any fellowships; no value, therefore, is set upon them.

There seems to be a jealousy of any proposal to popularize the system of university education in England, which must be most discouraging to those who have the interests of such education most at heart. Dr. Daubeney, for instance, whose reputation in connection with physical science is known and acknowledged even here, has lately published a pamphlet on the subject, in which his suggestions have exposed him to the most depressing misrepresentations. One imputation, we find, to which he exposed himself, was that he wished to allow the student a general liberty to proceed to any line of study he might choose after having passed his responsions. No great crime, one would think, since the particular profession the student might select would not only justify, but necessitate such a liberty of choice. But Dr. Daubeney did not go quite so far—and yet, such is the jealousy and suspicion that he was immediately blamed as intending it. “My remarks on that head,” he has thought it needful to explain, “were limited to the case of those who meant to adopt medicine as their future profession, and that for reasons applicable solely to them; whilst, with respect to the rest, my aspirations went no further than to desire, that the last year of residence might be devoted to studies connected with one or other of the newly-established schools, in which recommendation, I believe, that many in general most opposed to the Commissioners, as for instance, the author of the article referred to in the *Quarterly*, are disposed to concur.” Another point of misconception he thus disposes of: “Nor did I ever,” he declares, “regard the professorial system chiefly as an engine for advancing the general interests of physical science, irrespectively of the universities. A wish indeed,” he continues, “was expressed that as natural philosophy has now become recognized as an integral part of that liberal education for the sake of which the universities have been founded, some fraction of their emoluments should be applied to aid in its promotion; and it was hinted, that this might be done, by conferring, occasionally, fellowships or scholarships upon young men of promise in any one of its various branches”—a wish, we conceive, that is, on every account, most natural and most reasonable. But even this, Dr. Daubeney assures us, was advocated primarily on the ground, of the encouragement which such an appropriation of the collegiate funds would afford to “the study of physical science within the University

itself—an encouragement which would be rendered greater, if, as I ventured to hope, it should afterwards turn out, that the youths selected in early life to partake of these endowments availed themselves of the means thus afforded them, for advancing the boundaries of physical science, and thus reflected a new lustre upon the University which had fostered their earlier efforts." Not, as he goes on to show, to advance any further organic changes in their academical system, but in reality to bring into more effective operation the changes already introduced into the universities—more especially, as regards the studies of natural philosophy and modern history. "I am far," he adds, "from maintaining, that an exclusive preference is due to the latter class of studies, but am anxious that each of our undergraduates should decide for himself between the three departments of study held out to him, without being biassed by the impression, that any one of them is surrounded with greater difficulties, or by the advice of those of his seniors, who, owing to the circumstance of physical science having been hitherto but little attended to here, are, perhaps, apt to undervalue its importance, forgetful of the increasing demand for that sort of information amongst the higher orders, arising out of the greater attention now paid to it amongst the lower."

These are all most rational, indeed indispensable objects; yet the bare suggestion of them by a Professor has created jealousy and suspicion. The explanations we have given of them are taken from a letter which Dr. Daubeney has deemed it necessary to publish in the *Oxford University Herald*.

But this narrow-mindedness has come to pervade, more or less, every part of the system; and they who have had the most pious horror at any attempt to deviate from the foundation statutes of the colleges in order to enlarge their educational resources, have not scrupled to violate those statutes for objects of aggrandizement and exclusiveness. In this way, for instance, All Souls' College at Oxford, has become nothing better than a sort of club-house; there is not, nor has there been for years, a single student within its walls; its inmates are the Fellows, selected for their aristocratic rank, their gentlemanly manners, and companionable qualities—not for their literary or scholastic attainments. Merton College has been another instance of exclusiveness at variance with the very object of all such institutions. For example; the statutes require that, with the exception of some four or five of the Fellows, who may study canon or civil law, the rest shall be students of *theology*; yet, *mirabile dictu!* the Senior Fellow of Merton is, or, not very long since was, a military general! Again, the statutes say that such Fellows as retire from the college with the intention of relinquish-

ing study, shall thereupon cease to be Fellows; yet the Fellows of Merton, though they retire from the college at the end of two or three years, and for the future occupy themselves as they please, still continue to be Fellows. Further, there are college ordinances which declare, "Ye ought only to receive the indigent, whence it appears that ye have no liberty to receive such as have sufficient to provide for their necessities, either with their own means, or at the expense of their parents;" yet the persons elected Fellows of Merton are usually the sons of gentlemen of well-known opulence. Once again: there is another decree, which enjoins on the Warden and Fellows of Merton, that, "in the election of Fellows, regard be paid to the first and best scholars of your own college, and that they be chosen in preference to others where the merit of the candidates is equal;" yet the prevailing practice is to pass over Merton first-class men in favor of passmen of other colleges. And this, not because Merton men were not up to the mark—the fact of their being first-class men contradicts any such supposition as that—but because there were personal, private, social, or other self-interested reasons for preferring others. And see what has been the practical effect of this. Why, an able censor of the university system, (the Rev. Osborne Gordon, of Christ Church,) has recorded of this very Merton, that "the college is compelled to go out of its own walls to seek the instruction for its junior members which its own Fellows are unwilling (or unable) to afford." Can one wonder at this under such abuse?

And we fear it may with but too much truth be said, *ex uno disce omnes*—at any rate that, from these specimens, you may judge of the whole case. Is it surprising, then, that there should be a clamor for reform? Were there not substantial grounds for a Commission of Inquiry? And ought not the legislature of Britain to insist upon, at least, so much of the Report of that Commission being carried into effect, as will completely eradicate all such gross, such scandalous abuses?

That there is a prospect of this at length being done, is seen from the communication which Lord Palmerston, in his capacity of Home Secretary, has lately made to the Chancellors of the Universities. The points to which their attention is more directly called are these:

"1. An alteration of the constitution of the universities, with a view to the more general and effective representation of the several main elements which properly enter into their composition. 2. The adoption of measures which might enable the universities, without weakening the proper securities for discipline, to extend the benefits of training to a greater num-

ber of students, whether in connection or not with colleges and halls, and also to diminish the relative disadvantages which now attach within colleges and halls to students of comparatively limited pecuniary means. 3. The establishment of such rules with regard to fellowships, and to the enjoyment of other college endowments, as might wholly abolish or greatly modify the restrictions which now, in many cases, attach to those fellowships and endowments, and might subject the acquisition of such fellowships and endowments generally to the effective influence of competition. 4. The establishment of such regulations with regard to fellowships thus to be acquired by merit as should prevent them from degenerating into sinecures, and especially the enactment of a provision that after fellowships should have been held for such a time as may be thought reasonable as rewards for early exertion and distinction, they should either be relinquished, or should only continue to be held on condition of residence coupled with a discharge of active duty in discipline or tuition, or with the earnest prosecution of private study. 5. And, lastly, the establishment of provisions under which colleges possessed of means either particularly ample or now only partially applied to the purposes of education or learning, might, in conformity with the views which founders have often indicated, render some portion of their property available for the general purposes of the university beyond as well as within the college walls, and might thus facilitate the energetic prosecution of some branches of study, the importance of which the university have of late distinctly and specially acknowledged."

These are ends which would involve, it is admitted, the necessity of provision being made for a careful adjustment of the existing college statutes, and for the abolition and modification of certain oaths now periodically administered in some of the colleges—things which have too long been the excuse for the stagnation and the abuse with which both Oxford and Cambridge have been so justly reproached. "There are other changes," Lord Palmerston adds, "tending to the increased efficiency and extent of study which would naturally accompany or follow those to which I have adverted; but what I have stated may be enough to explain the general expectations which Her Majesty's Government have been led to form under the influence of their sincere desire to acknowledge the services and respect the dignity and due independence of these noble institutions, and to see their power and influence enlarged to the full measure of the capabilities indicated by their splendid endowments." So that there is now, it is evident, an earnest of reform. The case, as it now stands, will remind the

universities, no doubt, of the fable of the Lark and the Farmer, wherein the bird sees the necessity of setting her nest in order when the owner himself of the crop, in the midst of which she has hatched her brood, proceeds to arrange for its immediate in-gathering; and there is little doubt that they will likewise take warning in time.

What England wants, and what she has a right to expect, is the adaptation of her Universities to the enlarged requirements of the age—its greater enlightenment, and more general diffusion of education. They are not, it is true, national institutions, as though they had been founded and endowed, and were supported by the nation. But they are, nevertheless, intended for the nation's advantage, under the peculiar, yet perhaps legitimate, restrictions which they involve, as the foundations and endowments of private charity and munificence; and the people of England have a direct interest in seeing that the intention is carried out in all its fullness and integrity. English gentlemen, English tradesmen, aye, and English mechanics too—for there is not only "ample space and verge enough" for all these, but express provision made for the poorest and the humblest of them—are entitled to have security for the proper education of their sons in those venerable institutions—for their highest instruction, their most careful training, their utmost accomplishment, as highly educated men and right-minded Christian gentlemen. No antiquated but now useless forms, no inappropriate prescription, no effete and impracticable theory, no overweening attachment to conventional terms or usages, no self-indulgent dalliance with the empty ornaments of learning, no prejudice and partiality for mere classical associations, must any longer be allowed to stand in the way of the substantial attainments of a university career. There must be security, too, that pleasure, and its too usual consequence, extravagance, will not be suffered to continue to interfere with the great business of a college life. Men send their sons to universities to study, not to play; and, though due relaxation may be indispensable, it need never degenerate into dissipation. The precept of Fuller, "Choose such pleasures as recreate much, and cost little," applies with peculiar force to the case of universities; and the Heads of Houses of Oxford and Cambridge, we can not but think, have much to answer for, that they should have allowed so sound a maxim to have been so completely reversed under their immediate governance.

POPULAR AMUSEMENTS.—THEATRES IN NEW-YORK.

THE Greeks were accustomed to represent their heroes, many of them, struggling with some great adversity inflicted by their divinities; some themselves myths, embodying matchless traits of humanity. Their women, if vicious, were impelled by some terrible necessity; if virtuous, were elevated in character above earthly imperfections. Their creations were personations rather than characters. They inhaled—they lived in the atmosphere of art. Their ideals were marks, that needed no foil to display their great outlines.

Of all the dramatic schools, none reflects the spirit of its time with more breadth and force than the Greek. The Roman was too much influenced by the age which preceded it. The French dwelt much in the past, amidst scriptural scenes, Egyptian and Grecian story, and was too much imbued with a species of sentiment which borders on, if it do not become one with sentimentalism. Goethe in his *Faust*, successfully brought down the princes of the powers of the air to a more tangible shape than they had hitherto assumed in the transcendentalists' brain, and in so doing, not only pictured the mysticism of Germany, but has also shown that a sensible Englishman may believe in all that a German believes, though with this difference, that while the former obeys the dictates of sense, in determining to leave those things alone which he knows to be above his present power of comprehension, the latter is for ever battling with pigmies invested by his own conceit with the grim shapes of Titans and Hippogriffs, Giants, and Centaurs.

The school next the Greek in originality is emphatically the English. Ben Jonson, with his courtzezans and rabble; Beaumont and Fletcher, following in his train; Congreve, with his desperate wit and indecent tongue; Shakspeare, the many-sided, the incomparable, with his Hamlets and Mirandas, his ghosts and fairies, statesmen and clowns—of whom, with more truth, than of almost any other writer it may be said, the sum of man considered as an embodiment of all that is human, is contained in his writings.

While the German affects to join the mortal with the immortal, he never trespasses beyond the boundaries of the earth. His ghosts only affect our mortal fears; his Puck and Peas Blossom; his Caliban and Oberon, are only such creations as the fertile fancy of man may range among. If he people the air, it is such air as we inhabit. If he portray monsters, they are

such perversions as men are capable of; if innocence and virtue, constancy and fidelity, they are actual existences among us.

The realism with which Lord Bacon's splendid page is every where illumined, is the key to the English mind; and this is as truthfully reflected in Shakspeare as the sunset clouds in a placid lake on a summer evening. Dickens, as a novelist, represents the humanity of his time, while he lacks the broad nature requisite in a great dramatist. Shakspeare was equal to his great task, because he could divest himself of self. His persecutor, afterward Justice Shallow, was simply an object of buffoonery; whereas in Dickens, while the lowly are adorned with appropriate dignity, the high in place are often the objects of injustice.

But as we forbear comparing the incomparable, and as there is little new to be said in his praise, has it occurred to no one that he was imbued with, and every where imparts, aristocratic sentiments?

In what way? it may be asked, as the term is employed in so many different significations; sometimes as having relation to individuals, sometimes to governments; not to mention its sometimes being employed where exclusiveness, narrowness, or superciliousness is meant.

Al! doubtless, remember how much is accredited to royal birth in the instance of Guiderius and Arviragus. In the play of Julius Cæsar it is the people who are fickle, and in Richard the Third it is the eye of the king that "lightens forth controlling majesty." A faith might have been reposed in the master spirits of the time, without reference to aristocracies or democracies. But the ermine and the purple are actually invested with sanctity. Ah! does not one suspect that the bard toyed with the pomps of courts and vanities of queens as the mere playthings of his more regal fancies?

Where else are rebels so supremely ridiculous as when headed by the infamous Cade? Where else has ignorance received a more malicious stroke than where it would have the citizen branded with ignominy because "he knows grammar?" When we reflect upon these, and the tide of disdain that is poured through the imperious nature of Coriolanus, his contempt for the "greasy citizens," the aristocrat is so painted to the life, we are fain to say, as Goethe said of De Roos' sheep, it is so done as almost to make one wish to be a sheep, or at least fancy the author himself must have been one.

On the contrary, it be may said that he was true to nature in the thought that individuals may be relied on as noble, as objects of our reverence, while the masses are more subject to vacillations. The hope of a country is ever in a few. One true

man, in any country, is enough to save it. In this both the many and the few are commended—the few for their devotedness to principle, the many for that honesty and nobility of nature, that faith in, and reliance on, their integrity, which form the only durable superstructure of democracies. Such sentiments, it may be said, are conveyed by the great dramatist, abating the necessary qualifications imposed in part by the authority, in part by the customs of his time.

We do not see in his writings that faith which is peculiarly republican. To settle for once the question how far faith can be reposed in the masses, would be to determine how far democratic elements should enter into any form of government, since we can hardly believe that a little more or less learning would, in any great degree, affect this question.

With a brief remark on the Greek drama, as adapted to our times, we shall proceed more directly with the subject which heads our paper. Though so noble an entertainment as the Greek drama would afford, commanding such intellectual influences, it is in no way adapted to the present age; though the modern drama might judiciously introduce the chorus which relieved their characters from all common-place, by telling their story, thus leaving them, unincumbered by detail, to express their majestic sentiments. Besides, the different movements introduced by their epode, strophe, and antistrophe had an imposing musical effect, which would be highly pleasing to the modern mind, and might be skilfully introduced.

First, with regard to popular entertainments, the people will have them. The few give character and tone to a particular class, but the great masses have too much of the free man to be governed by their patronage. No where is the national feeling to be read more truthfully than in their public spectacles.* With these kings have cajoled the people, and democracies strengthened their interests. Tyrants have dared to awe the nobles with their frowns, while through these they flattered the whims of the people. The history of the Grecian games is a landmark in the history of Grecian development. To the grand spectacles with which Napoleon III. knew so well to enchant the French more than to his decrees is owed the present rule of France.

* To confine ourselves to modern times, let us compare together the races in London, the bull-fights in Madrid, the former spectacles in Paris, the gondola contests at Venice, the baiting-matches at Vienna, and the gay, attractive life of the Corso at Rome, and it will not be difficult to portray the different shades of taste of these various nations. In the mean time, far less uniformity is manifest in the common sports of these different countries, than among the sports of the more polished classes in the same countries, for which we can easily account.

If it has been a grave question, whether refinement and the arts have any necessary connection with the decline of freedom in states, the same objections do not lie against theatrical patronage, inasmuch as there is little difficulty in defining the proper sphere of theatres and the drama, whereas luxuries are intimately blended with necessities, conveniences, and utilities, the dividing line being with difficulty drawn. And the arts may be luxurious, ministering to the senses; or intellectual, enshrining great conceptions dissevered from all beauty save that heroic type which is solely so because it administers to its higher use. Schiller maintained that love of beauty, in its ennobling sense, was consonant with durability of states. High art lives in a noble region, though we forbear trespassing on the delicate ground in which so many have lost their course in mazy speculations, whether there be any one and infallible standard of taste, whether it be the cold Schillerean ideal, the impassioned Greek, the marriage of the sensual with intellectual beauty, or whether that standard be as varied as the states of national or even individual culture. But we venture to affirm, that if there be any standard, it must be measured by the broadest and noblest culture, whether physical, spiritual, intellectual, religious, moral, or all of them combined. And further, if high art be intellectual, and not sensual, then is it not prejudicial to the durability of freedom.

Effeminate sounds may take the place of music, sensualism be expressed by melodies, color and shape supply the place of art, but the creations of poetry can not be mimicked by the jingle of rhyme, by manufactured measure, by recurrence of accent, nor by sonorous periods. Milton, the noblest of poets, and Dante, the most splendid, the most musical, the most sublime, were essentially dramatic.

"We retire from exquisite music with a lively perception; from a beautiful poem with quickened imagination; from noble sculpture and architecture with excited intellect; but whoever would invite us to abstract reflection directly after lofty musical enjoyment, to the performance of a formal duty of every-day life directly after superior poetical enjoyment, or would inflame our imagination and surprise our feelings directly after the contemplation of superior works of painting or sculpture, would make but an indifferent choice of time. The reason is, that even the most elevated music stands in a greater affinity to the senses, *through its method of influence*, than true æsthetic freedom allows,—that the most successful poem always participates more with the capricious and fortuitous play of the imagination, *as its medium*, than is permitted by the internal necessity of genuine beauty,—that the most eminent piece of sculpture, and this perhaps particularly, is nearly allied to the gravity of science *by the precision of its conception*. In the mean time, these special affinities gradually disappear with the loftier standard attained by a work from these three kinds of art; and it is a necessary and natural result of their perfection,

that, without abandoning their objective limits, the different arts always become more similar in *their action upon the mind*. Music in its loftiest excellence must become shape, and affect us with the tranquil power of an antique; the plastic art in its highest consummation must become music, and move us by direct sensuous presence; poetry, in its most perfect development, must influence us with all the potency of music, but at the same time, like the plastic art, must surround us with a clear tranquillity."

As a people, we are either ignorant of the existence of the National, the Bowery, Burton's, Wallack's, the Broadway, and many other theatres—ignorant how many thousands are subjected to their nightly influence; or, if impressed with this by the reiteration of the daily press, we are ignorant of the character of their performances; or, not being ignorant, we should blush for our want of national spirit in leaving so important sources of influence to be wielded against us. This winter's representations have been either of too little consequence to be mentioned, or too prone to display the evil passions in our natures, to deserve other than our unqualified disapprobation, save, among a few other exceptions, *Uncle Tom* at the National and the Bowery, which images a little of the American spirit and manners, the *Midsummer Night's Dream*, at Burton's and the Broadway, a fairy spectacle exhibiting Shakspeare's marvellous fancy rather than his noble thought, and *Congreve's Love for Love* at Wallack's, which, while it delighted with its genuine wit, brought a blush to more than one cheek, that people of good morals must ransack the archives of past ages for the dead representatives of bad manners.*

What nobler appeal for the influence which the drama should exert, and is capable of exerting, than this! The *Virginius* of Alfieri is forbidden by the law of the country to be performed in Italy, and was said by some of the most intelligent Italians to have had no small part in causing the outburst of patriotism which preceded the revolution of '48.

If you would rely on the people, it must not be because they can write their names or read. It must be because their sentiments are imbued with love of country. What the people feel, what the people think, what the people love, are the tests of a democracy's safety. If there be no faith to be reposed in them, it is to be reposed nowhere. The rich have little leisure save to prosecute schemes for their own aggrandizement. The people are belittled by the system of the public press—by publishers, who ought to be ministers at the sacred altar of

* Since this was written, Mr. Forrest has, in a most praiseworthy manner, personated the incomparable Hamlet to intelligent and appreciating audiences at the Broadway.

letters, to whom the people could look, as for their oracles. Nowhere is there national spirit; one class affect too much refinement to be seen at the polls; another seizes upon the facile natures of the people to ride themselves into place; while another looks on in passiveness and sees the high places which were once filled by the ornaments of humanity and lights of our country, degraded at the feet of a charlatan demagogue, who uses his sacred country as a vile paw to minister to his selfish baseness. Briberies at the polls, such as Rome in the height of her ignominy would have reddened to own, are made an open boast of. Lobby-members control, with their champagne-suppers and money-bags, alike the State legislatures and the halls of the national Congress. Grave senators purchase the honor of a seat in that grave body. When one sees this, it is no wonder that he turns to the people, who must one day be the victims of such recusancy. We could see the clergy supine, the press time-serving, the critics, conceited pedants, self-constituted judges, did not letters follow in their train. Letters! where are they? what in them now commands? who can get an honest hearing unless the press please to be gracious? what critic dare approve of a thing unless he has seen its fellow for the hundredth time? what is to be done save to write about what other nations have written, or steal covertly from them? The age of reprints, illustration, and empiricism will not have passed until the tide of talent poured into the maelstrom of commerce and adventure be wrested from its course. Show the people the true light, and they instantaneously worship it. Their minds are not trained in logic, but their hearts are unstained mirrors, that reflect that truth which ambition in high places, disappointed aspirings, self-constituted superiority, with all their charlatan and dilettanti train, in vain essay to enshrine. Well has it been said, "Let me compose songs for the people, and I care not who makes the laws." As little does it matter who lectures to them, unless he be imbued with the sacred fire of overmastering mind; or who preaches to them, unless he draw fresh inspiration from divine founts, in every breath he utters. The people's hearts are cold and untouched, save under the spell-binding breath of passionate earnestness. Talent may construct railroads and canals, devise schemes of civil polity and church-government, instruct in the rudiments of philosophy, but it can not sway the national sentiment—can not kindle a patriotic glow. Talent is all outward, and to be admired; genius is all soul, and burns in the hearts it approaches. Give but its presence, and its influence can not be escaped. It is a still small voice, which we heed without the consciousness of having heard it.

The causes of the decline of the stage in New-York may be looked for in the paramount attention which the opera has received, and the opposition with which all amusements have met from the clergy. And we can but regret that this opposition has been a mistaken one, as the zeal had been much more judiciously applied in elevating than in exterminating them, as they are thick in our midst, as they are a legitimate source of amusement, as they have existed in all ages, as the people will have them.

What more noble in us, than when we see them hungering, to give them bread instead of a stone! We have but to erect a building, in a commodious place in the upper part of the city, which shall admit only first-class dramas and first-class performers, to secure intelligent patronage. The numerous theatres now extant would be induced by the comparisons which the public press would draw, to elevate their standards, and thus an avenue for intellectual entertainment would be opened. The theatres would acquire a national character among us, similar to that which they maintain abroad, and would exert a similar influence. To make our drama national, the grand coronation scenes of Henry VIII. should be displaced by inaugurations of Republican Presidents. The national element exists in the people, and the drama, in being established by them on a classical basis, would strengthen and foster those sentiments which are the pride, the ornament, and the safeguards of our country. The eyes of the nation are turned on New-York. Her literature is destined to be the literature of this continent; her school system the most enlarged; her charities the most munificent; her benevolent societies the most beneficent; her endowments for libraries and lectures the most liberal and far-reaching in the world. The people, as moulded in New-York, by lectures, by the press, by schools, and by the pulpit, by letters, and by arts, are to be the people who, in times of future peril, will stand by the Constitution and the Union, or sprinkle their blood over their ruins.

It is not our design in this paper to enter into detail as regards the location for a building commensurate, in style of architecture and commodiousness of design, with the increased prosperity and wealth of our city, or to select the particular dramas to be enacted, or point out artists who should place this species of entertainment on a pedestal of fashion similar to that which it occupied in the days of Garrick and Siddons. We are aware that many objections lie against the theatres in their present state, but are yet firmly convinced that, while the dispositions of a people govern in a certain degree their amusements, there is in them an honesty of nature that is ever ready

to accept something which is a measure above them, and to which they soon become equal. Casuists have tortured the liability of committing murder on the stage into a multiplicity of chances of its resulting in an actual commission off the stage. But, remembering the custom of the Spartans of exhibiting drunkenness before their youth, that, by being disgusted with it, they might avoid it, and knowing the aversion which we feel toward the criminal, and the consequent hatred of the crime, we are content to leave the question to the casuists, in whose hands we found it. And, besides, these are accidents, while the prominent features in the drama are historic truth, lofty sentiment, portraits of ideal characters, thus possessing all the elevation of the epic with greater naturalness. To its naturalness, its truthfulness, it owes the hold which it ever has had, and ever will have, upon the people. You all remember the delight you have experienced in reading noble dramas, or hearing artistic readers interpret them, and what is there essentially offensive in the idea of a building appropriated exclusively for their representations?

It can not consist in the fact, that the illiterate as well as the refined may be admitted within its walls. Can it be that the former are in the majority, and must be insidiously flattered by the double meanings of low-bred actors? We can not believe that breeding and refinement are at so low an ebb in democracies as not to be fenced about with a sanctity which receives from the people, of their own free will, those sentiments of respect which, in monarchies, are wrested from them by the ermine and the purple.

Or if the influence which they have exerted for good, and which they might still exert, be admitted, will it be maintained that our people are not sufficiently intellectual to enjoy the classical drama; or since they are now accustomed to hear comedy, low farce, and vile tragedy, they could not be induced to like its severer forms; or because a certain class have been accustomed to present themselves in the pit and in the gallery, this excrescence has become a part of the system and not to be separated from it? Or, it may be asked, would the reform benefit this certain class? If it did not, it would benefit the public body by depriving them of an opportunity of being conspicuous members of it, while they could not fail to feel the indirect influence of the advance given to the onward currents of society.

As much as has been said of the Grecian humanity or the equable development of the whole man; as much as has been written about division of labor and its effects upon states and individuals, we have never seen a clearer exposition of the

subject than is to be found in Schiller's noble letters on *Æsthetic Culture*.

"That polypos-nature of the Grecian states, where each individual enjoyed an independent existence, and in case of need, could act with the whole, now gives place to an ingenious enginery, in which a mechanical life forms itself as a whole, from the patch-work of innumerable, but lifeless parts. The state and church, laws and customs, are now rent asunder; enjoyment is separated from labor, the means from the end, exertion from recompense. Eternally *fettered* only to a single little fragment of the whole, man fashions himself only as a fragment; ever hearing only the monotonous whirl of the wheel which he turns, he never displays the full harmony of his being, and, instead of coining the humanity that lies in his nature, he is content with a mere impression of his occupation, his science."

"If the commonwealth makes the function the unit-measure of a man; if it respects in one of its citizens only memory, in another an epitomized intellect, in a third only mechanical activity; if, indifferent to the character, it lays stress here only upon knowledge—there, on the contrary, esteems the greatest obscuration of the understanding equivalent to a spirit of order and a legitimate demeanor,—if, at the same time, it requires these single modes of action pushed to a great intensity, while a proportionate extension is not demanded of the subject—need it surprise us, that the remaining powers of the mind are neglected, in order to bestow every attention upon the single one which is respected and recompensed? It is true, we know, that vigorous genius does not make the limits of its occupation circumscribe its activity, but moderate talent consumes the whole scanty sum of its powers, in the occupation that has fallen to its lot, and it must be no common head, that can encourage all its partialities, without detriment to its vocation. Moreover, it is seldom a good recommendation to the state, if the powers transcend their commission, or if the deeper spiritual want of the man of genius gives a rival to his business."

"And so gradually the single concrete life decays, that the abstract life of the whole may continue its precarious existence, and the state always remains a stranger to its citizens, since feeling never connects them with it. The governing part, compelled to lessen the manifoldness of its citizens, by classification, and to receive humanity at second hand only through representation, at last entirely overlooks it, confounding it with a mere composition of intellect."

"While the speculative spirit strives after inalienable possessions in the realm of idea, it must be a stranger in the world of sense, and relinquish the matter for the form. The spirit of business, confined within a uniform circle of objects, and in this still more circumscribed by formulas, must lose cognizance of the independent whole, daily becoming more impoverished in its sphere. Thus, while the one attempts to model the actual according to the speculative, and to elevate its subjective abstract conditions into constitutional laws for the existence of things, the other hastens, in the opposite extreme, to estimate generally all experience according to a particular fragment of experience, and to apply the rules of *its own* occupation to every occupation without distinction. The former must become the prey of an empty subtilty, the latter of a pedantic narrowness, since the one was too high for the partial, the other too low for the whole. But the detriment of this mental tendency is not confined to knowledge and production; it extends no less to perception and action. We know, that

the sensibility of the mind depends for its degree upon the vivacity, for its extent upon the richness, of the imagination. But the preponderance of the analytic faculty must necessarily deprive the fancy of its power and fire, and a limited sphere of objects must diminish its richness. Hence the abstract thinker often has a *cold* heart, since he analyzes the impressions which only affect the soul as a whole; the man of business often has a *narrow* heart, since his imagination, invested by the uniform routine of his vocation, can not enlarge itself to a foreign mode of conception."

"While in one the imagination dares to dissolve by its caprice the universal order, it compels in the other the reason to climb to the highest sources of knowledge, and to call in aid against it the law of necessity.

"Partiality in the exercise of power leads, it is true, the individual inevitably into error, but the race to truth. We concentrate the whole energy of our spirit in one focus, and draw together our whole being into a single power; and for this reason alone, we bestow, as it were, wings upon this single power, and bear it ingeniously far over the limits which nature seems to have imposed upon it. As certain as that all human individuals combined, with the powers of vision that nature has bestowed upon them, could never succeed in discovering a satellite of Jupiter, which the astronomer's telescope reveals; just so certain is it, that human reflection would never have conducted an analysis of the infinite, or a criticism of pure reason, if the reason had not apportioned itself to single kindred subjects, freed, as it were, from all matter, and had not strengthened its glance into the absolute by the highest effort of abstraction. But in fact, would such a spirit, dissolved in pure intellect and contemplation, be fit to exchange, for the stern fetters of logic, the free gait of imagination, and to comprehend the individuality of things with just and pure perception? Here nature places limits to universal genius, which it can not transgress; and the truth will make martyrs so long as philosophy makes its chief business the laying down regulations against error.

"Thus, however much may be gained for the world, as a whole, by this fragmentary cultivation, it is not to be denied, that the individuals whom it befalls are cursed for the benefit of the world. An athletic frame, it is true, is fashioned by gymnastic exercises, but a form of beauty only by free and uniform action. Just so the exertions of single talents can create extraordinary men indeed, but happy and perfect men only by their uniform temperature. And in what relation should we stand, then, to the past and coming age, if the cultivation of human nature made necessary such a sacrifice? We should have been the slaves of humanity, and drudged for her century after century, and stamped upon our mutilated natures the humiliating traces of our bondage; that the coming race might nurse its moral healthfulness in blissful leisure, and unfold the free growth of its humanity.

"But can it be intended that man should neglect himself for any particular design? Ought nature to deprive us, by its design, of a perfection, which reason, by its own, prescribes to us? Then it must be false that the development of single faculties makes the sacrifice of totality necessary; or, if indeed the law of nature presses thus heavily, it becomes us to restore, by a higher art, this totality in our nature, which art has destroyed."

"Then I would say to the young disciple of Truth and Beauty, who would know how to satisfy the noble impulse of his heart, through every opposition of the century,—I would say, give the world beneath your influence, a *direction* toward the good, and the tranquil rhythm of time will bring its development. You have given it this direction, if, as a

teacher, you elevate its thoughts to the necessary and eternal; if, while acting or composing, you transform the necessary and eternal into an object of its impulse. The fabric of error and caprice will fall; it must, nay, it has already fallen, when you are sure that it declines; but it must decline not only in the outward, but in the inner man. Create the conquering truth in the modest stillness of your soul, array it in a form of beauty, that not only thought may pay it homage, but sense lovingly comprehend its presence. And lest you should chance to take the pattern you would give it from reality, do not venture into its hazardous society, till you are sure of an ideal retinue in your heart. Live *with* your century, but be not its creature; bestow upon your contemporaries not what they praise, but what they need. Share with a noble resignation their punishment, without sharing their fault; and bend with freedom beneath the yoke, which with equal ill grace they miss or suffer. You will prove to them, by the resolute spirit with which you slight their fortune, how little their misery resulted from your effeminacy. Imagine them as they *should* be, if you are to influence them; but regard them as they *are*, if you are tempted to work for them. Through their dignity seek their approbation, but impute their fortune to their unworthiness; thus, on the one hand, your own nobility will arouse theirs, and their demerit, on the other, will not annul your design. In the graceful play of your fancy they would tolerate your principles, from whose naked severity they would shrink; their taste is purer than their heart, and here you must seize the timorous inconstant. You will in vain attack their opinions, in vain condemn their deeds, but you can make essay of your forming hand in their leisure. Banish caprice, frivolity, rudeness, from their pleasures, and you will banish them imperceptibly from their actions, finally even from their inclinations. Wherever you find them, encircle them with noble, great and spiritual forms; invest them with the symbols of all that is excellent, till reality bends to the ideal, and nature to art."

You can but admit that the drama was with the Greeks the popular vehicle of lofty thought and noble sentiment; you can but admit that these same ennobling traits are transmitted through every page of Schiller—his Posa, his Thekla, his Maid of Orleans, his Tell, his noble Piccolimini; and this too in the absence of all that could raise a stain to the unsullied cheek of innocence.

When we reflect upon these pure creations, we can but feel that while the English drama embodies so truthfully the beautiful character evolved from our common humanity, the pernicious influence resulting from its largeness and freedom will be manifold until a distant age shall look back upon its towering superiority, with a calm eye, and scan the marvellous work that had so stunned the senses of all near beholders. Admiration is a blind devotee that worships the veil as well as the Iris it enshrines. The American stage in our young, aspiring, grasping, struggling New-York, has not escaped the fate of too many unconscious copyists. The wilfulness or the ignorance that exhibits degrading and disgusting scenes to the public eye, is not less culpable than that monstrous infamy that from behind its stall sells the three-cent drug that is to send

thousands on thousands to the prison, the gallows, or an untimely grave, each drawing within its maelstrom of vice and its effects, the young, the innocent, and the fair;* though with this difference—the former is more under the control of authorities, the latter being concocted in secret; the former exhibited to thousands, under the open eye of the citizens; while besides, the one is purely not only a legal offense but an open offense against all morals, while the latter offends only against art, considered as a means of ennobling, or at the least, not of enslaving and degrading a people. How much has been said and done about the first; how much legislation, and how unsuccessful, and how little has been done and said about the last, which is so easily remedied!

If you can but admit that the people will, and must have amusement; that the drama is in itself not only legitimate but historically ennobling; if you can but admit its low state and baneful influence, can you argue that there is not sufficient moral influence in New-York, or that there is too little love of scholarly entertainments, or too much indifference to letters, or the pernicious influence which when debased they exert—too little patriotic regard for the people, to admit of concern about how they occupy their leisure; too little humanity to remember that all are but units of more or less consequence in the great body politic which constitutes the American people? If you admit the first, and can not argue the last, you surely can not assert that there is any necessity that dramatic entertainments should be in a low state in New-York, any more than they were in Greece, or are in Germany or England, Italy and France. And admitting likewise that faith in the people which you must, as members of a democracy possess, you can not argue their incapability of enjoying a more noble standard of entertainment, or your inability of affording it. Then you must be driven either to disclaim all part in a beneficent interest in art, or its applications, or that its legitimate influence enters into and moulds the leisure of the people. Such it was in Greece; such it is among all polished nations; and such must ever emphatically be in all stable democracies.

* The only temperance reform we advocate is, unadulterated drinks. Do not let the people be poisoned. As for the rest, they can take care of themselves.

THE GREAT WANT OF NEW-YORK CITY—A GOVERNMENT.

THE advantages belonging to the City of New-York, as the commercial metropolis of the United States, and prospectively of the world, are now barely beginning to develop themselves. It is only within the present century that New-York has become the largest city in the United States. A few years ago, there were several places that hoped to be able to compete with New-York for the palm of commercial greatness. Even now, there are two or three sister cities that are reluctant to acknowledge New-York as clearly and beyond competition the commercial metropolis of the country. But it is idle to shut our eyes upon the facts that are before us. New-York is the great centre of the shipping interest; the greater part of our foreign importations are entered here; all the great financial transactions of our own country and with foreign countries are managed here; the aggregate of all the business done in New-York in a year must be at least ten times that done in any other city.

This increasing centralization of the three great branches of commerce, foreign imports, inland trade, and general exchanges, is a great benefit to the whole country. It was impossible for our commerce to rise to a commanding position in the world, while the business of the country was divided among half a dozen provincial ports, all maintaining a certain equality of rank as rivals. There needs to be a centre around which the rest revolve, to which they all refer as a general clearing-house, and which represents to the rest of the world the business and capital and credit of the whole country. Such New-York has become, and there is scarcely a hamlet or a farm that does not feel the impulse given to trade and industry and invention by the power of this great central wheel. It is by the growth of New-York, as the representative of the wealth and trade of the whole country, that the United States is already enabled to take rank among "the first three" of the great commercial nations, with a certain anticipation, if a few more years of peace and prosperity may be allowed, of becoming clearly the chief above them all.

For its commanding rank as the metropolis of the country, New-York is primarily indebted to causes beyond human contrivance or control. Its position has been such, in each successive stage of our country's advancement, as necessarily to throw great advantages in its favor. When population was

chiefly confined to the Atlantic slope, New-York enjoyed equal facilities with other ports for trade to Europe and the West Indies, while it possessed also the peculiar advantages of a natural inland navigation, by Long-Island Sound and the North River, communicating with the most densely-populated sections of the country. No other city had *so many* chances. The fact that the population of its back country was sustained by free labor, with land in fee-simple, and general education in the English language, was an additional benefit. As the tide of emigration spread out to the West, New-York had the advantage of being able to turn the flank of the Alleghanies, admitting of the dead-level of the Erie Canal. This, as reciprocally cause and effect, gave New-York the trade of the most growing and wealth-accumulating portions of the West. And now that our foreign commerce has become prodigious in every direction and with every country, no other place is found to be so favorably situated in reference to the trade of so many places and countries, north, south, east, and west. Some places are nearer to Europe, and some others nearer to the West Indies and South America; but no other place is so well situated for the trade of all at once—Russia, England, Italy, Africa, Brazil, China, California, Chili, and Australia.

Nor is there any thing apparent in the future that is likely to change all this. On the contrary, New-York, as the representative metropolis of the most vigorously-growing nation, is surely destined to hold, at no distant day, the same relation to the world that it now holds to our own country. The lead that it has already attained of being the greatest ship-owning port in the world, and its position in regard to the two great gold-bearing countries of California and Australia, and the silver-bearing lands of South America, together with its freedom from the political entanglements and burdens of European capitals, will doubtless make it the banking-house of the world. Its command of the trade in cotton from the South, food from the North-west, and manufactures from the North-eastern States, will alone give it an equality with any other commercial city in any commercial mart on earth.

The only contingency which seems to require a doubt as to the realization of all these grand anticipations, lies in the grave question whether New-York possesses that, in its internal conditions, which will enable it to sustain the varied responsibilities incident to the position of the commercial metropolis of the world.

Argument is not needed to show, that it is impossible for a city to sustain this relation permanently, unless it is in an eminent degree enlightened and refined, cleanly and health-

ful, well kept and well governed. Security to life, person, and property, is absolutely essential. Men will go with reluctance to make money in a city where pestilence or violence renders life unsafe. They will invest and retain as little as possible of their wealth in a place where burdensome taxation, exorbitant rent, or prevailing laxity of mercantile honor, absorbs profits or renders capital insecure. Nor will abundance of surplus capital continue to be held in a place where sordid meanness, or tawdry vulgarity, or purse-proud ignorance, gives tone to society. To be the greatest city in the world, New-York is bound to become the best city in the world. One is the condition of the other. Commercial interests, landlords' rents, the whole future of New-York, all hinge on these requirements, of which an effective government is the vital element. And it appears that the present time is very much of a crisis, in which the fortunes of the future are to be determined. It is evident that the characteristics here indicated are very far from being predominant in the present condition of the city.

By its natural advantages, New-York ought to be the cleanest and healthiest city in the world. Laved on every side by salt tides from the ocean, and so elevated and graded as to shed all its surface-water directly into the two rivers, with a third river artificially conducted into the centre of the island, and thence by natural flow running into every street and almost every house, it seems almost incredible to suppose that New-York should not be clean. And with pure breezes from heaven, blowing alternately from the mountains on the north-west and the ocean on the south-east, cumbered with no miasmata from marsh or stagnant lake, it seems equally absurd to think that the city should not be healthy.

Considering also that New-York draws its supplies of population, especially of those classes which control its business, and shape its manners, and regulate its morals, and fill its leading stations of trust and honor, chiefly from sections of the country that are regarded as eminently intelligent and industrious, moral, orderly, and addicted to the observance of law, we should say it ought to be the most secure, quiet, well-governed, and cheaply-taxed city in the land, having the best rules most faithfully administered, enjoying the omnipresence of law, and the assurance of equal justice.

The truth must be confessed, that now for many years, the municipal government of New-York has been perverted to an increasing extent for purposes of private advantage, while its functions have been growing less and less effective for their legitimate results of public peace and security. Many offices

have been rendered enormously and absurdly lucrative, by extortionate constructions of fee-bills, while it has seemed impossible to procure proper legislation to check the evil. The doings of the Common Council have been dictated by private interests and influence; and it is generally believed that bribery, direct or indirect, has been employed to an alarming extent. The number of persons connected with the city government, whose financial condition has become greatly changed immediately upon their obtaining office, can not be accounted for but on the supposition that public station has been made unduly subservient to private emolument.

These evils of official corruption could be endured, after a sort, much more patiently, if they were not attended with continually-increasing impotency in the administration of the government. In a prosperous community like ours, where the whole number of office-holders is comparatively small, and the capacity of the population for the production and acquisition of wealth is absolutely boundless, the extent of speculation and extortion that is possible, bears so small a proportion to the aggregate accruing wealth of the people, that they will bear it submissively for a long time, provided the actual administration of the government is made effective for the public protection and safety. We could afford to pay even more than the four or five millions of dollars now annually expended, and the unknown additional millions exacted in the form of fees, assessments, bribes, and so forth, if we could have an efficient government for the money. But the aggravation becomes intolerable, when the people find that they are fleeced without rule or measure, and get little or nothing in return.

It is admitted on all hands, that the city government is very far from being as effective and successful in its functions as the government of such a city ought to be, or as the welfare and permanent prosperity of the city demands. On the contrary, it seems to be in a state of deplorable inefficiency. One can not but be struck with the complaining and despondent tone of all the recent reports issued from the leading departments of the city government. Not one of these documents is characterized by an exultant or gratulatory exhibition of acts done, reforms effected, progress gained, difficulties overcome, evils removed, or conscious ability for the future accomplishment of great public ends. Read the message of the mayor, the numerous documents of the comptroller, the reports of the chief of police, the complaints and apologies of the street commissioner, the controversies of the chief engineer, the alarms of the water commissioners, and so of the rest. They might almost be summed up in one sentence: "This department has thus far been

unable to accomplish the objects for which it was established, and it sees no means of securing better results in future"—or still more impressively in a single word—"We can't." This confession of impotency is the most alarming feature in the case. And it is manifest that unless a remedy can be found, the commercial and social greatness to which New-York seems destined by its position, can never be realized.

The annual message of His Honor the Mayor, January 2, 1854, suggests the appointment of a "bureau of practical men," to control and regulate the railroads in the city; complains that "while a larger sum has been expended for the avowed purpose of keeping the streets clean during the past year, than in any previous year, it is notorious that they have never been more neglected;" but hopes for better results from the contract system, (which has now totally failed.) He avers that "the incumbrances in our streets have remained throughout the past year with little diminution, causing serious annoyance and inconvenience;" and that "for want of concert of action on the part of the proper departments, the laws respecting obstructions in the streets have been constantly violated, almost with impunity;" while "the public is seriously incommoded, and the city virtually defrauded out of a large amount of revenue, by the manner in which many of the wharves, piers and bulkheads are converted into places of private storage." He says that "the streets in the immediate vicinity of Washington Market are at times almost impassable, owing to the number of country wagons standing about," and that "numerous complaints have been made to me on the subject, but it has not been in my power to afford any relief."

The annual report of the Croton Aqueduct Board, January 3, 1854, alludes forcibly to the unwarrantable waste "of water, notwithstanding every effort has been made by the department to check it;" and they say that "they have every reason to believe that a very great proportion of the water placed at the disposal of the consumers, is used for no valuable or practical purpose." Having at length felt compelled to commence enforcing the law in a stringent manner, "they have collected \$3785 in fines for violation of the ordinance in relation to the use of Croton water for street washing," and \$700 "for wilful waste" only from "a small district of the city." And "so lax has been the enforcement of the corporation ordinances, that the parties complained of often express surprise that this department should attempt to levy a fine." And so delicate is public opinion, that the Board feel compelled to "relieve the city police from the odium cast upon them by the parties complained of," by stating explicitly that "of the whole of

the above amount collected, only thirty-five dollars has been received from parties whose offense was made known to the department through the vigilance of the police." As if it were no part of the business of the police to "make known" offenses against the ordinances of the city, or to complain of the waste of the city's supply of water. A table is given of eleven cases in which the quantity of water actually taken has been tested by Huse's "water meter," as compared with the quantity previously charged; the accruing rent, which was formerly \$2749, is increased to \$7529, an increase of \$4850, or 176 per cent.

A communication of the Chief Engineer of the Fire Department, in reply to inquiries of the Board of Aldermen, January 16, 1854, affirms that "more companies have been organized than are necessary," that "the hydrant companies are of very little service," that he "shall decline" to organise a hose company ordered by the Board, that a "serious detriment to the department has been the increasing of the number of men in some companies, whilst others in the vicinity have merely half the complement," that there is no regularity on the subject of the complement of men to the different class engines, but the "allotment of men is out of all proportion" to the force required by different engines, and that "this has been done by means of special resolutions, granting additional men to companies so favored." The following paragraph is still more extraordinary, and leaves no room to wonder that fires ravage without check in New York:

"During the past year, several extremely violent fights have occurred between companies; pistols and other dangerous weapons have been brought into requisition, the apparatus upset, and nearly destroyed; the worst of which were between engine companies Nos. 6, 18, and 44, and hose companies Nos. 16 and 17; yet no punishment has been awarded, (except that No. 18 was suspended for three months,) although the facts were duly reported to the Common Council, who, instead of investigating the circumstances, allowed the matter to lie for several months, and then adopted a resolution, directing the Chief Engineer to return the apparatus which he had taken from them. If these acts of insubordination should receive proper attention from your honorable body, (and I feel assured they will hereafter,) and the persons who are found guilty of any serious offense be expelled forthwith, disbanding the companies to which they are attached, and transferring innocent members to other companies, you will not only reduce the number of companies to what it should be, and rid the department of the persons who have been placed therein only to bring reproach upon it, but materially augment the force of the remaining companies."

The Street Commissioner's Annual Report, January 12, 1854, contains the following lugubrious representations in regard to the execution of the laws in the city:

"The superintendent of side-walks has heretofore been limited in his powers to enforce the ordinance in relation to repairs of side-walks, and curb and gutters.

"By an ordinance adopted December 31, 1853, the Street Commissioner has authority, on complaint being made, to serve a notice on the delinquent parties, and to cause repairs to be made at their expense, and in default, to report to the Corporation Attorney. The enforcement of this ordinance will obviate further complaint from that source.

"The obstructions on streets and on piers have been the cause of great and justifiable complaint; under the existing ordinance, the street commissioner may notify and require persons making nuisances to remove them, but he has no power to insist, where an expenditure of money is required; that power being invested in the Superintendent of Streets.

"Excavations for vaults, from which the city should derive a revenue, are constantly being made, without authority or permission from this department. A resolution was passed by the Common Council, October 29, 1852, directing the captains of police to report to the street commissioner, on Monday of each week, all openings made in streets for any purpose whatsoever. Its object was to bring parties offending against the ordinances, in not taking the required permit and paying for the same, under the cognizance of this department, when it would bring it to the notice of the Corporation Attorney. This resolution has not heretofore been complied with."

The failures of the Commissioner of Streets and Lamps, which have made his name so familiar to the whole country, only require to be alluded to. The power of the legislature, of the common council, of the mayor and comptroller, of the courts, of the public press, and of public indignation, have been exhausted, without producing in him one effectual endeavor to clean the streets.

It would require a volume to present all the cases of abuse or failure which have been reported during the year past, in various documents from the Comptroller of the city. The following paragraphs are taken from a communication made by him, January 10, 1854, on the subject of the increase of salaries. The total amount of the increase is \$174,354, beside numerous extra allowances; the latter directly in the face of the tenth article of the charter of 1853, which provides that "no additional allowance beyond the legal claim, under any contract with the corporation, or for any service on its account or in its employment, shall ever be allowed." But the comptroller observes that:

"A distinction was taken between county officers and city officers; those who were regarded as county officers, and whose compensation was raised by the aldermen acting in their capacity as supervisors of the county, could have an addition made to their back pay, inasmuch as the prohibition in the tenth section was confined to contracts made by the 'Corporation.'

"The raising of salaries, and the adoption of resolutions for extra compensation in every month in the year, is embarrassing to the Finance Department, and in many other respects objectionable. When a person solicits an appointment, and enters on his duties at a fixed compensation, he is obli-

gated to serve faithfully in the trust confided to him for a year or three years, and be content with his wages. If by any change in the price of the necessities of life, there is good cause for an increase, the whole ground of service should be looked over, justice done to all, and such increase as is decided on should be made to take effect after the period fixed for making an appropriation to pay the increase. If the increases, in all cases, have been made to those who have been most diligent in the discharge of their duties, and not to those who hang about the halls, and other places, where their official duties do not call them, then no objection can be made to the increase, on account of its being out of season, and inconvenient to this department."

— In a word, this great city, so enterprising and prosperous, so full of intelligent energy and devoted patriotism, seems like a strong man that is struck with partial palsy. His desires and sensibilities and wants remain, but his power of will is so far weakened, that, amid the multiplicity of wishes and fears, he can with difficulty make up his mind what to do for himself, and even when his will has decided, the bodily organs on whose instrumentality he is dependent, refuse to obey its dictates. So it is with New-York, as regards its government; the people hardly know what they would have done for the public security, health, and general advancement, and the measures which have been decided on are rendered ineffectual by the impotency of administration that every where prevails.

And what is still worse, no remedy has proved efficacious; but in the face of all prescriptions, matters are every year growing worse. So signal has been the ill success, hitherto, of all measures of municipal reform, that it has now at length become an imperative necessity for the citizens to recur to first principles, and go to the root of the matter, to see whether there is not a fundamental error in the frame-work itself of our municipal constitution. Every method of reform on the existing foundation having been exhausted, we must either re-examine the foundation itself, or be driven to despair of the glorious destiny hitherto anticipated.

And in this question the whole country is as truly interested as the citizens of New-York. In fact, the wealth which is accumulated here, is but a percentage drawn from the aggregate wealth of the whole country, taken out to defray the necessary expenses of building and keeping up a great metropolis, for the good of the whole. All that it costs to maintain New-York, it costs the country. All that is lost, or burned up, or wasted in foolish extravagance, or sunk in crime and vice, or needlessly expended in the suppression of evils that a good government would have prevented, is so much charged upon the net proceeds of the productive industry of the whole country. And beyond this, the example of the leading city is eminently contagious, and dominant to all the other

cities of the land. If it is well-governed, they will be emulous of its beautiful order; if it is foul with dirt and vice, they will be paralyzed and corrupted by its example.

A brief sketch of the history of the frame of government in the city, through its successive changes, will shed some light upon our inquiries. The imperfect charter granted by the Dutch government in 1657, to the "schout, burgomasters, and schephens of the city of New-Amsterdam," was confirmed by the articles of capitulation, on its surrender to the English in 1664, and a similar charter was granted by Colonel Nichol, in 1665. Governor Dongan, in 1686, gave a more digested charter, reëffirming all the ancient rights and privileges of the "ancient city," to the "mayor, aldermen, and commonalty of the city of New-York," subject to the laws of England and of the province. The grants of property to the corporation were confirmed irrevocably. The government was organized as a purely municipal corporation; the "Mayor, Recorder, Aldermen, and Assistants," all met and acted together in one body, as a Common Council; the mayor and recorder being appointed by the colonial governor, and thus representing the sovereign power.

This charter was renewed in 1730, by Governor Montgomerie, declaring New-York a "free city of itself," capable of all corporate acts, but still receiving its mayor, recorder, and sheriff from the governor. The mayor, recorder, aldermen, and assistants, constituting together the Common Council, were empowered to make, "from time to time, all such laws, statutes, rights, ordinances, and constitutions, which to them, or the greater part of them, shall seem to be good," but not repugnant to the laws of England or of the province; and to enforce them by fines, &c.

This charter was confirmed, and constituted a public act of assembly, by the provincial legislature in 1732, and after the Revolution, was saved and confirmed, along with other existing charters, by the State Constitution of 1777, and again by that of 1821, and so remained until the amended charter of 1830, the mayor and recorder being appointed by the appointing power of the State. The whole power, legislative and executive, vesting in the Common Council, acting as one body, in which the State sovereignty was represented by the mayor and recorder, and the principle of popular self-government, by the representatives of the wards, all the features were preserved, of governmental unity, of a municipal corporation having as complete dependence on the State as any township or county, and of the right and capacity of the people to govern themselves, subject to the paramount dignity and prerogative of the State

The growth of the city, however, and the prevalence of certain abuses from the greatness of the powers concentrated in one body, seemed to require a more complete organization, with a division of powers, which was the object of the "amended charter of 1830."

The general belief prevailing among the people of the city, that the form of government required a greater number of checks and restraints than existed under the old charter, together with the dilatoriness of the legislature in moving on the subject, had led to a volunteer movement of the people themselves. On the recommendation of the Common Council, the people of each ward elected five delegates to a convention, to devise and propose amendments to the charter. The amendments were approved by a vote of the people, and then were enacted into a law by the legislature, and thus constitute the amended charter of 1830. The sixty-five members of the convention comprised a large number of the most experienced and learned men of the city; but, unfortunately, many of them were more impressed with their learning in the theory of the British constitution than with their observation of the spirit and tendency and actual working of our own democratic institutions. They were misled by their position as a convention originating in the city itself, and not with the legislature of the State, and hence were intent upon the idea of devising the frame of a complete government, on the most approved and scientific models, as if for a sovereign State, instead of a municipal government for a mere corporation, existing under the laws of the State, and wholly controlled by them. Their wisdom was expended in devising checks and balances, to the entire neglect of the main requisites of a municipal government, unity, efficiency, and responsibility.

The only practical effect of this charter was the division of the Common Council into two boards, meeting in separate chambers, requiring the concurrence of both to "every act, ordinance or resolution," and giving the mayor a nominal veto in every act. There were some limitations on the powers of the Common Council to borrow money, or to expend money not previously appropriated, but they have amounted to nothing in practice, because the exigencies of a municipal government can not be so regulated, by human foresight, as to be kept within limits previously prescribed. There was a requirement that all persons intrusted with funds of the city, should be brought under "accountability," by giving bonds; but bonds against embezzlement and defalcation are not a guaranty against fraudulent contracts and dishonest expenditure. There was a provision that "the executive business of

the corporation" should be performed by "distinct departments" which the Common Council should organize; but there was no definition of "executive business;" while all the powers and functions heretofore vested in the Common Council, while the whole government was a unit, were understood to be retained by a general reservation of every thing "not inconsistent with the provisions of this law," in the last section. This last capital error was partially remedied in the amended charter of 1853, taking away the judicial powers heretofore exercised by the aldermen; but the worst anomaly, their interference as individuals or by committees with all the branches of "executive business," remains in practice to this day.

There was a parade of prescribing the "duty of the mayor," namely, to "communicate to the Common Council" a general statement of the condition of the city, to "recommend such measures" as he may deem expedient; to "be vigilant and active" in causing the laws to be enforced, and "to exercise a constant supervision and control over the conduct and acts of all subordinate officers;" but no powers were conferred on the mayor by which he could "cause" the laws to be enforced, or "control" all or any of the subordinate officers of the city. This was the first step of the process by which the mayor of the city has been gradually reduced to the titled cipher he now is.

The fundamental errors of this plan were seen at the time by some, and were pointed out in the newspapers; but the authority of great names prevailed, and the consequence has been a continual deterioration of the city government from that day to this. It retained substantially all the old and unlimited powers of the aldermen and Common Council; and the abuses and peculations which had been complained of before were facilitated by the division of responsibility between two Boards. In all cases, power and its abuses will accumulate where responsibility is the least felt, both because the temptation is greater by the opportunities of evasion, and because those who are interested in the abuse will seek to employ the instruments that are least liable to be held in check. This theoretic principle has held good in the history of the Common Council, under the amended charter of 1830. It is not too much to say, that each successive year under it developed new resources of iniquity which it afforded, and each successive Common Council surpassed all its predecessors in employing these opportunities for personal or corrupt advantage.

The defect of this amended charter, however, which has wrought the greatest practical evils, is its lack of executive

power. It commenced with a false principle, and all subsequent attempts to remedy the defect have proceeded on the same false principle—that of separating power from responsibility, and removing power as far as possible from the people. The true theory of our democratic institutions is that of the capacity of the people for self-government. If this principle were not true in itself, it is the principle which underlies all our institutions, and which should therefore be carried out in all the details of government; for nothing but confusion has ever arisen or ever can arise from attempts to evade the application of this principle, by the removal of governmental functionaries from the direct control of the popular will. The people of this country have the power, and are conscious of their right to possess it, and they know that they have no interest or wish but in having good laws faithfully administered, for the preservation of order and the maintenance of justice. The best of all security for the uprightness of public officers, is to make them truly the representatives of the people, and accountable to them. Had this principle been carried out in the organization of the executive branch of the city government, we should not have witnessed the deplorable spectacle presented by our municipal history for the last five or six years.

The proper application of this principle should centre the executive power of the city government in the mayor, elected by the people, known by them as their representative, and to return as one of them at the end of his year. The people can be depended on to elect a competent and trustworthy citizen for their chief magistrate. They have never failed to do so. And this personal reputation which he will possess, with the fact that he who exercises the office this year is liable to find himself in the ranks next year, and to leave his children hereafter under a government of which he is forming precedents, is the best security against abuse of power. It does not follow that the people should elect all subordinate officers. They will elect a chief magistrate who will truly represent their will, because he will be a man known to them; but in a large city it is not possible that they should know the fittest persons to be selected for subordinate offices. And hence they are compelled to vote only between two opposing candidates, who have both been selected and nominated by what is called party machinery, which affords all possible opportunities for underhand and corrupt management, to bring forward the most unworthy candidates. Experience has abundantly shown, that no class of officers have less regard for the public welfare, or less correctly represent the intelligent wishes of the people, or feel less the sense of responsibility to the people, than many

of those who are elected to subordinate executive offices by the suffrages of the people. It is needless to specify instances of this.

The true method of securing at once executive energy and faithfulness in administration of subordinate offices, is to make them accountable to the people through the elective chief magistrate who controls them. No mayor, no man who could obtain his election to that office in New-York, can lose sight of his responsibility to the people. He has his office by their intelligent choice, and his position is a guaranty of his responsibility. But he can not control subordinate officers, nor will he attempt to make himself responsible for their conduct, unless they are made truly dependent on him, both for appointment to office and for continuance in it. The amended charter of 1830, in requiring the organization of departments for executive business, omitted to make the mayor even a department, and the charter of 1849 has only gone still farther in the same direction. By giving legal fixedness to these departments, and vesting the appointments in so many diverse hands, it has constituted them so many separate powers, each independent of the other, while their spheres of duty are so intermingled that it is impossible to draw any lines of separation, so as to prevent continual collision and obstruction. Hence each one, in attempting to act, comes into contact with the others, and each one throws off its own responsibility by casting the blame upon another, so that little can be accomplished by any, beyond the regular distribution of the salaries. And as the government has no head, there is no authority which can adjudicate their claims, so as to set the wheels of government in regular motion again.

It is unjust to a man of character, such as the people of New-York would elect to the office of mayor, to set him up before the world as the ostensible head of the greatest municipal government in the country, with a yearly expenditure of five millions of dollars, and cause him to enter upon the duties of his office with a deep sense of the responsibilities he has assumed, and a patriotic determination to discharge the high trust to the best of his ability, and then compel him to learn, step by step, at every effort to make himself felt for the public good, that there is not a single wheel of the government which he can move, not a power that he can exercise, not a solitary resource by which he can secure a friend, or gather around himself that personal respect and influence which are essential to the efficient exercise of authority. He appoints no working subordinates, removes none, commands none, beyond the small staff that is

gathered around his own apartments in the City Hall, to secure the becoming dignity of the office as a civic display.

The amending act of 1849 made many changes in the charter of 1830. The mayor and aldermen were to hold office two years; the common council was to hold but three stated sessions, of only one month each, but could hold special sessions for special business, on the call of the mayor; they could have no joint committees, except on accounts, and were required to publish all their proceedings in the newspapers; the two boards were to act in impeachments like the two houses of Congress; several of the "heads of departments" were required to be elected by the people, and were to appoint their subordinates, subject in some cases to the approval of the board of aldermen; the mayor being allowed to appoint heads of departments in cases of vacancy. There was an express enactment in one section, that "neither the common council, nor any committee or member thereof, shall perform any executive business whatever," with some little exceptions; but this wholesome prohibition was virtually rendered inoperative by a subsequent and therefore controlling section, providing that "the several executive departments, and the officers and clerks thereof, shall be subject to the legislative regulation and discretion of the common council, so far as the same shall not be inconsistent with this act." Sec. 21. How "far" that is, the courts have been abundantly employed for four years in endeavoring to define; but the bounds are as indefinite as ever. And the interference of the legislative body with the making of contracts, the settlement of accounts, and other "executive business," continues as before.

The history of the common council for the last four years is a sad commentary on the legislative wisdom of the charter of 1849. Suffice it to say, that before the official term of the last common council had expired, the united voice of all classes and parties of the citizens implored the legislature to interfere once more, to stay the progress of corruption, and if possible to infuse so much energy into the government as would deliver them from overwhelming filthiness, and its natural accompaniments of pestilence and death. A "reform" common council was the consequence, composed chiefly of new members, comprising an unusual proportion of citizens eminent for character and ability, elected almost without distinction of parties. This "reform"-body has now been in office for a quarter of a year, and the only action it has yet achieved toward the removal of the intolerable evils it was chosen to remedy, has been to give over the streets in despair to the Board of Health, to cleanse them as far as is necessary for the public health, with a *carte blanche*

both as to the means and the expense. Our readers will have learned, before they see these lines, the success or failure of this notable experiment in municipal administration. When was it ever known before, that a government of a city, through sheer impotence, in the winter season, in a time of ordinary health, with no report of a pestilence nearer than half the circumference of the globe, called in the arbitrary and irresponsible powers of the health department to effect the removal of the ordinary accumulations of mud on its paved streets? Plainly, it is a revolution that is needed;—a form of government that has so run itself into the ground, is beyond the reach of partial reform.

We might multiply proofs almost without end, to show the absolute failure into which the present system of municipal government has fallen—all traceable, more or less directly, to one general error. The Astor-place massacre, (for it was no less,) a few years ago, was the sad result of the prevailing uncertainty as to the powers and responsibilities of the mayor and other functionaries respectively. Had the law defined this so completely as to satisfy not only the mayor but the people, that the responsibility for securing the peace of the city rested on him, and on him alone, he would doubtless have taken more effective precautions to suppress violence without bloodshed. The seasonable enrolment of an adequate force of special constables or policemen, united under the control of an energetic leader, ought to have been sufficient to protect the Opera house by the prompt arrest and imprisonment of every individual who commenced a breach of the peace. Instead of this, the military, armed only with muskets, were ostentatiously marched out *in terrorem*, as if an impassioned populace could be overawed by feathers. These unfortunate troops were then left to stand a long time, enduring the peltings of the mob with stones and bludgeons, increasing at once the exasperation and the indifference of the rioters, because no one was willing to take the responsibility of an order to fire; until, at length, the onset became so furious as greatly to endanger the lives of the officers and soldiers, and so, in sheer desperation, the order was given to fire, and instantly unoffending women and children passing unwarned along the streets, were laid weltering on the cold pavement.

Had the mayor been in fact the controlling head of the executive, with subordinates who had received office from him and were removable at his pleasure, and had the military been kept back until their services were wanted, and had the mob been then confronted with artillery which they could not match or resist, with the assurance that, in so many minutes by

the clock, cannon-balls would sweep the streets, there would have been no occasion for bloodshed.

The impracticability of checking the exorbitant amounts of fees exacted by city officials, and the impotency of the courts to enforce justice or prevent wrong among them, and the entire coolness with which men holding office by the election (not choice) of the people disregard the plainest requirements both of the public good and of the popular will, are all proofs of radical errors in the framework of the government, that men are thus tempted to do wrong, and sheltered with impunity in the deed.

If it were possible to present, within a limited space, a full description of the complication of instrumentalities which are called into action in filling all the various offices of the city, the picture would be regarded as a burlesque on republican legislation. The mayor, comptroller, street commissioner, counsel to the corporation, and commissioner of repairs and supplies, are elected by the people for three years. The chief of police, chamberlain, receiver of taxes, and the Croton Aqueduct Board are appointed by nomination of the mayor and approved of the board of aldermen, and all vacancies in the heads of departments are filled in the same way. The ten governors of the Alms-house department are elected by the people for five years, two going out of office each year. The heads of bureaux are appointed by the heads of the several departments, with consent of the board of aldermen; but to this there are so many exceptions that we can not enumerate them. The heads of department appoint their own clerks, and the heads of bureau appoint theirs, with consent of the board of aldermen. Policemen are appointed by a board, consisting of the mayor, the recorder, and a judge, and may be removed by the same, but only for cause specified, and after a trial.

"Any officer of the city government, except the mayor and members of the common council, may be removed from office by the concurrent vote of both boards," but it must be a two-thirds vote, and for cause, after a hearing or trial. And "any head of department may remove any clerk in his department, or any bureau thereof, with the consent of the mayor." It is easy to see that the mayor is very much of a cipher in this business of removals, and the chief of police is equally so. The first urgent occasion that shall arise for the exercise of the whole police power will assuredly develop the inability of a chief to command the action of men whose office he is deemed unfit to control. Nor will he himself feel much anxiety in the matter, when he sees in the experience of other "heads

of departments," under what entire freedom from responsibility his station may be held.

The deterioration of the fire department is a still more flagrant proof of the essential "demoralization," in the French sense of the term, that our city government has undergone. In addition to the riots and other disorders, of which some fire-companies are guilty, and in which they enjoy impunity, the department seems to be quite impotent in checking conflagrations. The burning of the ancient edifice, fancifully named the "New City Hall," took place in broad daylight, when a public building of great importance, taking fire in the roof, was allowed to burn down, although it stood in sight of the fire office, was accessible on all sides, and had the Croton river flowing within a hose-length of its walls. The reckless destruction of property, as where a whole warehouse full of goods was ruined in extinguishing a fire among a handful of shavings in a packing-box, is another proof. The defiant tone in which the members of the "fire department" have disregarded the requirements of the common council, with the demand now made that the chief engineer shall be made elective, not by the people who pay the bills and whose lives and property are at stake, but by the firemen who are already well-nigh beyond the reach of any control but their own wills, leaves no hope of remedy but by abolishing the whole system. When the city was small, and people dwelt mostly in houses of two stories, a fire department, manned by volunteers, with engines drawn and worked by the strength of men, was sufficient to give a good degree of security and confidence. But now that the extent of surface is so great, and we have whole blocks of warehouses rising sixty and even eighty feet above the curbstone, such a fire-system is but a mockery of protection. It should be totally changed, by establishing a regularly enlisted and trained *and paid* fire-brigade, with steam fire-engines that can at once drown the fiercest fires.

The device of placing all the alms-houses and prisons of the city under the control of a "Board of Ten Governors," which is already growing effete, and will soon become intolerable from the absence of responsibility and the facility for corruption, and the strong desire of many to place other branches of administration equally beyond the reach of the people's will, may be adduced to prove the tenacity with which ancient errors are held, in the face of a thousand failures and calamitous results. The true remedy consists in a simplification of the government, in a complete separation of the legislative and executive functions, and in making every function of the govern-

ment more nearly and more directly responsible to the will of the people.

Let us sketch briefly a system of municipal government which is calculated to remove these evils, and afford as sure a guaranty for public safety and order as the imperfection of all human institutions will allow.

1. We would, have the Common Council chosen every year, and confined strictly to the functions of legislation. It should have the power of making all needful rules and ordinances for the government of the citizens and of all the executive officers of the corporation, subject of course to the laws of the State. It should also have the power of making all appropriations of money, so that not a dollar could be drawn from the city treasury but in pursuance of a specific appropriation. But the legislative body should have nothing to do with the execution of its ordinances, the enforcement of its rules, or the expenditure of money. The duties of a member of either board would then be well defined, honorable but not onerous; and the most trustworthy citizens would be willing to take the office, which would then afford neither temptation to the weak nor opportunity to the dishonest. And such a body, divested of both the perplexities and temptations of executive power without responsibility, would be likely to take up the duty of codifying, systematizing, and completing a body of city ordinances adapted to the wants of so vast a multitude of people. Relying upon an efficient executive to see that all ordinances are duly enforced, and all expenditures judiciously and faithfully conducted, they would feel it to be worth while to adopt rules and appropriate moneys in such a way as to secure the greatest good of the whole people, and the greatest success of the city itself, as the commercial metropolis of the country.

2. The county officers, properly so-called, should be assimilated, both in their appointment and their duties and responsibilities, to the general laws of the State by which other counties are governed. The lines between the authorities of the city and of the county should be definitely drawn; either by having a distinct board of supervisors, chosen by wards instead of townships, or perhaps by abolishing the board of supervisors, and transferring their legislative functions to the common council, and their ministerial duties to the mayor and other officers of the city.

3. The comptroller should be elected by the people annually. His powers and duties should be more clearly defined, and he should appoint the subordinates of his department, treasurer, collectors of taxes and assessments, &c. An office of so great trust and responsibility, guarded by proper bonds and sure-

ties, needs to be made independent of all other officers, and would never be filled by the people with an incompetent or irresponsible person. He would see that no moneys were drawn or expended except in conformity with the law.

4. The executive government of the city should be entrusted to the mayor, chosen annually by the people, and to such subordinate officers as may be established by law or ordinance. All subordinate executive officers to be appointed by the mayor, and removable by him at his pleasure. The number of officers, their titles, duties, salaries, and emoluments, should be prescribed by law or ordinance; but the mayor alone should be held responsible for the designation of proper persons, and for the faithful discharge of their duties. This would give the chief executive officer of the city a power adequate to his responsibilities. As the source of political advancement to so many, and with the control of the position of so many, his will would be potent enough to secure prompt obedience from his subordinates, and profound respect from all the people.

It is plain that this would be a thoroughly responsible government. The common council, chosen for one year, would be a merely legislative body, without the opportunities or temptations to wrong which have hitherto surrounded them, and with the consciousness that whatever ordinances they pass this year, they will have to live under the next year. The comptroller, elected for one year, and chosen, as he would be, for his weight of character, fidelity, and sound judgment, would see to it that no money was paid out except as appropriated. The mayor, chosen for his capacity to discharge the most weighty and difficult office in the United States, conscious that the account of his stewardship would be required at the end of twelve months, would aim to execute his high trust in a manner that should cause his name to be handed down with honor on the records of the city's welfare and prosperity.

Equally plain is it that a government, so organized, would be effective. It would have the element—which the present arrangement so deplorably lacks—of unity. Every chief of department, every head of a bureau, every individual officeholder, would feel himself to be a part of the administration, and responsible, first to his superior, and then through him to the people, not only for the perfunctory discharge of his own duties, narrowed to the smallest limit, but for the success of the administration as a whole, in securing the public peace and comfort. Each official would thus be disposed to help every other; the firemen the police, the police the water commis-

sioner. There would be an end to the jangling and obstructiveness with which the city is now so disgraced. Such a system would effect what the other has so long tried and failed to do; it would prevent maladministration by removing the opportunity; and on the other hand, it would effect the still more vital object, which the other has almost overlooked—it would do its work.

An entirely new distribution should be made of the powers and functions of the different departments, superseding the old arrangement which existed when committees of the common council exercised the executive powers of government, but which is now absurd enough. And the mayor, as the head of them all, the ubiquitous, ever-observant, informing mind and governing will of all, would then truly be the chief executive magistrate of the city. He could then hope, truly, to discharge the duties which were theoretically attached to his office, by the charter of 1830, but which no mayor has yet begun to fulfill.

“Third. To be vigilant and active in *causing* the laws and ordinances of the government of the city to be duly executed and enforced.

“Fourth. To exercise a constant supervision and *control over the conduct and acts of all subordinate officers*, and to receive and examine all such complaints as may be preferred against any of them for violation or neglect of duty.”

Every executive department should have an individual for its head, and not destroy responsibility by dividing it among a board. The persons selected for chiefs of departments, from their nearness to the mayor, and the confidence reposed in them by the very fact of their appointment, would naturally be his chief advisers or cabinet. He would surround himself with the soundest wisdom, the acutest perception, the most effective energy, the keenest invention, the most commanding will. There should be a regular gradation of officers, each having at least an advisory voice in the appointment of his subordinates. Instead of allowing the rank and file to dictate to the officers, the course of authority would be the other way. And so far from establishing a board of trial behind which delinquency and laziness could shelter themselves, it would be seen, to be a sufficient reason for the removal of any man from office, that he does not answer the object for which he was appointed, and therefore the city has no further need of his services.

Those who have been called to devise plans for the reform of the city government seem to have been led into error by following an inapplicable analogy. The idea was evidently

dominant in the convention of 1829, and has pervaded nearly all subsequent experiments, that the government of such a *great* city required to be assimilated in a great measure to the government of a State, with its checks and balances. Nothing is further from the true idea. The city has no sovereignty to maintain; it has no inherent existence or prerogatives; it has no external obligations; but on the other hand, it has to do with the persons, daily employments, domestic habits, sleeping hours, and culinary arrangements of the citizens. It watches them as they walk the streets, cleans the sidewalks before them, and if they linger and block up the way, bids them "move on." It directs the foundation and regulates the superstructure of their houses, enters their kitchens to see what the maids do with garbage, and how John extinguishes the gas; watches about their beds, lest robbers plunder, or fires consume them; sends their children to school; stops the boys from halloaing in the street; regulates the pace at which the young gentleman drives his tandem; tells the mourner where he may bury his dead; and by constant compulsion seeks to make every man understand the metaphysics of the rule of law—" *Sic utere tuo, ut alienum non ledas.*"

For such a government, wisdom in framing laws and ordinances is very desirable, security against official speculation and corruption quite essential; but efficient energy is absolutely indispensable. We would have the others as far as we can, but this we can not do without. In a city so large, and especially in one where life is so excited, and the population so diversified, and so new to the responsibilities and privileges of self-government, exigencies must continually arise, where nothing can prevent great evils but the prompt and energetic exercise of a discretionary power, having vast resources, and irresistible force. Such are fires, storms, riots, pestilence, and the like. No condition can be more distressing than that of a vast multitude of people, pressed together in a city, and without an efficient government. In the country there are ways of escape, and individual resources and mutual help can accomplish much. But in a city, there must be a government that is prompt, decisive, and sure to do what it undertakes. The government of a city is, therefore, much more analogous to that of a ship at sea, or to an army in camp, than to the machinery of a state. There must be a captain, and he must be able to command every thing, and control every thing, to meet the exigency of the moment—subject to the only restriction of meeting the consequences when the mutiny is quelled or the storm is blown over. Such is the true idea of a municipal government. And such is the government New-York now

wants. Such a government in the city would work a general reform. The running brook is not more certain to cleanse itself, than such a government would be to work itself pure by its own activity. It is the inert and sluggish body that breeds all disorders, and impregnates them with all malignant symptoms, where the alert and active throws off the distemper and rises to new health. Such a government would regenerate the *morale* of the city itself. The evil influence of a corrupt and imbecile government shows itself in every department of social life, lowering the tone of morals, blunting the edge of public censure, and giving impunity to successful injustice or fraud. The standard of action which men practice upon when in office, they will carry with them to the private walks of life. The manner in which people are accustomed to discharge their duty as denizens of the city, will characterize their conduct as merchants and clerks, as mechanics and laborers, as guardians and trustees. And it is easy to see that it must be impossible to make the people prompt and faithful in their observance of city ordinances, unless city officials set them the example. People will throw offal into the streets, unless the city scavenger observes his own rules in taking it away at the time appointed. Those who have been conversant with the training of children, know how a conscience can be educated by the constant and prompt enforcement of rules. The sweeper will sweep the pavement clean, if the dust-cartman is close behind him to remove the pile. And people will soon learn not to throw rubbish into streets that are always clean. And the most careless will soon be particular not to waste the Croton water, if they find the city officials watching over it as if every drop was amber.

Such a government would secure the warm attachment of all the people, because they would feel it to be like the sunshine and the air, a perpetual blessing. They would speak of it with pride, as the glory of the city. They would take a pleasure in coöperating with it, and aiding its officers, and not in obstructing their labor. They would frown upon the reckless individual who could be so insensible to the obligations of patriotism, and the welfare of those around him, as to violate the ordinances of the city, or resist its officers. The government would become, and would be seen to be the putting forth of the enlightened will of the people, the model of democracy, the exercise of public virtue, the self-government of society, the pervading influence of mingled benevolence and justice.

THE QUARTERLY CONSERVATIVE IN POLITICS.

It is asked, Does the Quarterly represent any party, or has it expressed sentiments in relation to the political questions of the day?

First. It is conservative in politics. By this is meant, it will advocate no theories which merely preserve their form, while the reasons no longer exist in which they originated. If questions of tariff agitate the country, instead of advocating the policies of '33 or of any previous year, it will consult the exigencies of the time, and conclude from their requirements. If the question were now to be raised, whether coarse cotton fabrics shall have a high tariff imposed on them, we say, not for purposes of protection, because we can already compete with foreign countries in the manufacture of this material. But if a question be raised whether protection shall be extended to silk, we shall advocate it, since there is no reason but our present ignorance and inexperience to prevent our excelling in the manufacture of this material. We advocate protection where it is necessary to the advancement of any important manufacturing interest, and hold that a tariff for protection is as legitimately within the province of the general government as a tariff for revenue, and hope the time will never come when great interests languish for the reason of their not being properly protected.

Second. As regards questions relating to internal improvements, it will not approve of the general government being obliged to meet the expenses incurred in certain works, where only one or two States, or only one section of the country are interested, save in an incidental way. But if the interests of the whole country require a harbor or river cleared, or some other similar act, we hold that the government should meet the demand. We would in this matter advocate neither one theory nor the other, but conclude from the circumstances of the case, as presented to the people.

Third. The States, in the formation of the general government, claimed the privilege of exercising certain rights, as supreme in their own boundaries. Among others they regarded their slave policy as a matter not to be trespassed upon. It was held to be a question for themselves alone to decide. Then the question might have been raised whether the general government should permit in any State an institution which moralists opposed as contrary both to the spirit of morality

and Christianity. But the States already had the institution, and would not be dictated to in the matter.

Their exactions were submitted to so far as to include this institution, so pregnant a cause of dissension. And thus, since the adoption of the Constitution, the States have maintained a supremacy in their own borders, to the extent of introducing or abolishing slavery at their will. Slavery is not an institution of the general government, nor never was. It is not an institution of the United States, but of individual States. It is an instance of Southern interest taking advantage of power to continue certain local institutions, in opposition to the patriotism of the North. In saying this we do not reflect on the South. The North can afford to be noble-minded, since it costs nothing, whereas great revenues are at stake with the South. Since the institution has been so long fostered there, it has become so enwoven with the whole mode of Southern life, duties, amusements, customs, habits, that to abolish it at once would be almost equivalent to striking the Southern States from existence.

As hateful as in law those regulations always appear on which judges are privileged to look with a jealous eye, such this institution seems from the first to have been. Here, on the one hand, are the sovereign States claiming certain rights; on the other the general government eyeing with jealousy the privilege which had been wrested from it, or having been assumed, continued in spite of its power. Says the general government, You shall have the bond, and nothing more. Existing States have an open and acknowledged advantage; I found them with an institution which they will not yield up; but the territories are 'mine; I am sovereign there, and no slave print shall pollute them. But here in her own household she is divided; and must submit in her devotion to noble codes of humanity, to the dominant party.

With pleasure we call to mind the many noble schemes which have been presented to the national Congress by Southern men, providing for the gradual doing away with slavery. Not by crippling the South with a blow dealt by Northern hands, but by gradual manumission, thus leaving the South to feel its way by degrees into new modes of life, new customs, duties, and habits. We employed the term general government as opposed to State sovereignties, in preference to Northern as opposed to Southern interests, for the reason that the South as a section are as patriotic as the North, and would be glad to see the blot of slavery wiped from the stripes and stars, though many Southern men, doubtless, exasperated by what seems to them Northern fanaticism, have so far forgotten the in-

terests of the country in their indignation against certain parties, as to have determined not only to hold to their present slave institutions, but likewise to push them into as many new territories as is possible; at least, if they would not actually extend slavery, they will not, they say, be prevented by the North from doing as they please in the matter. Hence the hot party strifes relating to the territories.

You, my readers, are familiar with all the contests which go to complete the sketch about Lines, Provisos, Compromises, Compacts, all for that unfortunate foster-child of the early colonial time, tending to degrade labor, and accustom to inequality.

Fourth. We shall advocate the cautious policy of the fathers of the country as regards our relations with foreign powers. No nation can set itself up as the umpire in other's disputes, else now democracy and now monarchy, in the midst of anarchy, would be in the ascendant.

Unlike the great powers of Europe, we are not implicated in the politics of rival nations, as we have no great interest at stake in preserving certain checks and balances. We are surrounded by no rival powers on our continent. There is no need of our becoming involved in the feuds of Europe; and a single false step in this direction might plunge us into inextricable difficulties. If this paper were intended for any other than a brief index to the principles by which the Quarterly will be governed, we would in this place quote the language of Washington's farewell address, wherein, in a manner which always appeared to us to arise to the dignity of prescience, the cautious measures as regard our foreign relations are so nobly recommended.

Fifth. As questions relating to our borders are becoming to be of the utmost importance, we shall be the firm opposers of all agitation relating to them, regarding justice in diplomacy as the only motto worthy a free people. That definition of Burke's, that governments are a wall of defence to a people, applies in spirit to our present time. We have social and political liberty to prosecute all noble schemes at home, and have only need to be defended against border dissensions and embroilments in foreign quarrels, in order to their accomplishment.

Sixth. In questions of strict or liberal constitutional construction, we shall take wise precaution not to detract from the sacredness of the letter by disregarding it, nor to lead to disaffection by doggedly adhering to it, to the exclusion of all liberality as regards its spirit.

Seventh. We shall not advocate free trade, unless it be for

the interest of our own country to do so, as we hold that nations are in this respect similar to a household which is bound in justice to regard first its own interest, since if it do not certainly no one will. Since certain articles may with propriety be brought under the rule, so far as we and some other nations are concerned, if not all, it does not follow from this that all articles must be governed by the same rule. In commercial regulations, nice distinctions are to be drawn, as they are always more or less questions of policy rather than of ethics, and require the practical knowledge of the merchant, combined with the science of the statesman, to determine the laws which should govern them.

Eighth. The plans of the Journal do not admit of sectarian controversies, or impartments of creeds. Our government has wisely left this to the pulpit, and we shall imitate its wisdom.

Ninth. We shall advocate the equable development of all the resources of the country, agricultural as well as commercial and manufacturing, in as much as we have not wrought out our destiny until we are not only free but independent—dependent not only as individuals, but as a nation; which national independence consists in being able to manufacture all the fabrics we need, as well as in growing on our soil all the staple employed in their manufacture. Our vast agricultural and grazing resources are an ample guaranty for all the necessities and luxuries of the table. We shall take pride in sustaining and encouraging our noble free school system, as well as in advancing the standards of our many noble seats of learning, academies, colleges, and universities, both by citing examples from abroad, and noble influences in our midst, which have already resulted from the partially blown system, destined in its fullness of growth to shed an influence that shall not only make us the most enlightened and cultivated nation, but be felt abroad with a might terrible to tyrants, sowing beside their thrones seeds which in time will spring from beneath them with a branching terror that no pressure can suppress, to overthrow tottering sovereignties, and afford lodgement for the eagle of freedom, and shadow for the messenger of peace.

GROTE'S GREECE.

History of Greece, by GEORGE GROTE, ESQ., (in course of publication.) London: JOHN MURRAY. New-York: HARPER, BROTHERS & Co.

WHEN Thirlwall published his *History of Greece*, it was supposed that not only Gillies and Mitford might safely be consigned to the dust and cobwebs of the upper shelf, but that the subject itself was exhausted. The translator of Niebuhr had brought a German spirit to his task, had gone back to the sources, read extensively, compared carefully, entered with the feelings of a true scholar into the spirit and genius of antiquity, and caught something of his master's skill in the dangerous art of historical skepticism. Meanwhile, it was whispered in a narrow circle, that a Mr. Grote had been engaged for a long while upon the same subject. Niebuhr knew of it, and, when Dr. Lieber went to England, told him to look up Mr. Grote, for he expected great things from that history of Greece. But the public knew nothing of it. What are the lonely years of the student's laborious preparation to the public? They knew, however, that when the Reform bill came up, a Mr. Grote went into the House of Commons as one of its most strenuous champions; that he published some very clever pamphlets, brought out some very ingenious ideas upon the ballot, made some remarkable speeches, and played his part like a man accustomed to deal with men, and familiar with the every-day workings and movement of life. Then, as soon as this great question was decided, the great public lost sight of him again; though business men knew that he might always be found in his counting-room, all posted up in stocks and exchange; and the readers of the *Westminster* were told, from time to time, that some paper which they had particularly admired came from the pen of the banker, and ex-member of Parliament.

But where was the history of Greece? Sleeping—quietly sleeping out its nine-years' sleep in the author's portfolio. Modern history had come knocking at his gate, and calling him back from Pisistratus to the Reform bill. Gibbon tells us that his two years in the militia and his inert membership of Parliament gave him a clearer insight into the military and administrative system of the Roman Empire than he would ever have gained without them. We were once speaking to M. Thiers of the difference between his history of the Empire and his history of the Revolution, and he answered very com-

placently, "I have been deputy and minister since then." We do not know that Mr. Grote has ever told how far his historical conceptions were modified by the part he took in public life, but if his first draft could be compared with his published volumes, it would probably tell it for him.

But in the first interval of repose from public life, and while his commercial duties were pressing hard upon him, he found it impossible to go back to his history. It is true, he continued to read every thing that had a bearing upon it, and that in all his reading, of every kind, he was still finding new analogies and illustrations for his favorite subject; but the manuscript lay untouched, the pen moved only over bills of exchange and letters to Messrs. Somebody & Co., who would have started as wildly at the name of Homer as at the sight of a protest; and if some cause, which we have forgotten, though we believe it was sickness, had not driven him to Italy, it is more than probable that "*The History of Greece*" would never have seen the light.

It was on this occasion that we had the good fortune to meet him, and the reader will not be displeased, perhaps, if we indulge for a moment in a personal recollection. It always adds to the enjoyment of a book to know what kind of a man the writer was. It is pleasant to know that a man who writes about great things, bears the traces of earnest thought in his face. And this is precisely the impression which Mr. Grote makes upon you at the very first glance; an English gentleman, courteous, self-possessed, reminding you of the closet by his readiness to give conversation a literary turn, and yet proving himself at the same time a man of the world, by the perfect good-breeding with which he can play either speaker or listener, as the occasion requires. His conversation has a very wide range, equally full of fact and of thought, and after talking with him an hour, you would never wonder again at those notes in which he seems to have laid every history, and literature, and traveller's journal under contribution for the illustration of Grecian life, for you would feel that it was the natural habit of his mind. He had a fine appreciation of art, enjoying sculpture, perhaps, more than painting, and preferring rather the beautiful than the terrible or grand. He took great interest in the ruins, more, however, it seemed to us, from their associations than as archæological documents. With most men, a pocket Horace, or Livy, or Tacitus, is an indispensable thing in Rome; but with him you never felt the want of them: you had only to name the spot, and if there was any classic passage about it, he was sure to be ready with it. He was equally interested in living Italy, studying care-

fully the tendencies of its literature, and inquiring into its means and chances of regeneration. But his historical tastes were ever the most apparent. On his table you would always find some book upon some question of Grecian history; and we remember distinctly to have found him one morning studying one of the recent German authors, though we do not remember which, whom he has cited in his discussion of the Homeric question. At that time, there was a little historical society in Rome, composed chiefly of Italians and Germans, which met once a week in the house of the United States Consul. Subsequent events broke it up; and if you were to ask what has become of those studious men, who met to discuss the great periods of Italian history with its noblest monuments around them, some would answer you from exile, some from dungeons, some are still struggling with the bitterness of life, and two have found shelter in the grave. Grote was a regular attendant at their meetings, following the discussions with close attention, though he did not speak Italian fluently enough to take an active part in them, and frequently bringing up a doubt or a question which had been suggested by his reflections upon the discussion of the preceding week. One of the members was publishing a prize dissertation on the *Aes Grave*, which had opened to him the doors of the Roman Archæological Society, a work necessarily full of minute inquiry and recondite learning. Grote seized upon it as eagerly as Miss seizes upon a new novel, and read it with an interest which showed him to be as much at home in Roman as in Grecian history. His intellectual curiosity was insatiable. There was no pause in his eager search of historical knowledge. We have seen him grow tired in general society, we have even a strong conviction that we have seen him gape in a ball-room; but we never knew him to become weary of company or of a book that could throw light upon a question of history.

Philosophy seemed to hold the next place in his affections; and affections is the true word to express his feelings toward them. It was not passion; for there was nothing fitful or irregular about it, but rather a firm, calm, and constant devotion, pervading his whole mind, giving the tone to all his thoughts and actions, and opening so many sources of enjoyment that, however much he might be dissatisfied with other things, he always found strength and refreshment in these.

Soon after his return to England he retired from business, and set himself seriously to his task. He has not told us how his manuscript looked to him when he came to wake it from its protracted slumber. But he has alluded in his preface to the different light in which Grecian history stood when he first

began and when he resumed his labors. The history of Greece had often been written in England, even before Goldsmith had brought it down to every taste by the charms of his attractive style. Walpole had urged Robertson to write it, after the success of his history of Scotland had confirmed him in his taste for history, and he was looking anxiously about him for a new subject.*

Fortunately, Robertson decided in favor of Charles V., and we say fortunately, for we should have been sorry to have seen his admirable powers employed upon a subject which had not yet been studied sufficiently in detail to admit of a general exposition. But history was the great study of the day, and another Scotchman boldly assumed the task which Robertson had declined. This was Gillies, on whom some wicked wit—alluding to the only thing in which he resembled the historian of the Decline and Fall—his obscure and elaborate style—fastened the surname of the Little Gibbon.

We would not wish to speak disrespectfully of Gillies, for we owe to him our first conception of that brilliant period of human annals when great men made the smallest spot that could be dignified with the name of state the scene of greater marvels than the world has ever witnessed since.† But Gillies was

* We can hardly refer to a better proof of what scholars thought of Greek history a hundred years ago, than a passage in one of Hume's letters to Robertson, upon the same subject, which called forth the opinion attributed in the text to Walpole:

"I have frequently thought, and talked with our common friends upon the subject of your letter. There always occurred to us several difficulties, with regard to every subject we could propose. The ancient Greek history has several recommendations, particularly the good authors, from which it must be drawn; but this same circumstance becomes an objection, when more narrowly considered: for what can you do, in most places, with these authors, but transcribe and translate them! No letters or state papers, from which you could correct their errors, or authenticate their narration, or supply their defects. Beside, Rollin is so well wrote, with respect to style, that with superficial people it passes for sufficient. There is one Dr. Leland, who has lately wrote the life of Philip of Macedon, which is one of the best periods. The book, they tell me, is perfectly well wrote; yet it has had such small sale, and has so little excited the attention of the public, that the author has reason to think his labor thrown away. I have not read this book; but, by the size, I should judge it to be too particular. It is a pretty large quarto. I think a book of that size sufficient for the whole history of Greece till the death of Philip; and I doubt not but such a work would be successful, notwithstanding all these discouraging circumstances. The subject is noble, and Rollin is by no means equal to it."—*Stewart's Life of Robertson*, Sec. 2d.

† Napoleon, who had learned a lesson of scepticism from his own bulletins, was very incredulous about the brilliant period of Grecian history; asserting that there is a great deal of exaggeration in the vast numbers which Darius and Xerxes are said to have employed against this little spot. The result of the war, too, according to him, was any thing but decisive; Xerxes having returned in triumph, from the destruction of Athens; and the Greeks claiming the vic-

neither a profound scholar, nor a vigorous thinker, nor a man of delicate taste. He was simply a well-read man, of literary habits, who had been praised for his first book, and wanted to write another which should put him by the side of Robertson and Hume. And therefore, he wrote the history of Greece, which, for want of something better, was read and admired.*

Gillies had but just entered the field, when a rival appeared, formidable by his industry if not by his learning, and still more formidable by the vigor with which he applied the political passions of the day to the study of ancient parties. Of course we mean Mitford, who, in spite of his imperfect scholarship, his utter ignorance of the true spirit of antiquity, and his atrocious style, got possession of the ground, and held it, and diffused more error and prejudice with his four quartos than quartos ever diffused before. Of all the faults which have been laid at Gibbon's door, there is, bating his infidelity, none half so heinous, in our eyes, as his setting Mitford to write the history of Greece.†

Here, for a while, the study of Grecian history in England seemed to rest. Meanwhile great things were doing on the continent for the elucidation of all the questions connected with the private and public life of the Greeks. The Homeric question, originally started by Vico, in the second edition of the "*Scienza Nuova*," was revived in Germany, and discussed in all its bearings with that boldness of hypothesis and comprehensiveness of research, which form the most striking characteristics of German scholarship. Mythology, which is so closely interwoven with the earliest periods of Grecian history, and which, through art and poetry, exerted so wide and constant

tory, because they had not been utterly defeated. As to the details, we have nothing but Greek authority for them; and, in estimating that, we must not forget that the Greeks were vain and hyperbolic. And at the very same time, he was dictating those memoirs of his, so full of genius, eloquence, and mendacity.

* How well Gillies was qualified to write the history of Republics, may be seen by his dedication to the king: "The history of Greece exposes the dangerous turbulence of democracy, and arraigns the despotism of tyrants. By resisting the incurable evils inherent in every form of republican policy, it evinces the inestimable benefits, resulting to liberty itself, from the lawful dominion of hereditary kings, and the steady operation of well-directed monarchy." "There can not be," says Mr. Grote, in speaking of Mitford, who took the same view of Grecian democracy, "a more certain way of misinterpreting and distorting Grecian phenomena, than to read them in this spirit, which reverses the maxims both of prudence and morality, current in the ancient world."—V. Grote, Part II., chap. ix.

† Mitford's first volume appeared about the same time with that of Gillies, though the work was not completed till many years afterward. There is no more striking instance on record of the incorrectness of Johnson's assertion, that learning and industry are sufficient to make an historian.

an influence upon the enlargement and development of Grecian mind, was studied anew by the aid of more extensive analogies and a wiser philosophy. New inscriptions were discovered; new monuments brought to light; and though no addition was made to our catalogue of original historians, yet the light which was thrown upon those whom we already possessed, by the collation of manuscripts, and the accurate study of every important passage, was almost equivalent to the discovery of a whole library. And now; when we would study Greece, we have guides innumerable at every step. Leake and Gell, and others scarcely their inferiors, either in learning, or in the art of applying it, have explored the most interesting parts of Greece, measured distances, examined monuments, deciphered inscriptions, decided perplexing questions of topography, and given the historian the best of all guides—good maps and accurate descriptions. Wachsmuth and Hermann have collected every thing that has even a remote connection with the political antiquities of Greece, examined it with the critical skill of professed philologists, and given us in one connected view the basis of all that, after the loss of the great work of Aristotle, we shall probably ever know of its constitutional history. And without attempting an enumeration which would carry us too far from the immediate subject of our paper, we have a beautiful picture of the elements of Grecian life in Heeren; we have all that learning, industry, and critical acumen could tell us of the Dorians, in Mueller; we have Welcker for the Tragedians, and half a library for the Epics, and dissertations innumerable for the historians, and profound interpretations of art, and last of all, the sure guidance of comparative philology for the study of all those obscure questions of origin and race, which lie deep, but no longer hidden, in roots and inflexions.

We would gladly dwell a little longer upon this brilliant chapter in the progress of history. There is consolation and a strengthening power in the contemplation of these conquests of genius, guided by learning and faith; and we know of no better remedy for that repulsive skepticism which so long turned the lessons of history to nought, than the comparison of what was known of Greece a hundred and fifty years ago, and what we know of her now. We would begin with good old Rollin, whose name should never be pronounced without that veneration which is due to unostentatious virtue. We would take him in his quiet mansion in the Rue St. Jacques, with the little garden in the rear in which he used to walk up and down and read Plutarch. He shall have his Herodotus, and Xenophon, and Plutarch, and Thucy-

dides about him, fine old folios, with their stiff wooden backs overlaid with parchment, and in all of whom he devoutly believes. He is already sixty, and has but just set down to his task. And yet he loves it so, and hopes to do so much good by it, that no young enthusiast in the first freshness of his aspirations, ever worked more cheerfully. He tells us all that antiquity told him, and with such grace, and warmth, and beauty, that he draws out a letter of thanks from Frederic of Prussia, and compels even Voltaire to give him a place in the temple of taste.

ROLLIN.—“Donnant quelques leçons à la jeunesse,
Et quoi qu'en robe on l'écoutait.”

Then we will have Mably, with his consequential air, writing about the Greeks, with the same frigid style, but magisterial tone, with which he drew up a plan of government for Poland, and dissected the Constitution of the United States; and Denina tracing the history of Greece for a nation whose own republics were so much like hers in their glory and in their fall, but not with the same golden pen with which he had written the “*Rivoluzioni d'Italia*,” and when we have taken them all, French, German, English, and Italian, and examined them carefully one by one, we shall find that while the narrative of Grecian history, which the ancients had already related with such perfection, has been repeated in every variety of form, the fundamental questions of Grecian development are as much an enigma as ever. And now—but this brings us nearer to the immediate subject of our paper.

The first to give us in a connected view the results of this new study of “*Ancient Hellas*,” was the Bishop of St. David's, then simply Connop Thirlwall. Learning, accuracy, patient investigation, sound criticism, and good sense, are the characteristics of this work, which will always hold a high place in historical literature. The very first sentence, in which he acknowledges the close connection between man and the physical character of the country which he inhabits, shows from how high a point the new historian starts.* And you have only to compare his sixth chapter with the second chapter of Gillies, to see how thoroughly he has imbibed the spirit of modern criticism. Without entering into a minute examination of its literary merit, we would say that the style is clear, but not

* Not that this doctrine of the influence of climate is new; for Aristotle says, after contrasting the cold and courageous people of the North with the luxurious Asiatics: Τὸ δὲ τῶν Ἑλλήνων γένος, ὥσπερ μετέχει κατὰ τοῦ τόπου, οὕτως ἀμφοῖν μέγχει· καὶ γὰρ ἐνθύνον καὶ διανοητικὸν ἐστὶ. *Arist. Pol.*, L. VII., ch. vii. But it has never been applied, as it now is, to the interpretation of history.

graceful, simple but not precise, free from the pedantic stiffness of secluded scholarship, and aiming at simple exposition rather than glowing description or animated narrative; and without discussing the particular questions on which he differs from Grote, we would merely add, that with all his learning, industry, and critical skill, he has still left Grecian history incomplete, as the exponent of Grecian mind.

And herein consists the difference between him and his successor. Mr. Grote tells us that if Thirlwall's history had appeared a few years earlier, his own, probably, would never have been written; but adds, in the next sentence, that "at least, he should not have been prompted to the task by any deficiencies such as those which he had felt and regretted in Mitford." Still, his conception of Grecian history is so different, that even if he had had all Thirlwall's volumes before him when he first came to it, he would have felt that it was yet open ground for him. And this conception would seem to have been a natural consequence of the manner in which he was first led to the subject. For we must remember that he was not a professed scholar, casting about him for something to write upon, but a man engaged in absorbing questions of active life, and stealing from them, now and then, a few hours for literary indulgence. Accustomed to look upon the phenomena of life as questions that were to be met and explained, he felt that the phenomena of ancient society might be explained by the same principles. Thus, Grecian history presented itself to him as a phenomenon of singular interest in the philosophical study of mind. There was an originality in it which seemed to prove it an independent development, and a breadth of expansion which appeared to cover by anticipation the whole ground of occidental civilization. In many things it went so far that, even now, there is no surer test of success than to have made some approach toward the standard which it has left us. And in all things it displayed so much boldness and variety, and such unwearied activity of thought, that more than half of what philosophy and science have accomplished has been accomplished by following up the questions that were started by Grecian speculation more than two thousand years ago. And what is no less surprising, this unparalleled development was comprised within such narrow bounds, both of space and of time, that the whole territory scarcely extended beyond 42,000 square miles, and the whole period of its active existence scarcely fills three centuries.* Therefore, in the history of the human mind, Grecian history presents itself, as a whole, equally remarkable for its unity and its

* See from Solon to the end of the age of Alexander.

variety, and containing within itself all that is required for the study of the most complex phenomena of life. Conceiving it as a whole, the facts of its existence become either causes or consequences, formative elements or logical combinations; and, when collected and arranged, you have no longer an archæological enumeration, but a drama full of life and movement, mysterious still in many scenes, as human life must always be, but giving every element its due place, and bringing out the action even where it fails to reveal the motive. That such was Mr. Grote's conception of his subject, we believe every candid reader will allow.

There are two ways of examining an historical work, each, perhaps, equally satisfactory to the reader, but requiring very different qualifications in the writer. The first is, by a careful examination of the whole with the original authorities before you—a task for which we humbly confess our incompetence. To examine Mr. Grote's history, text in hand, would require a learning as extensive and as varied as his own. Single points any good scholar may discuss; but it is not by single passages that a work like this can be judged.

The second mode of examination is confined to the results of the work, the new views, explanations, and ideas which it contains; and this we believe to be, in most cases, the most useful of the two. We shall confine ourselves, therefore, in the following pages to an enumeration of some of the points in which Mr. Grote differs from his predecessors.

We have already said that Mr. Grote had conceived Grecian history as a whole, or, in other words, as a complete and definite manifestation of Grecian mind. The first point in which he differs from former historians is both a consequence of this mode of viewing his subject, and an illustration of the importance of it. Grecian mythology has always been a sad stumbling-block for the historian. Believe it you can not. Reject it, and half the characteristics of Grecian life are inexplicable. Analyze it, and distinguish the true from the false; but this has been tried again and again, from Thucydides downward, and always with the same result. The improbable speaks for itself. But by what test will you distinguish positive truth from probable fiction? For Gillies, the Argonautic expedition is an event "disfigured by many romantic fictions," but the real "object of which may be discovered by its consequences."* Even

* "The real object of the expedition may be discovered by its consequences. The Argonauts fought, conquered, and plundered; they settled a colony on the shores of the Euxine, &c., &c. Notwithstanding many romantic fictions that disfigure the story of the Argonauts, their undertaking appears to have been attended with considerable and happy effects on the manners and character of the Greeks."—Gillies, chap. i.

Thirlwall, while he rejects the story itself, believes that it "must have had an historical foundation in some real voyages and adventures, without which it could scarcely have arisen at all, and could never have become so generally current as to be little inferior in celebrity to the tale of Troy itself."*

But there is nothing intrinsically more improbable in the story of the Argonauts than in half the adventures of the heroic age, and no evidence of an historical origin in its diffusion and universal acceptance, which may not be applied with equal propriety to the adventures of Apollo and Jupiter, and the whole assembly of Olympus. Weed out unquestionable fictions and sift apparent probabilities with never so bold a hand, and you will still find yourself as far as ever from an historical foothold.

The "Notitia Urbis," one of those old guide-books which were prepared for the use of Roman pilgrims in the middle ages, tells us that in the citadel, on the capitol, there was a palace almost all of gold and precious stones. And in the palace there were as many statues as there were provinces in the whole world, and each statue had a magical bell about its neck. Now, when a rebellion broke out in any province of the empire, the statue of that province turned of its own accord toward that quarter where the province lay; and then the bell rang, and the priest announced the rebellion to the senate." Shall we analyze this legend, and try to find an historical basis for it? It was a current story once, and firmly believed in by thousands of pilgrims. Now, it is well known that one of the first things the Romans did, when they added a new province to the empire, was to open a military road between it and some other great road, all of which were connected with Rome, and began to count their distances from a common starting-point, the "Milliarium Aureum," at the foot of the capitol. The foundations of this old monument are still standing, a conical piece of brick work, close to the Rostrum, and almost touching the arch of Septimius Severus. Will not the *aureum* in this case account for the gold and jewels of the legends as well as the particles of gold which were washed down by the mountain streams of Colchis, and caught on pieces of wood by the natives, for the Golden Fleece? And is there not a very remarkable coincidence between this appearance of all the provinces in the legend and the historical fact of the connection between the *milliarium aureum* itself and the provinces?

Risum teneatis, amici?

Yet these legends had taken so strong a hold on the Greek

* V. Thirlwall's Greece, ch. 8, p. 165. London ed. of 1845.

mind, that not only all its imaginative productions are filled with them, but their influence was manifested in public and private acts of great importance. The Spartan kings in time of war always offered their morning sacrifice to Jupiter before sunrise: *προλαμβάνειν βελλόμενος τὴν τῷ θεῷ εὐνοίαν*. If we had lost the Homeric poems, as we have lost so many other works that might have given us a clearer insight into the belief and habits of the Greeks, we should never have known the real origin of this custom. But now we have only to recall the closing lines of the first book of the Iliad, and the forty-eighth and forty-ninth of the second,* to conceive Jupiter, as the Greek did, laying himself down at evening upon his golden couch, and awaking at early dawn at the summons of Aurora.

Therefore, no Grecian history can be called complete which does not start from legendary Greece as the forerunner and modifier of historical Greece. And it is one of the great and original merits of Mr. Grote, that instead of sending the reader to his mythology for the gods and heroes, he has given us the legends themselves with the modifications which they received at the hands of poets, priests, and logographers. He treats them as early products of the Greek mind, and essential elements in its subsequent development. They are the links which connected the living Greek with a past, which, all mysterious as it is for us, was infinitely more so for him. They are not the history of facts; for there is no possible process by which you can give them an historical foundation. But they are the history of mind; for they are the immediate product of imagination, in its effort to explain the present by means of a past adapted to its wants.

The history of Greek legend itself is one of the most interesting and instructive chapters in the history of mind. Of the period of its origin we know nothing; but we know that there is an epoch in the development of mind, when men are as curious as they are credulous. Their observation is limited to their daily wants, which do not yet extend far enough to excite discussion or doubt. There is no room for the growth of scientific curiosity, but a constant demand for excitement in some form or other. They hunt, they fight, they invent games, and live like children, who play till they are tired, and then sit

* Ζεὺς δὲ πρὸς ὃν λέγος ἦν Ὀλύμπιος ὑστεροππητῆς,

Ἐνθα πάρος κοιμᾶτο, ὅτε μιν γλυκὺς ὕπνος ἰκάνοι.

Ἐνθα κἀνδ' ἀναβᾷ, &c.—Il. i. 609.

Ἦδ' ὅς μιν ῥά θεὸς προσεβήσατο μακρὸν Ὀλυμπον,

Ζῆνι φῶς ἐρέουσα καὶ ἄλλοις ἀθανάτοισιν.—Il. ii. 48, 49.

Therefore, the first to present his petition in the morning was the most likely to obtain a favorable hearing; which seems to have been Homer's opinion, who makes Thetis choose morning for her own prayer, (v. L. i. v. 497.)

down to tell stories. Did any of our readers ever have an elder brother, or a companion a little older than himself for a bed-fellow in the story-loving period? If he did, he will readily recall many mornings when his first word at waking was, "Do go on with that story." And if he could recall, at the same time, the exact state of mind with which he listened, he would perceive that the last thing he thought of was, whether it was true or not. It was a story; it amused, instructed, excited him, satisfied a natural craving, and that was all that he asked for.

Of the invention of the story itself we know nothing. It is the mystery of genius, and as great a secret to the inventor as to his hearers. Put a dozen children in a room together on a rainy day. For the first ten minutes or so, they will all talk together, and each of them try to set on foot some favorite game of his own. But, before the hour is out, one will have taken the lead so decidedly that at least eight of the remaining eleven will fall in with every thing that he proposes. You call this strength of will, and explain grave facts by means of it; but you confess, too, that the secret of its origin lies in a natural distinction which has never yet been accounted for.

Now, instead of this strength of will, give your boy a ready utterance and vivid imagination; and we all know that there have been hundreds of examples of both. Every school has its story-teller, the filler-up of languid hours; the one to fall back upon when the weather keeps boys within doors, or they are tired with mereplay. The group around him is an embryo of that which Thorwaldsen has drawn around his Homer: minds hungering after excitement, and yielding themselves up to their emotions with a delightful consciousness of satisfied want. Yet a few years and they will look back upon their credulity with wonder; and when they see other boys going through the same experience, laugh at them for it, and try to make them wise before their time. They have been growing, meanwhile; and for most men the hardest task that you can set them, is to go back to some state of mind that they have outgrown.

Our illustration may not be quite as dignified as our subject demands; and yet it comes nearer to the truth than any other that can be given; for it corresponds to a known fact of national as well as individual experience, and explains phenomena which can not be explained in any other way.

Take, then, this infancy of Greece with all the characteristics of Grecian mind, its energy, its restless activity, its exuberant invention, its delicate sense of the beautiful, its eager graspings at every form of knowledge and bold launchings into every sea of

speculation—take all these in their germ, and give them nothing but an imagination in full flow, and a faith as yet entangled in credulity, to guide them in the study of an uninterpreted nature and a traditional past. The result is perfectly natural: wild, incongruous, fascinating tales, in which the human type is wrought out into every possible variety of form, and the daily aspects of physical life subjected to the laws of human passion.

It is difficult for us, in this age of scientific inquiry, to understand how such stories could ever have obtained a hold upon the convictions of men, fascinating as they are for the imagination. But the production of them was an act of that kind of power to which delicate and imaginative minds yield themselves up most readily. The poet, the creator—for the word had as yet no other meaning—was a chosen instrument of the muse, a mysterious agency, who moulded his mind according to her own will, and made him the medium through which she told less favored mortals all that it was fitting for them to know concerning the gods and those men of an earlier age who were so like to the gods in strength and power. When the poet had tuned his lyre and struck the first note of his prelude, he called upon the muse to descend and guide his song. The invocation was a simple—*αἰεὶ θεά*—sing, Goddess—but it was the simplicity of an earnest feeling which his auditors shared with him; and it is easy to conceive, that as the hands which at first wandered doubtfully over the chords, began to call forth firmer tones, and the verse to flow freely, he may have confounded the glow of his own imagination with the suggestions of the goddess. And what the goddess had revealed, it would have been impious to doubt.

There must have been something very grand about a man pouring forth as from some mysterious source, such verses as those of the *Iliad*, in a tone between recitative and declamative, modulating his voice by the varied cadences of his lyre, and feeling all the while that he was speaking from the immediate suggestion of a divinity. If even the coldest temperaments are more or less excited by eloquence, what must have been the effect of this combination of poetry and music upon men of delicate organizations, who had not yet learned to look beyond those oral revelations of the muse for the gratification of their intellectual wants?

Some idea, though of course a very imperfect one, may be formed of it, by that of an Improvisatore upon an audience, by so much the less easy to move, as it regards merely as a pastime what for the other was an imperious necessity. As for ourselves, we shall never forget the feelings with which we first

listened to one of these singular beings. It was of an evening, in one of those grand old halls of a Roman palace, which the light can never illuminate so thoroughly but that something of dimness will still linger about it. There were statues looking down upon you from their silent niches; there was a touching story painted on the frescoes of the ceiling by hands that ceased from their labors two hundred years ago; there was a thronging through the broad doorway, of men and women from many lands; and when the hour struck, and all were seated, a young woman, in a simple, white dress, with a few roses wreathed in her hair, came forward with an air of modest dignity to the front of the little platform, and read from slips that had been thrown into an urn, the subjects which had been proposed for the evening's entertainment. The first that was chosen was "Christ's Lamentation over Jerusalem," and as soon as the choice was made, her sister began a low and solemn prelude on the piano, the poetess pausing meanwhile as if to collect her thoughts. In a few moments, she began slowly, with a slight tremor in her voice, like the trembling of a delicate harp-string, but a tremor which carried a thrill with it, for it was rather of feeling for her art, than of fear for herself. The cadence was a recitative in its movement, skillfully adapted to the accompaniment, rather than governed by it. By degrees she began to warm with her subject. The verse came more freely, and thoughts and images began to crowd upon her. You could see that the conception was becoming clearer, and the picture more distinct in her mind, and could almost trace the progress of it by the glow of her cheek, the heaving of her bosom, and the increasing warmth of her gesture. Soon her whole frame was excited. She moved backward and forward on the platform, with her head raised, her full, black eye dilated and fixed upon distance as if it saw something there that was hidden from the rest of us; and her voice, which had lost all its tremor, rose at times above the instrument, and then again softening and sinking its tone, blended with it in a deep and pathetic flow, that seemed a gushing of the heart itself.

We had gone there with something more than scepticism, and others with us; but before the first piece was half finished, the blood was tingling in our veins, and it was not till long afterward, and after many a deep-drawn breath of northern air, that we again ventured to call in question the gift of the "Improvvisatore."

We are afraid, that in our attempt to illustrate our subject, we may have wandered a little too far, and will try, therefore, to come back by a short turn. We were speaking, the reader may have forgotten it, of the history of Greek Le-

gend. Its origin, then, is genius called into activity by a feeling common to the childhood both of men and nations. The poet creates, and his creations are in harmony with the feelings of his audience. The audience accepting his ideas, is gradually moulded by them, and the stories which he relates concerning gods and heroes, insensibly become blended in the minds of men, as theological dogmas and historical records. There may be some foundation for them in fact, and there may not. They belong to a period so far anterior to the birth of real history, that they can never be any thing for us but poetry and mythology. The principle of probability proves nothing, or proves too much; for there is not an occurrence in any well-planned novel, that might not be shown to be historical by precisely the same process. Destroy every other record, and there would be nothing to show that *Ivanhoe* was not a true history.

Legend, once created, will naturally be expanded, modified, and recast by the poets of every successive age; the leading ideas continuing the same, while additions of every kind are made to meet the wants of new auditors or express the conceptions of new poets. At last, men begin to take note of passing events, and record them for posterity. Monuments and inscriptions gradually expand into history, and when, after a certain lapse of time, thinking men, looking back upon the past, find what assumes to be the memory of it, preserved partly in poems, and partly in real history, they accept it all as a record of actual occurrences, mingled with errors, which can easily be separated from it by the common laws of criticism. The great figures remain. The narrative still begins from heaven and the age when the gods descended upon earth in free intercourse with favored men. Heroes stand ever at the threshold, guarding it like the magic figures at the gates of enchanted castles. They give names to races, and cities, and countries, and are so interwoven with the origin of every thing, that to remove them entirely would leave every thing without a beginning. But particular acts can be struck out and contradictory attributes cut off, and something like an air of probability given to the wildest legend: a process which gives us as the result of much acuteness and great labor, not a real history, but mythology transformed.

Knowledge of another kind, equally opposed to the teachings of the myths, keeps pace with this development of the historical sense. Men begin to observe the phenomena of nature, and reason about their observations. They no longer see Apollo's golden locks in the sun-beams, or the sterner figure of Neptune amid the waves. The nymphs gradually disappear from the

woods and fountains, and the phenomena of nature, though still as mysterious as ever, are resolved into general laws.

This awakening of the scientific sense gives rise, like that of the historical, to a new class of teachers: men who collect facts and reason about them; and from their reasoning spring new doctrines of the laws of nature, in open contradiction with those which had been taught by the poets and universally accepted by their hearers. But these doctrines were not suited to the common mind, which still clung tenaciously to those beautiful personifications of the powers of nature, which harmonize so well with the warm imaginations of an early age. The poets were still the teachers of the crowd, while philosophers found faith with the few who dared to think for themselves. And thus philosophy became an object of suspicion, because it was opposed to principles hallowed by time and interwoven with the daily life and pleasures of the nation. If there was no such divinity as Minerva, the worship of her temple was an idle mummary, and the games and festivals that had been celebrated in her honor from the earliest times, lost that sanctity which had given dignity to trifles. Science was equally opposed to all those feelings which have their origin in the traditions, belief, and cherished pastimes of the people.

Thus we arrive at a period in which the belief of the people and the belief of cultivated men is at open variance upon the great points of theology, history, and natural science—the popular belief resting upon poetry, religion and art; the belief of cultivated men upon schools of philosophy, differing from each other almost as much as they differed from the common creed. And thus, too, we find religion transformed into a mere instrument of state policy, surrounded with all the ordinary tokens of veneration, but utterly useless as a means of individual and private culture. The poets still draw their subjects from the heroic past; and art multiplies the statues of gods and goddesses, of every rank and degree. Local monuments keep alive in the popular mind the veneration of local deities; and public rites and games, connecting the present with the past, preserve the primitive doctrines in their most impressive and attractive forms. Here and there, too, we find amid the crowd a man like Xenophon, whose pious nature still clings to things which bolder hearts have cast aside, and finds comfort and strength in sacrifices and dreams. But for the most part, society is divided into two classes—the men who, with various shades of belief, still receive their religion and science from the elder poets, and the men who are equally diversified in their skepticism, discuss and theorise upon all the questions of the moral and physical world.

In this discussion of doctrines, the doctrines of mythology necessarily fill an important place. Every inquiry into the phenomena of nature necessarily leads to an examination of the origin of the universe and the truth or falsehood of an original creating and governing power. Various explanations are found for the popular belief, and recondite wisdom discovered in the wildest creations of imagination. Jupiter becomes a type and symbol; Juno vanishes in the purer ether; all Olympus resolves itself into the ever-active powers of an unconscious nature; and man, who had originally made himself a world of invisible agencies after his own heart, remoulds it anew by the measure of his enlarged knowledge and juster conceptions.

And thus we have :

1. The *poets*, creating, inventing, teaching, and every where finding ready acceptance, because their teachings were in harmony with the feelings and belief of their auditors.

2. *Longographs*, arranging the fables of the poets into regular narratives, pruned, clipped, and compressed into partial consistency.

3. *Historians*, extending to an unhistorical age the critical canons of their own, accepting fables and explaining them by natural causes.

4. *Philosophers*, examining, discussing, overturning, and laying open the field of human inquiry in all its length and breadth.

5. And, finally, symbolizing interpreters of the past, who discover treasures of wisdom in the fables of the olden time, and think that they have interpreted antiquity when they transfer to a remote age the science and arts of their own.

And keeping this distinction ever present to our minds, we can easily see that the nearer men came to the truth, both with regard to the Deity and the physical world, the surer they were to be looked upon as pious innovators. We can explain the condemnation of Anaxagoras even independently of his connection with Pericles; we can understand the position of Socrates; we can conceive how ardent minds, yearning for the truth, but with no fixed point to start from, may have wandered from doubt to doubt through years of earnest inquiry : we can appreciate, in a word, that singular compound of earnestness and frivolity, scepticism and devotion, heroic virtue and abject meanness, keen penetration and blind credulity, quick perception of beauty, lively sense of moral excellence, devotion to a friend, to country, to a great duty, and a moral degradation, which would seem to have corrupted, beyond redemption, the spring of every pure thought and noble action. But here, for

the present, we shall stop ; reserving to another number the consideration of other points which distinguish Mr. Grote's work, his views of the legislation of Lycurgus, of Athenian democracy, of the ostracism, of which he was the first to give the true explanation, and his admirable chapter upon Socrates and the sophists.

PRIESTS—THEIR VARIOUS ORDERS.

PRIESTS may be divided into the ascetic, the jovial, the belligerent, the finical, the shrewd, and the ingenuous. The "oily man of God" described by Pope, Scott's Covenanter, and Friar Tuck, the disinterested Vicar of Fielding, Shakespeare's good friars and ambitious cardinals, Mawworm, Mrs. Inchbald's Dorimel, the gentle hero of the Sexton's Daughter, Manzoni's Prelate and Capuchin, and Mrs. Radcliffe's Monks, are genuine and permanent types, only modified by circumstances. All that is subtle in artifice, all that is relentless in the love of power, all that is exalted in spiritual graces, all that is base in cunning, glorious in self-sacrifice, beautiful in compassion, and noble in allegiance, has been and is manifest in the priest. He is at once the author of the worst tyranny and the grandest amenities of social life. The traveller on Alpine summits blesses the name of St. Bernard, and descends to Geneva to shudder at the bigoted ferocity of Calvin. The picture of the good pastor in the *Deserted Village*, and Ranke's *Lives of the Popes*, give us the two extremes of the character. The spiritual heroism of Luther, the religious gloom of Cowper, and the cheerful devotion of Watts, are but varied expressions of one feeling, which, according to the frail conditions of humanity, has its healthy and its morbid phase, its authentic and its spurious exposition, and is no more to be confounded in its original essence, with its imperfect development and representatives, than the pure light of heaven with the accidental mediums which color and distort its rays.

The *prestige* of the clerical office is greatly diminished because many of its prerogatives are no longer exclusive. The clergy, at a former period, were the chief scholars ; learning was not less their distinction than sanctity. In every intelligent community, this source of influence is now shared with men of letters ; and even the once peculiar office of public instruction, is now filled by the lecturer, who takes an evening from the avocations of business or professional life, to claim intellectual

sympathy or impart individual opinions. But the great agent in breaking up the monopoly of the Pulpit has been the Press. Written has in a great measure superseded oral thought. Half the world are readers, and the necessity of hearing no longer exists to those desirous of knowledge. The sermons of the old English divines abound with classical learning and comments on the times, such as are now sought in periodical literature. In Latimer, Andrews, and Donne, we find such hints of the prevailing manners as subsequently were revealed by the Spectator. The philosophy of antiquity and the morals of courts, the facts of distant climes, all that we now seek in popular books and the best journals, came to the minds of our ancestors through the discourses of preachers. American ministers, prior to and at the era of the Revolution, were the expositors of political as well as religious sentiments. Independent of the priestly rites, therefore, a clergyman, in past times, represented social transitions, and ministered to intellectual wants, for which we of this age have adequate provision otherwise; so that the most zealous advocate of reform, doctrine, or ethical philosophy, is no longer obliged to have recourse to the sacerdotal office, in order to reach the public mind. This apparent diminution of the privileges of the order, however, does not invalidate but rather simplifies its claims. In this as in so many other functions of the social economy, progress has the effect of reducing to its original elements the duties and the influence of the profession. Education, once their special responsibility, and popular enlightenment on the questions of the hour, being assumed by others, the priest is free to concentrate his abilities on theology and the religious sentiment. Division of labor gives him a better opportunity to be "clear in his great office." It is reduced to its normal state. Except in isolated and newly-settled communities, there is not that incessant appeal to his benevolence and erudition; to heal the sick, reconcile litigants, argue civic questions, teach the elements of science, promote charities; in a word, to be the village orator and social oracle, are not the indispensable requisites of a clergyman's duty which they were before the Newspaper and the Lyceum existed. He is, therefore, at liberty to imitate the apostles of Christianity and the fathers of the Church, and bring all his power to awaken devotion and faith, and all his learning to the defence of sacred truth. That the time and capacity of the profession is diffused, and the sympathy of its members enlisted in behalf of other than these aims, is, indeed, true; but this is a voluntary and not an inevitable result, and only proves that the spirit of the age overlays instead of being penetrated and ruled by the priestly office.

After the Reformation, the priestly office lost its specialty; the right to exercise it was no longer peculiar; and in all societies and epochs, when a great activity of the religious sentiment, or an earnest discussion of questions of faith prevailed, men prayed, sermonized, commented on Scripture, and mingled all the duties of the clerical vocation with their own pursuits. Thus the English statesmen of Cromwell's time were versed in divinity, exhorted, and published tracts in behalf of their creeds. Theology was a popular study; and the kingdom swarmed with lay preachers. Sects, too, repudiated official leaders; and even among the Pilgrim Fathers of New-England, ministers betrayed a jealousy of encroachments on the part of their unconsecrated brethren. Many Christians also recognized spiritual gifts as the exclusive credentials of a priesthood. Church not less than State prerogatives were challenged by republican zeal; and the historical authority of the order being thus openly invaded, a new and more rational test was soon applied, and priests, like kings, were made amenable to the tribunal of public opinion, and obliged to rest their claims on other than traditional or educational authority.

The tendency of all the so-called liberal professions is to limit and pervert the development of character, by giving to knowledge a technical shape, and to thought a prescriptive action. Conformity to a specific method is unfavorable to original results, and organization often does injustice to its subjects. Only the strong men, the brave and the highly endowed, rise above such restrictions. It is a kind of social necessity alone which reconciles the man of scientific genius to seek the passport of a medical diploma,—the logician to exert his mind exclusively before a legal tribunal, and the votary of religious truth to sign a creed and become responsible to a congregation. How constantly each breaks away from his respective sphere to expatiate in the broad kingdom of letters! Would Humboldt have written the *Cosmos* had his life been confined to a laboratory, or a round of medical practice? Would Burke have theorized in so comprehensive a range, if chained to an attorney's desk, or Sir Henry Vane's martyrdom acquired a holier sanction from the mere title of priest?

At the first glance, so distinct are the phases of the office that it is difficult to realize its identity. The ideal of a village pastor like Oberlin, self-devoted, in a secluded district, to the most pure and benevolent enterprise,—the life of a Jesuit missionary in Canada or Peru, who seems to incarnate the fiery zeal of the Church he represents,—the complacent bishop of the Establishment, listlessly going through a prescribed form, and his very person embodying worldly prosperity; and the inelegant but

earnest Methodist swaying the multitude at a camp-meeting in the wilds of America,—consider the vast contrast of the pictures: the dark robe, lonely existence, and subtle eye of the Catholic; the simple, friendly, conscientious toil of the poor vicar; the scholarship and good dinners of the English bishop; the cathedral decked with the trophies of art, and fields lit up by watch-fires; the silence of the Quaker assembly, and the loud harangue and frantic moans of the “revival;” the solemn refinement of the Episcopal, the intellectual zeal of the Unitarian, and the gorgeous rites of the Catholic worship; and an uninformed spectator, to whom each was a novelty, would imagine that a totally diverse principle was at work. To the philosophic eye, the ceremonies, organization, costume, rites, and even creeds of Christian sects, are but the varied manifestations of a common instinct, more or less mingled with other human qualities, and influenced in its development by time and place. Traced back to its source, and separated from incidental association, we find a natural sentiment of religion which is represented in social economy by the priest. Simple as was the original relation between the two, however, in the process of time it has become so complicated that it now requires no ordinary analytical power to divest the idea of the Priest from history, and that of religion from the Church, so as to perceive both as facts of human nature instead of parts of the machinery of civilized life. To do this, indeed, we look inward, and derive from consciousness the great idea of a religious sentiment; and then ask ourselves how far it is justly represented in the institutions of the Church and the persons of her ministers. Let this process to be tried by a man of high endowments, genuine aspirations, and noble sympathies, and what is the result? “Milton,” says Dr. Johnson, in his life of that poet, “grew old without any visible worship,” a phrase which, considering the superstition of the writer, and the exalted devotional sentiment of the subject, has, to our minds, a most pathetic significance. It tacitly admits that Milton worshipped his Maker; it brings him before us in a venerable aspect, at the time when he was blind, proscribed, and indigent; we recall his image at the organ, and seem to catch the symphonies of *Paradise Lost* and the *Hymn on the Nativity*; and yet we are told by the greatest votary of religious forms and profession among English literary men—one who was oppressed by the sense of religious truth, and a slave to Church requirements, that, in his old age, the reverential bard had no “visible worship.” It is an admission of great moment; it is a fact infinitely suggestive. Why did not Milton practically recognize any organized church, or publicly enact any prescribed form? Not altogether because he

had tasted of persecution, and been driven, by the force of individual opinion, away from popular rites; but also, and to a far greater degree, because he had so fully experienced within himself, the force and scope of the religious sentiment, and found in its prevalent representation, not an incitement, but a hindrance to its exercise. In the patriarchal age, the head of a family was its priest; and, in all ages, the true and complete man feels a personal interest and responsibility, a direct and entire relation to his Creator, that will not suffer interference any more than genuine conjugal or parental ties. The so-called progress of society has rendered its functions more complex, and broken up this simple and natural identity between the offices of devotion and those of paternity. It has not only made the priestly office distinct and apart from domestic life, but shorn it of glory by the cumbrous details of a hierarchy and badges of exclusiveness; and lessened its sanctity by changing the grand and holy function of a spiritual medium and expositor into a professional business and special pleading. What are the majority of priests but the employées of a sect? And so regarded, how is it possible to rejoice "in the plain presence of their dignity"? Pledged to the advocacy of certain tenets, his respectability and livelihood identified with the favor and support of a congregation, restrained by public opinion from natural behavior, and the same liberty of speech and action as his fellows, chained to a round of duties which it is utterly impossible he should fulfill with that entire sympathy essential to their legitimate end,—the position of the priest is artificial, and the consequence is, that he is often either hypocritical or depressed. By virtue of a buoyant temperament, he may shake off or rise above these conditions; but exactly in proportion to his manly qualities is his painful sense of a false relation to life. The consciousness of a peculiar office struggles with the instincts of an honest soul. The incongruity of working in such a vocation for hire,—the mockery of attempting to enter sincerely into the grief of the bereaved over the corpse of the beloved dead, and, within the hour, exchange salutations with the gay bride at the altar—hallowing both occasions with prayer; and, above all, the sense of inexplicable mystery in life, of the presumption of attempting to explain it, and of the immense disproportion between what custom obliges the tongue to utter, and any adequate realization of it in the heart and life—these and such as these considerations, weigh upon the heart of the priest, if not devoid of sensibility. Called upon by a thoroughly earnest soul in its deep perplexity and agonizing bewilderment, what can he do but repeat the common-places of his office? How instantly is he reduced to the level of other men when brought into contact

with a human reality! The voice of true sympathy, though from ignorant lips; the grasp of honest affection, though from unconsecrated hands, yield more of the balm of consolation in such an hour, because they are real, human, and therefore nearer to God, than the technical representative of his truth. The essential mistake is, that instead of regarding the man as something divine in essence and relation, a perverse theology assigns that quality to the priest. It is what is grafted upon, not what is essential to humanity, that is thus made the nucleus of reverence and hope, whereas priesthood and manhood are identical. The authority of the former is derived from the latter; by virtue of being men we become priests, that is, servants of the Most High; and not through any miraculous anointing, laying on of hands, courses of divinity or rites of ordination. Accordingly, if priests of the Church, as such, hold a less influential position now than formerly, it is not because the instinct of worship has died out in the human heart, nor because men feel less than before the need of interpreters of the true, the holy, and the beautiful; it is not that the mysteries of life are less impressive, or its vicissitudes less constant, or its origin and end less enveloped in sacred obscurity; but it is because more legitimate priests have been found out of the Church than in it; because that institution and its ministers fail to meet adequately the wants of the religious sentiment; and it has been discovered that the Invisible Spirit is more easily found by the lonely sea-shore than in the magnificent cathedral; that the mountain-top is an altar nearer to His throne than a chancel; and that the rustle of forest-leaves and the moaning of the sea less disturb the idea of his presence in the devout heart, than the monotonous chant of the choir, or the conventional words of the preacher.

The absolute need of thus separating in our minds the idea of the priest as a natural development of humanity—a normal phase of character, from the historical idea of the same personage, is at once evinced by the immense distance between the lives, influence, and traits of the men who have conspicuously borne the office in different sects, ages, and countries; as for instance, Ximenes, Wolsey, Richelieu, Whitfield, Channing, George Herbert, and Dr. Arnold; in position, habits, and relations to the world, how great the contrast! And yet each represented to society, in a professional way, the same principle; the former with all the pomp of hierarchal magnificence, and all the influence of executive power, and the latter by the force of patient usefulness, earnest simplicity, and individual moral energy. Between Puritan and Pope what infinite grades; between Jewish rabbi and Scotch elder how diverse is

the traditional sanction ; and how little would a novice imagine that the bare walls and plain costume of a Friend's meeting had the least of a common origin with the gorgeous decorations of a minster ! Thus do the passions, the tastes, and the very blood of races and individuals modify the expression of the same instinct ; worship is as Protean in its forms as labor, diversion, hygiene, or any other human need and activity. Philosophy reconciles us to the apparent incongruity, and reveals beneath surplice, drab-coat, and silken robe, hearts that pulsate to an identical measure.

To the reverent mind that dares to exercise freely the prerogative of thought, the constant blending of human infirmity with the method of worship is painfully evident : the instinct itself, the sentiment—highest in man—is thus “sicklied o’er with the pale cast of thought ;” what is beautiful and true in the ceremonial or the emblem, arrays itself to his consciousness so as to intercept the holy beams that he would draw from the altar. Let him obey the waves of accident and pause at shrines by the wayside ; and according to circumstances will be the inspiration they yield. Thus turning from the gay Parisian thoroughfare, at noon-day, he may pace the chaste aisles of the Madeleine, and feel his devotion stirred by the solemn quietude, the few kneeling figures—perhaps by the dark catafalque awaiting the dead in the centre of the spacious floor ; and then what to him is the doctrine of transubstantiation ? Religious architecture is speaking to his heart. The voices of the choristers at St. George’s Chapel, at Windsor, may touch his pious sensibility, but if his thoughts revert to the ruddy dean, his good dinners, and idle life, and the poor, toilsome canons, which make the Establishment a reflection of the world’s diversity of condition—the pampered and the drudged ; or, if he notes the prayer that the Queen may be preserved “in health and *wealth*,” how sanctity ceases to invest the priest and the ritual, thus typical of human vanity and selfishness !

There are types of character that prophesy vocation, and we occasionally see in families a gentle being, so disinterested, thoughtful, and above the world in natural disposition, that he seems born to wear a surplice, as one we can behold officiating at the altar by virtue of a certain innate adaptation ; and so there are men of strong affections, early bereft, and thereby alienated from personal motives, and thus peculiarly able to give an undivided heart to God and humanity ; or through a singular moral experience, initiated more deeply than their fellows into the arcana of truth, and hence justified in becoming her expositors. In cases like these, a more than conventional reason for the faith that is in them, causes them to

speak and act with an authority which is its own sanction, and hence springs what is vital both in the life and the literature of the visible Church. Sacerdotal biography, the achievements of the true reformer, the literary bequests of the genuine pulpit orator, and the results of efficient parochial genius, attest the reality of such characters; they are of Nature's ordaining, and sectarianism itself is lost sight of in their universal and grateful recognition—as witness St. Augustine, Fenelon, Luther, Wesley, and Fox. Landmarks in the history of our race, oases in the desert of theological controversy, flowers in the garland of humanity, they “vindicate the ways of God to man,” and are the redeeming facts of ecclesiastical sway. Above the system they illustrate, beyond the limits they designate, and providential exceptions to a general rule, we instinctively accept them as holding a relation to the religious sentiment and the highest interests of the world that only a profane imagination can associate with the pretensions of the thousands who claim their fraternity.

Dupuytren was the most celebrated French surgeon of his day; he was destitute of faith, and by his powerful mind and brusque hardihood, overcame the individuality of almost every one who approached him. One day a poor *curé* from some village near Paris called upon the great surgeon. Dupuytren was struck with his manly beauty and noble presence, but examined, with his usual nonchalance, the patient's neck, disfigured by a horrible cancer. “*Avec cela, il faut mourir,*” said the surgeon. “So I thought,” calmly replied the priest; “I expected the disease was fatal, and only came to you to please my parishioners.” He then unfolded a bit of paper and took from it a five-franc piece, which he handed to Dupuytren, saying: “Pardou, sir, the little fee, for we are poor.” The serene dignity and holy self-possession of this man, about to die in the prime of his life, impressed the stoical surgeon in spite of himself, though his manner betrayed neither surprise nor interest. Before the *curé* had descended half the staircase, he was called back by a servant. “If you choose to try an operation,” said Dupuytren, “go to the Hotel Dieu, I will see you to-morrow.” “It is my duty to make use of all means of recovery,” replied the *curé*, “I will go.” The next day, the surgeon cut away remorselessly at the priest's neck, laying bare tendons and arteries. It was before the days of chloroform, and, unsustained by any opiate, the poor *curé* suffered with uncomplaining heroism. He did not even wince. Dupuytren respected his courage; and every day lingered longer at his bed-side, when making the rounds of the hospital. In a few weeks the *curé* recovered. A year after the operation, he made his appearance in the *salon* of the great professor with a neat basket containing pears and

chickens. "Monsieur," he said, "it is the anniversary of the day when your skill saved my life; accept this humble gift; the pears and chickens are better than you can find in Paris; they are of my own raising." Each succeeding year, on the same day of the month, the honest priest brought his grateful offering. At length Dupuytren was taken ill, and the physicians declared his heart diseased. He shut himself up with his favorite nephew and refused to see his friends. One day he wrote on a slip of paper, "*Le medecin a besoin du curé*," and sent it to the village priest, who quickly obeyed the summons. He remained for hours in the dying surgeon's chamber; and when he came forth, tears were in his eyes, and Dupuytren was no more. How easy for the imagination to fill up this outline, which is all that was vouchsafed to Parisian gossip.

Whoever has gone from Roman church or palace—his soul yet warm with the radiant figures and divine expression of saints and martyrs as depicted by the inspired hands of the Christian artists of the fifteenth century—into the gloomy and damp catacombs, where the early disciples met in order to enjoy "freedom to worship God," must have felt at once the solemn reality and the beautiful triumph of faith, in its unperverted glow—on the one hand nerving the believer to cheerful endurance, and on the other kindling genius to noble toil; and, before this fresh conviction, how vain appeared to him the unmechanical rite and the cold response of familiar worship! The truth is that the history of religion is like the history of love; a natural and divine sentiment has been wrested into illegitimate service; the priest, like the wanton and the coquette, abuses to selfish ends what should either be honorably let alone or sacredly cherished. This process, at once so habitual and so intricate—working through formulas, tradition, appeals to fear, the power of custom, the imperative needs and the ignorant credulity of the multitude—has gradually built up a partition between heaven and earth, obscured spiritual facts, made vague and mystical the primitive relation of the soul to the fatherhood of God, and thus induced either open skepticism or artificial conformity. In painting, in music, in literature, in the wonders of the universe, in the mysteries of life, and in human consciousness, the sentiment asserts itself for ever; but to the genuine man of to-day is allotted the ceaseless duty of keeping it apart from the incrustations of form, the perversion of office, and the base uses of ambition and avarice.

How incongruous, when we consider it, is the mixture of worldliness and religious ideas in English life! Sir Roger's attendance at church, described by the *Spectator*, and its motives and method, is a true picture of the respectability

involved in the custom, apparently its principal sanction. The sale of "livings," the system of tithes, ambition of bishoprics, and church patronage of "our venerable Establishment"—think of these while musing over the history and words of the holy Galilean! Gibbon's great argument is, that atheism is far less pernicious than superstition; and the enlightened visitor of Catholic countries feels its rationality. The effect of identifying the religious sentiment with the civil power has been to desecrate immeasurably the priestly office.

The lionism of the pulpit is another desecration. London and New-York must have their fashionable preachers as well as favorite prima donnas, and the phenomena attending each are the same. Intellectual amusement, exclusiveness, the *mode*, thus become identical with that which is their essential opposite, and the meekness and sublimity of the priestly function is utterly lost in a frivolous glare and soulless vanity. The pew itself is a satire on existent Christianity; the very organ-airs played in the fashionable churches, by recalling the ball-room and the theatre, are ironical; and to these how often the elegantly-worded common-place of the preacher is a fit accompaniment—so well likened, by a thoughtful writer, to shovelling sand with a pitchfork! Thank heaven, we have perpetually the Vicar of Wakefield and Parson Adams to keep green the memories of that genial simplicity and honest warmth of which modern refinement has deprived the clerical man. They, at least, were not effigies. Heroism as embodied in Knox, scholarship in Barrow, zeal in Doddridge, holy idealism in Taylor, sacred eloquence in Hall and Chalmers—these and like instances of a fine manly endowment, giving vitality to the priest and significance to his ministrations, do not invalidate, but rather confirm, the belief that in the vast majority of cases, the office lacks authentic power.

In a recent farce that had a run at Paris, and caricatures English life, the curtain rises on a deserted street, hushed and gloomy, through which two figures at last slowly walk on tip-toe: as they approach, and one begins to address the other, the latter, raising his finger to his lips, whispers "*C'est Soonday*," and both disappear: the comedy ends, however, with a prodigious dinner of beef and beer. Absurd as such pictures of a London Sabbath are, they yet indicate a suggestive truth, which is, that the extreme outward observance in Protestant countries, of one day in seven, by repudiating all pastime, is the best proof of a conscious defect in the social representation of the religious instinct, exactly as the festivity of continental people, on the same day, illustrates the opposite extreme of indifference to appearances. It is probable that neither affords a

just index of the state of feeling; for domestic enjoyments in the one case, and attendance at mass, by sincere devotees, in the other, are facts that modify the apparent truth. It is highly probable, also, that in this age of free inquiry and general intelligence, what has been lost in public observance has been gained in individual sincerity. There is not the same dependence on the priest. Devotional sentiment is fed from other sources. It has come to be felt and understood as never before, that man is personally responsible, and must seek light for himself, and repose on his own faith. Accordingly, he is comparatively unallied to institutions, and will no longer trust for spiritual insight to a mortal as frail and ignorant as himself. The redeeming fact is to be sought in the existence of the sentiment itself. The sensuality of a Borgia does not invalidate the sanctity of Fenelon; because of the artificial funeral eulogies of Bossuet, we are not insensible to the practical impressiveness of Father Mathew; Calvin's fierce intolerance heightens the glory of Luther's vindication of spiritual freedom; the fanaticism of the Methodist, the subtlety of the Jesuit, the cold rationalism of the Unitarian, the dark bigotry of the Presbyterian, the monotonous tone of the Quaker, the refined conservatism of the Episcopalian, and other characteristics of sects, philosophically considered, are but the excess of a tendency which also manifests its benign and desirable influence as an element of Christian society. What liberal mind can reflect upon the agency of the English Church, pregnant of abuses as it is, without feeling that she has greatly contributed to preserve a wholesome equilibrium amid conflicting agencies, to keep intact the dignity and hallowed associations of worship, to calm the feverish impulses and prolong a law of order amid chaotic tendencies? What just observer will hesitate to award to Dissenters the honor of imparting a vital spirit to the listless body of the Church, renewing the sentiment of religion which had become dormant through conventionalism and oppressive institutions, and making its divine reality once more a conscious motive and solace to the world? How much have the eminent preachers of liberal Christianity, in New-England, done toward enlarging the charity of sects, elevating the standard of pulpit eloquence, and giving to the priestly office moral dignity and intellectual force! Who that has witnessed the life-devotion of the Sisters of Charity, in a season of pestilence, seen the tears on the bronze cheeks of hardy mariners at the Bethel, or heard the bold protest of the educated divine, above the voice of public opinion, at a social crisis, pleading for principle against expediency, and has not, for the moment at least, forgotten dogmas in grateful appre-

ciation of the general benefits resulting from the direct inspiration of that sentiment, which the priest, of whatever creed, is ordained to illustrate? Truly has it been said, that "it is the spirit of the soul's natural piety to alight on whatever is beautiful and touching in every faith, and take thence its secret draught of spiritual refreshment." Even popular literature enforces the argument. The lives of Fox, Wesley, Fenelon, Arnold, Chalmers, and Channing illustrate the same truth, that the man can redeem the priest, the soul vindicate the office, and the reality of a sentiment reconcile or sublimate discordant creeds.

That good maxim of the brave English lexicographer, "Clear your mind of cant;" and the noble appeal of Campbell's chivalric muse, who asks—

———"has Earth a clod
Where man, the image of his God,
Unscourged by Superstition's rod,
Should bend the knee?"

have an eternal significance. We are called upon to resist priestcraft by as potential reasons as those which impel to sincere devotion. It is evidenced in the best writings of the day, that the highest in man's nature may be linked with the most ferocious and abject. Balfour of Burley is but the fanciful embodiment of an actual union between religious zeal and a thirst for blood. Blanco White's memoirs indicate the possible variations of speculative belief in an honest and ardent mind; and true observation induced John Foster to write his able treatise on "The Objections of Men of Taste to Evangelical Religion." Father Marquette's adventurous martyrdom, Pascal's metaphysical acuteness, the rude courage of John Knox, the witch-chronicle of Mather, the magnetic power of Edward Irving, the wit that scintillated from Sydney Smith, the poetry of Heber, the ideal beauty of Buckminster's style, and the virtuous charm of Berkeley, prove how the expositors of religion blend with professional life the essential characteristics of man, and how impossible is it to divide the office we are considering, from those qualities and conditions which belong essentially to the race. In the face of such diversity, before such acknowledged facts, how irrational is it to exempt the priest from any law either of life or character; how unphilosophical and untrue to regard him in any other light than that of experience; and how unjust to imagine there is any occult virtue in ceremonial systems of faith, or the accident of vocation, whereby he derives any special authority unsustained by personal gifts and rectitude!

The problem we have suggested, of an antagonism between

the theological profession, the office of priest and the manly instincts, has recently been illustrated by the criticisms on Carlyle's *Life of Sterling*. In that work, it is lamented that the mental freedom and just development of a gifted, ingenuous and aspiring soul were restrained and baffled by the vocation of priest; and to this view Churchmen indignantly protest, and accuse the biographer of infidelity. It is evident, however, that it was not religion but its formula, not truth but an institution, which he thought hampered and narrowed the legitimate spirit of his friend. There is that which commands profound respect in Carlyle's recoil from the conventional; there is justice in his indignation at the attempt to link a true, loving, brave, and progressive mind to any wheel of social machinery. To keep apart from an organized mode of action is the instinct of the best natures,—not from pride, but self-respect. Of modern writers few have a better right to claim for literature an agency more effective than the priesthood. The press has, indeed, in a measure, superseded the pulpit. No intelligent observer of the signs of the times can fail to perceive that as a means of influence, the two are at least equal. In the pages of journals, in the verses of poets, in the favorite books of the hour, we have homilies that teach charity and faith more eloquently than the Sunday's discourse; they come nearer to experience; they are more the offspring of earnest conviction, and therefore enlist popular sympathy. When we turn from such genuine pleadings and pictures to those offered by the priest—how unreal do the last appear! It was once remarked by an auditor of a genial man, who gave a prescriptive emphasis to his sermons, quite foreign to his frank nature, that he seemed to feel that what he uttered was "important if true;" and such is the impression the majority of preachers leave on the listener's mind. If we carefully note those within the sphere of our acquaintance, we find that they are either visibly oppressed or rendered artificial by their profession. It seldom harmoniously blends with their nature. They seem painfully conscious of a false relation to society, or manfully, and, it may be recklessly, put aside the character, as if it were indeed a masquerade. Either course is a proof of incongruity; and in those cases where our confidence and affection are spontaneously yielded, is it not the qualities of the man that win and hold them? Do not the perversions of the office justify the idea of the student who said of his classmate, "He is too good a fellow for a priest?"

In no profession do we find so many instances of a mistaken choice, and this even when its duties are respectably fulfilled. The candid priest, when arrived at maturity, will not seldom

confess with pain, that the logical skill of the advocate, the love of representing nature of the artist, the scientific skill of the physician, or the practical industry of the man of affairs, constituted the natural basis of his usefulness; and proved inadequate endowments in his actual vocation. Perhaps the great error is in prematurely deciding on a step so responsible. To bind a youth's interests, reputation, and opinions to the priesthood, as is often done by the undue exercise of authority and influence, at an impressible age, by Protestant not less than Catholic families, is a positive wrong; and the moral courage which repudiates what was unjustly assumed, is more deserving of honor than blame. Occasionally we see delightful exceptions to such an erroneous choice; men of firm yet gentle souls, deep convictions and sustained elevation, whose talents not less than the spirit they are of, whose natural demeanor, habitual temper, and constitutional sympathies, designate them for the sacred office. We listen to their ministrations without misgiving, accept their council, rise on the wings of their prayer, respond to their appeals, and rejoice in their holiness—as a true and a blest incentive and consolation. We ordain them with our hearts, for the idea of the priest is lost in that of the brother.

In these instances, the normal conditions of the office are realized, the boundaries of sect forgotten, and the legitimate idea of a minister to the religious sympathies practically made apparent. Such a priest was Fenelon, in whose life, aspect, and writings the love of God and man were exhibited with such pure consistency that his name is a spell which invokes all that is sacred in the associations of humanity. The blandishments of a court, the rudeness of soldiers, the ignorance of peasants, were alike chastened by his presence. Neither persecution, high culture, nor the gifts of fortune, for a moment, disturbed his holy self-possession. He disarmed prejudice, envy, intrigue, and violence, by the tranquil influence of the spirit he was of. Ecclesiastical power, ceremony, tradition, and literary fame were but the incidental accessories of his career. The principles of Christianity and the temper of its genuine disciple so predominated in his actions, speech, manners, writings, and in his very tones and expression of countenance, that every heart, by the instinct of its best affections, recognized his spiritual authority. The man thoroughly vindicated the office; therefore the courtier at Versailles and the rustic of Cambray held him in equal reverence.

In Madame Guyon, Anne Hutcheson, and Hannah More, we see the religious sentiment and the instinct of proselytism in connection with the idiosyncrasies of female character, rendered

more affecting by its tenderness, and losing in efficient dignity by the weakness of the sex. A beautiful example of the natural priest, unmodified by the paraphernalia of the office, is given in Wirt's description of the Blind Preacher, while its original identity with scholarship and philosophy is singularly illustrated in the career of Abelard; and Molière's *Tartuffe* is but the dramatic embodiment of its extreme actual perversion at those periods when the form, by a gradual process of social corruption, has completely superseded the reality, and cant and hypocrisy are allowed to pass from truth and emotion. All that is peculiar in the *modus operandi* of sects testifies to the constant adaptation of the office to occasion: thus the itinerant episcopacy of the Methodists, the attractive temples of the Catholics, the time-hallowed liturgy of the Church of England, the immersing fonts of the Baptists, the plain language and prescriptive uniformity of the Quakers, and the literary culture of the Unitarians, appeal to certain tastes, feelings, or associations, which, although independent of the religious sentiment, greatly tend to the impressiveness of its outward manifestation upon different classes of persons. A spiritual tendency is characteristic of Swedenborgians; an absence of the sense of beauty is observable in the Friends; the superstitious element is the usual trait of Catholics; conservatism prevails among Episcopalians; and a progressive spirit and broad sympathies usually distinguish liberal Christians. To a bigot this diversity is offensive; to a philosopher it is the result of an inevitable and beneficent law. An American poet has aptly described the scene which a Protestant city presents on a Sabbath morning, when its streets are filled with the diverging streams of a population, each moving toward its respective place of worship, in obedience to this law of individual faith.

The word "skeleton" as applied to the outline of sermons is very significant, for this is the only feature they have in common when vital; and yet how different the manner in which they are clothed with life! Sometimes it is logic, sometimes enthusiasm; now the eloquence of the heart, and now the ingenuity of the head that creates the animating principle; in one instance the beauty of style, and in another the force of conviction or the glow of sympathy; and there are cases where only grace of manner, melody of voice, and the magnetism of the preacher's temperament and delivery impart to his words their effect; for every grade of rhetorical power, from the refinements of artificial study to the gush of irresistible feeling, has scope in the pulpit: there is no sacred charm in that rostrum except what its occupant brings; its possible scale includes elocutionary tricks and the most disinterested

and unconscious utterance: mediocrity lisps there its commonplace truisms, and devotional genius breathes its holy oracles: it is the medium of complacent formulas as well as of inspired truth.

The ancient philosophers and the modern essayists often apply wisdom to life in the manner of the best sermonizers; and as Christianity has infused its spirit into literature, this has become more apparent. Seneca as a moralist, and Plato in psychological speculation, anticipated many of the sentiments that now have a religious authority. Rousseau, in as far as he was true to humanity, Montaigne to the extent he justly interprets the world, Bacon in as far as he indicates the approaches to universal truth, Saint Pierre when awaking the sentiment of beauty as revealed in nature, Shakespeare by the memorable development of the laws of character, Dante as the picturesque limner of the material faith of the middle ages, Richter in his beautiful exposition of human sentiment,—all exhibit a phase or element of the priest, and in the writings of Milton and Chateaubriand it breaks forth with a still more direct emphasis. And this unprofessional teaching, this priesthood of nature, has multiplied with the progress of society, so that every community has its father confessors, its sisters of charity, its gifted interpreters and eloquent advocates; while literature, even in forms the most profane, continually emulates the sacred function, yielding great lessons, exciting holy sentiment, and demonstrating pure faith. Indeed, it is characteristic of the age, that the technical is becoming merged in the aesthetic; as culture extends, the distinctive in pursuit and office loses its prominence. Lamb jocosely told Coleridge he never heard him do any thing but preach; and there is scarcely a favorite among the authors of the day that, in some way, does not hallow his genius by consecrating it to an interpretation or sentiment which, in its last analysis, is religious.

In these considerations may be found a partial explanation of that diminution of individual agency in the priesthood to which we have referred. The modern religious teachers also, as we have seen, have not the same extent of ignorance to vanquish as the old divines. The line of demarcation between ecclesiastical polity and Christian truth is more evident to the multitude; and it is now felt as never before, that "a heart of deep sympathies solves all theological questions in the flame of its love and justice." Hence the comparative indifference to controversy; and the recognition of the primal fact—so truly stated by the same reflective writer—that "spiritual insight, moral elevation, rich sympathies, are the tokens whereby the divinely ordained are signalized."*

* Calvert's *Scenes and Thoughts in Europe.*

The practical inference is, that never before was the obligation of personal responsibility in spiritual interests, on the part of the laity, so apparent, nor that of a thorough integrity in the priesthood. To be "clear in his great office"—to rely on absolute gifts and essentials of character—to cleave to simplicity and truth, and keep within the line of honest conviction, is now the priest's only guarantee, not only of self-respect, but of usefulness and honor. Organization, form, tact, theological acquirement, the *prestige* of traditional importance, are of little efficacy. The scientific era—the reaction to first causes—the universal and intense demand for the real—the exposure of delusions—the test of wide intelligence and fearless inquiry—the jealousy of mental freedom—the multiplied sources of devotional sentiment—the earnestness of the age—all invoke him to repudiate the machinery, the historical badge, the conventional resources of his title—nay, to lose, if possible, his title itself—and incarnate only the everlasting principles, laws, and sentiments, by virtue of which alone he may hope for inspiration or claim authority.

UPON THE ORIGIN OF ECCLESIASTICAL TRIBUNALS.

*Treatise in answer to Discourses published by Doctor LEFEVRIERE in his History of French Rights, and by the advocate BELLIME in his Dissertation upon the Ancient Ecclesiastical Jurisdictions inserted in the Revue Étrangère et Française de Législation, de Jurisprudence, et d'Économie Politique, of October, 1843.** Translated from the Italian of MICHAEL de MATTHIAS by P. Y. CUTLER.

A WISE institution to which France is indebted for many regulations of its civil right, and its procedures (1) is now attempted to be called a usurpation made against the powers of society, and of the Prince. The Messrs Lefevrière and Bellime repeating what has been often written against the foundation of the Ecclesiastical Tribunals, study to prove that their true origin is derived from certain words of St. Paul, in which he suggests to the faithful to submit their causes and litigations to the judgment of persons of the Church, whence he would have it inferred that the words of "The Doctor of the People" had an influence over jurisprudence that he himself did not foresee nor intend. "He had doubtless no other intention, (says Mon-

* The Notes will be found at the end of the Article.

sieur Bellime,) than to induce the primitive Christians to submit themselves to the arbitration of their brothers rather than to consume their property in costs before the tribunals of the Empire." He says, farther on, "that in the middle age, an epoch in which all principles were confounded, and in which the few lights that existed were concentrated in the clergy, that text of St. Paul was interpreted otherwise. Favored by the obscurity of the times, (he remarks,) this multitude of clerical jurisdictions sprang forth, which secured to the Church the patrimony of our fathers as an accessory of their consciences." (2) And is all this true? We say, no.

In the context of the books of the Messrs. Lefevrière and Bellime, it is admitted that St. Paul and the first Apostles of the Church, among whom was their prince, St. Peter, may truly have received from our Divine Saviour the courts (that is as much as to say the jurisdiction and the right to hold tribunals) for the trial of the controversies of the disciples of the faith alone. And thence it is inferred that no right was granted to the bishops to judge the persons of the clergy or their causes, either civil or criminal. Therefore it is that this last right is not a right, but a usurpation committed by the priests, according to the authors above referred to, who pretend that the ecclesiastical tribunals in the earliest times judged of the litigations of the clergy, for no other reason than that the clergy themselves wished to obey the counsels of the much-lauded Apostle of the People, and, little by little, the counsels so given (as they believe them) became precepts, and finally, inflexible laws.

Now, to destroy so flimsy an argument, we, although of the laity, and not at all belonging to the *order* of the most noble of Heaven, desire to speak without party spirit, and study to prove that the tribunals of the bishops for the causes of the clergy originated not in the counsels or advice, but in the precepts of the Apostles, which they published, because they were well persuaded that by the will of God the causes of the clergy ought to and must be decided by the Ecclesiastical Tribunals, when they, the clergy, happened to be called in judgment by any one. *Now let us see the proof.*

I. The words of St. Paul are a precept, and not a mere advice or counsel. The true origin of the Ecclesiastical Tribunals is divine.

St. Paul did not advise, but made a solemn precept to Christians to respect Ecclesiastical Tribunals. He, preaching the will of our Saviour Jesus, proclaimed that it was necessary a clergy should be created, which would be according to the order

of Melchisedec, and not according to the order of Aaron; and it suffices to say, according to him who was illustrious in judging as king and as priest, or according to him who was priest, and had also as such the power of judging things temporal. And this preaching of St. Paul was not singular, because the Great Prince of Apostles, St. Peter, repeated the same thing, or nearly the same thing, when he wrote the second chapter of his first epistle.

The text of Saint Paul is found in his letter to the Hebrews in these terms. "It was necessary that another priesthood should arise, not according to the order of Aaron, but according to that of Melchisedec." And about the time of the promulgation of this principle, he himself instituted the Clerical Magistracies and gave the judicial procedure. He prohibited the bishops from receiving any accusation against a priest, unless it was accredited by the depositions of two or three witnesses agreeing therewith, which is read in his Epistle to Timothy, 5: 19. Afterward, he spake earnestly of the litigious suits, and, among many others, of the celebrated incest case, of which he makes mention in his letter to the Corinthians.

And the author of the apostolical institutions under the name of St. Clement,—an author, certainly, according to Protestants, very ancient, if not of the first century of the Church,—in Book II., chap. 45, repeating the above-mentioned precept of St. Peter, establishes the same principle.

The histories from that time record many tribunals of bishops from the end of the first century of the Church, and in the fourteenth head of the 14th book of Nicefero, that St. Cerillo, of Alexander himself, administered justice between litigants, as a perfect magistrate, having jurisdiction which the Greeks called *Πολιτεία*. Also, the old papers indicate precisely the words, *Βήματα*, or tribunals with *Δυναστεία*, and the grades or degrees of power; which may be seen in the third homily of St. John of Chrysostom.

These facts are not questioned by the learned among Protestants. And, in truth, Spanhemio, in his "Evangelical Doubts," openly declares, in the fifteenth doubt, part 3, that the Church has, in truth, its tribunals instituted by Jesus Christ with judicial powers, which he repeats in the work against Obbesio and Spinoza. Hartman, in the work "De Rebus gestis Christ, Sub Apostolis," cap. 3, p. 63, teaches a similar doctrine.

Moreover, those words of Christ himself, of his having every power, (*data est mihi omnis potestatis*, etc.,) written in the Gospel of Saint Matthew, 28: 18; and those other expressions, that, as he was sent from the Divine Father, so he sent his disciples, (*sicut misit me pater et ego mitto vos*, etc.,) in the Gospel of Saint

John, joined to those other words: Ye shall sit upon twelve seats judging, etc., (*se debitis et vos supersedes duodecem judicantes*, etc.,) which are read in the above-cited Gospel of Saint Matthew 19 : 28, considered with the others: You may not touch my anointed, (*nolite tangere Christos meos*, etc.,) sufficiently prove our position.

But, without stopping further to examine this proposition, it may suffice to say, that Mons. Bellime, at page 796 of the *Revue*, admits clearly that, in place of advice or a counsel, it may have been really also an evangelical precept to establish that the causes of the clergy must be judged by the bishops. But he distinguishes the evangelical precept from the law. We, therefore, ask, Is an evangelical precept less than a law? The text of the above-mentioned Mons. Bellime is the following: "The above-mentioned expressions seem to show that he discoursed rather of an evangelical precept than a law." And what means this? Perhaps that an evangelical precept is less than a law?

II. The first holy fathers and doctors of the Church taught the same thing.

In our article inserted in the 13th volume of the *Annals of Religious Science*, page 280, we have demonstrated that the primitive holy fathers and doctors of the Church confirmed the proposition laid down in the preceding section. To put the matter beyond doubt, we add here simply that the clerical jurisdiction must have had its origin from our Saviour Jesus Christ, and from the apostolical times; because it was confirmed by the practice of the above-mentioned holy doctors and fathers. Saint Gregory speaks of it in the sermon *De Occursu Domini*. St. Epiphany in *Haer.* 55 de Melchised. Saint John of Chrysostom, etc. Origen also, who belonged to the second century, and the principal part of the third, is an indisputable witness of the fact. He unwillingly submitted to the judicial sentence emanating from the Bishop Demetrio, against himself. He conforms sufficiently, and makes mention of it in the preface to the 6th volume in Joan.

More: the name itself of bishop explains in a word, that, from the earliest times, their origin was deemed divine. In fact, from the first century of the Church, they were called *αρχη*; that is, *magistrater judex*, as St. Gregory Nazianzeno, of the third century, says in the 2d Oration, and in the 46th ad Afric.

And the bishops and saints of the fourth and fifth centuries, as well as those of the sixth and seventh, preserved the tradition of their predecessors; and in spite of how many unfortu-

nate vicissitudes in practice and in fact, were they preserved as rare and memorable vestiges, to declare to the world the greatness of Rome!

III. The imperial laws on the question. By the laws of the Emperors, also, the divine origin of the Ecclesiastical Tribunals is proved.

The Emperor Constantine the Great acknowledged, by his famous Constitution, which may be seen in the *Extrai de Episcopali judicio* cod. Theod. Tom VI., page 339 of the edition of Lipsia, of 1743. True it is, that our opponents treat it as apocryphal. As such Furvet, Loyseo, Godofred, etc., have declared it. But they themselves know that these have happened to be compiled by lawyers of great talent, among whom we name three Frenchmen—Fr. Florens, de jurisdiction ecclesiæ, tom. 2, page 35 of the edition of Norimberga, of 1756; Donjal *Praenot Canon*, lib. 2, cap. 2; and John St. Gendre, in his celebrated book, *Episcopale judicium adversus calumnias Gothofredo accerime vindicatum*.

Now, it is demonstrated with the greatest clearness, that the above-mentioned Constitution of Constantine is not spurious; because Mr. Gustaro Haenel has published in Leipsic, with the type of G. B. Teubner, a tract, by which he brings new discoveries upon this matter. He brings the fac-simile of the ancient letters. He brings forward the observations made by him recently upon the original codes, and draws the conclusion that Emperor Constantine really made the above-mentioned law.

It is time, says Mr. Haenel, that Constantine might amplify the jurisdiction of the bishops; and the reason for which Constantine was so willing to concede to the bishops he thinks two-fold—the one is the respect of the Christian priests, which the ancient writers attest Constantine to have had in the extreme; and Constantine himself confessed, in the epistle still existing in the library of Pitheo, that he did not wish the court of the priest made less than if he were presiding judge. The other is that which the emperor declared at last as follows: "We have with wholesome edict once established this; this we with perpetual law confirm to repress the malicious seeds of litigation, to the end that unfortunate men implicated by the long and quasi perpetual of the entangled actions of the bar, may be liberated with a final decision from wicked petitions, (or bills.)" To the end then that the emperor might alleviate the unfortunate implicated in actions perpetually delayed, he granted the bishops also power to judge the dissentient party. Because the emperor knew that litigations

before the ecclesiastical tribunals were terminated without much costs, and without evasion, as Messrs. Belime and Lefevrière themselves remark, as we shall soon see. Then this imperial law also proves the divine origin of the ecclesiastical forum. He certainly would not have been able to amplify them if they did not exist before, since to amplify a thing not before existing implies a contradiction. But all this is not sufficient.

About eighty years after the death of Constantine the Great, Theodosius ascended the throne of the Cæsars Augusti. In the twenty-first day and ult., Cod. Theodos. de Epic. et clric, he explained, noted, and commanded quasi the same prescriptions, protesting also against those persons who were attempting to spoil the bishops of their rights, to subject the priests to the decision of the temporal powers. He in such manner reacknowledges also the spirit as divine in those remarkable words, "Nolite tangere Christos meus," and here are the expressions of the above-mentioned Theodosius: "It is not lawful that the ministers of God be subjected to the temporal powers."

IV. The objection to the imperial law and the answer to it.

The objection which is here treated consists in the assertion of those persons who pretend that precisely by the imperial laws the tribunals of the bishops had origin. This is most false. The spirit of those laws is all to the contrary. It acknowledges, in truth, the liberal exercise of those tribunals, and amplifies the limits of them, but nothing more. We repeat it. It was not Theodosius that granted to the clergy the right to establish tribunals: he did no more than reacknowledge the divine origin of the same, a recognition that after him was moreover made by his successors or by the emperors Arcadio et Onorio by the 9th Jan: Cod. de Episcop. Audient; by the emperor Mariano by the 14th law Cod. eod.; and by many others.

These imperial decrees were made not to give protection, but against those persons who were desirous to invade the rights of others. In the fourth and fifth centuries of the vulgar era, Citam Flavo reacknowledged the same protection, and nothing more. These are his words, which we read at page 793 of the *Revue*, which is in hand: "In a poem where Flovra speaks of the Church at Lyons, he deplores the division of the empire after the death of Louis the Good, and he puts these lines in the mouth of the Church:

'Post evangelicos clypeos post tela,
Corusca oris apostolici post pia jura Dei,
Me Constantinus reverendo munit alore,
Me quoque Theodosius protegit ore pio.'

"It is probable that Flora, celebrating the protection of Constantine and of Theodosius, had in view the Constantian constitution preserved in the Theodosian Code."

Then the Emperors did grant protection, or they commanded that the Ecclesiastical tribunals might be free in the exercise of their rights and of their jurisdiction, as we also have proved elsewhere.

IV. The Council of Paris of 615. It, and the things *quasi contemporaneous*, may be usefully invoked in favor of the divine origin of the Ecclesiastical Tribunals.

Our opponents assert, that in the seventh century, the pretensions of the Bishops to hold tribunals with temporal powers were for the first time acknowledged in France, and they cite here the celebrated Council of Paris, held in the year 615. This Council, according to Messrs. Lefevrière and Belime, declared that the secular judges must not for an instant know the causes of persons of the Church. Then they add: This is the first time that Ecclesiastical jurisdiction was acknowledged by the temporal powers in France. Well, we respond that this assertion is most false.

And in truth, what was ever prescribed by the Council of Paris? By the confession of the same opponent, there was nothing more done than to decree "that the lay-judges must not know for an instant the causes of persons of the Church." Well, this decretal proves that it might have been otherwise. Was it not possible for them to have made decrees, as many others after, did, to repress those persons who were invading the rights of the Bishops? More: a most noted fact, an act of the times of Clodoveo II., who reigned in Paris from 481 to 511, an act that appears to be made in a time in which the Theodosian Code was well known in Paris, perhaps does not prove what we say. It is not our purpose to search the proof of such an act, nor to make an extraordinary pomp of erudition, because it suffices to read the *French History*, or the *Encyclopædia Italiana*, or the *Dizionario della Conversazione*, to the word *clodoveo*, to be convinced that under this King the Theodosian Code was known in Gaul. Then, if it be true that the Parisians knew perfectly the above-mentioned Theodosian Code, it must also be affirmed, as the proper consequence, that they were not ignorant of the Constitutions of the Emperors Constantine and Theodosius, mentioned in the third section. And if in Paris such Constitutions were known, how is it possible to suppose that the Church would in those times be subject to the secular jurisdiction? How are the above-mentioned words of Theodosius, which commanded: "It is not lawful

that the ministers of the altar be subjected to the jurisdiction of the temporal powers," etc., ever to be construed or reconciled with a supposition to the contrary?

Beside, the Council of Paris of 615 was after the celebrated General Council of Nice, which, according to the fifth chapter of the second volume of the collection of Labbé, of the edition, (*veneta*), acknowledges the Ecclesiastical Tribunals as established by Divine decree. And is it possible, that while all the Christian world were venerating the decree of the Fathers of Nice, that of Paris alone did not know it? Beside, who is able to deny that the Parisians, before the year 615, were obedient to the Evangelical precepts—to those precepts of which we have discoursed in section second.

But we speak in concrete of the Council of Paris, and of things contemporaneous with it. We say that that and these may be also usefully invoked in favor of the Divine origin of the tribunals of the bishops. And with reason; because the Council of Paris decided nothing else than that the secular judges should not judge the causes of the clergy. And why this? Because there were secular judges who might pass over to invade the rights of the clergy. This is an incontrovertible fact.

Persino, the Emperor Valentian III., wished to seize the audience of the bishops, as may be seen in the annals of Cardinal Baionio, in the year 452, number fifty-two, of volume eight, page one hundred and thirty-four of the edition.

Other conjunctions of this sort gave occasion for the Council of Paris and other cities to make solemn decree with which to repress those who were inclined to think differently from the Evangelical precepts; and so the principle of the divine origin of the ecclesiastical forum was maintained sound. Then we with reason affirmed that the Council, and the efforts of those who were willing to destroy the rights of the priests, are rather to be invoked in our favor.

Mosheim, and other enemies of the ecclesiastical forum, have necessarily confounded the facts to sustain their arguments.

And to console ourselves that the truth is most clear when displayed by itself, we cite just this, which is written by Signore Lanzunes, in an important article inserted in the *Encyclopædia Italiana* above mentioned, to the word *clero*, confuting, victoriously, the said Mosheim and his company. But the followers of those persons, notwithstanding they are defeated in one quarter, apply themselves to another cavil, and say that the bishops, not contenting themselves with judging the causes of the clergy, were anxious also to take cognizance of the causes of the laity. We are not bound to answer this calumny,

because it does not at all relate to the origin of the Ecclesiastical tribunals. Therefore, if we are willing to regard the thing in another aspect, as it might have been stated, the right of the said bishops relative to secular affairs; also, we do not abandon the principal argument, because we stop a moment to descant briefly upon this, and show the reasons which destroy the contrary opinion.

And the reason of this jurisdiction is explained (we believe involuntarily) by the above-mentioned authors, and especially by Mr. Belime. They sustain that it being observed by the faithful, that the procedure of the Ecclesiastical Tribunals was more expeditious, more wise than those of the empire which were in existence, the wise sovereigns and people, and among the first the Emperor Constantine, ordained that the bishops should have the right to judge also the causes of the laity. At page 108 of the *Revue*, see what Mr. Belime says of it: "The procedure was infinitely more wise and perfect in the Ecclesiastical Courts than in the lay courts." And in truth this was the principal reason why the people were desirous to go before the sacerdotal judges; and such a pleasure had the people in subjecting themselves to the clerical jurisdiction, that the Municipal Council were forced to make the law of the balive by which the presidents or governors were empowered to prohibit the clergy from laying hold of causes and controversies before the judges of the empire. One of the laws so made is given by Mr. Belime in the following terms: "And the law of the governors was made to the end that it might be publicly known, that the people are prohibited and might not dare to go before ecclesiastics for the purpose of exposing themselves to litigations before them."

The origin, then, of the jurisdiction of the Bishops over the causes of the laity, was the perfection of the clerical procedure, the wisdom of the judicial decision, the decided wish of the people.

VII. The ultimate objections of Messrs. Belime and Lefevrière, and conclusion.

We have at last reached the ultimate objections of the above-mentioned authors. Mons. Belime is he, in fine, who speaks for both.

These objections are other observations made upon the text of St. Paul, which is in the following words: 1 Corinthians 6: 1-4. "Dare any of you, having a matter against another, go to law before the unjust and not before the saints? Do ye not know that the saints shall judge the world? If then ye have judgments of things pertaining to this life, set them to judge who are least esteemed in the Church."

In French, Mr. Belime has it: "Comment se trouve-t-il quelqu'un parmi vous qui, ayant un diffèrent avec son frère ose l'appeller en jugement devant les mechants et devant les infidèles, et non pas devant les saints? Si donc vous avec des différends entre vous touchant les choses de cette vie, prenez plutôt pour juges dans les matières les moindres personnes de l'Eglise," and he cites St. Paul in the first letter to the Corinthians 6: 1 and 4 verses, etc. This little discourse has two parts. We speak now of the first; we will speak afterward of the second.

Firstly, we ought to say that the Latin text of the apostle St. Paul is not as it has been written in French by Mr. Belime: "*Audet aliquis vestrum habens negotium adversus alterum judicari apud iniquos et non apud sanctos.*"

Mr. Belime should not have translated the word *iniquos* with the two words *méchants* and *infidèles*. He has marred the text. *Iniquos*, says Calepino, in his Dictionary of the Seven Languages, means unequal, not *equus*; or near the German, *ungleich*, and the French, *inégal*. St. Paul, then, commanded the priests of Corinth that they might not dare to be judged by the unequal, or in other words, to contravene the evangelical precept. How, cried he, dare any of you, having a matter against another, be judged by the unequal, and not by the saints? It is not lawful that the priests should be judged by those who are not priests. Admitting so much for St. Paul, he really admits the truth of the divine precept which commanded that the causes of the priests ought to be brought before the sacerdotal judges. He, in consequence of the words referred to, mentions a similar precept. Therefore, he from thence raises his voice against the impudence, and *et ne quis vestrum*, etc.

Devoti, that excellent lawyer, known to all in his Institutions of Canonical Rights, at book third, says, that the words of St. Paul, in the above-mentioned epistle, comprise a reprehension against that man who dared to bring himself into judgment before the lay tribunals, supposing that it proved also the existence of a real divine law, which prohibited the priests to allow themselves to be judged by those who were not priests. The Doctor of the people, he adds, who gravely rebuked his disciples who had dared to submit themselves to secular judgment, evidently shows the endurance of such disorders to be a thing unworthy and unjust. He concludes, therefore, that those persons deceive themselves who pretend, that St. Paul has made a counsel and not a precept upon this. Then St. Paul unfolds a precept and not a counsel. Therefore, the above-cited text of St. Paul, or its first part, is not favorable to our adversaries. We notice now the other part of the said text.

This other part at best is not even treated well, because there is not in the text the word *rather*, *potius*, *plutôt*. Taking away, then, such words, the Apostle concludes as follows: "If, then, you have litigations of things pertaining to this life, set them to judge who are least esteemed in the Church." What does it therefore signify further? And can we not rest ourselves here to say immediately that all the words of St. Paul are in favor of our assertions?

The ecclesiastical tribunals, it must be absolutely repeated, were originated by the divine founder of our august religion, derived their authority from his apostles and disciples, from all the holy doctors and fathers, as well as the last documents Imperial laws of Constantine, and as we have seen by the many-times lauded doctor of the people, St. Paul, "and such, in conclusion, is a rapid history of the origin of an institution.

NOTES.

1. So Monsieur Belime expresses himself in the same journal, at page 767.

2. *Ibid.*

3. Very many are the propositions of Saint Paul which evidently prove the existence of the ecclesiastical tribunals as having divine origin. In the work entitled: *Privilegiarum in Persona Saint Petri Romano Pontifici a Christo Domino Collatorum Vindiciæ*, (aucthore, p. Hieremia a Bennetta, tom. vii., page 484,) it is written: "Saint Paulus inter officio a Christo, Domino in Ecclesin instituta recens et gubernationes, *χρησισαεις*, atque voce hac utique in radia helraca valorum sive fortitudinum, sire auctoritatem significan adnotant Thomassinus in Glossar, Opius in Lexico Zanaltus in Lex," etc. Elsewhere, Saint Paul himself declared to Titus: "Argue cum omni imperio," etc. The rest is well seen in the Epistle to the Hebrews, seventh chapter, eleventh verse, where he teaches; "Necessarium fuit secundum ordinem Melchisedech alium surgere sacerdotum et non secundum ordinem Aaron dici." He commanded Timothy, that he should not have received "adversus presbyterum accusationem, nisi sub duobus autribus testibus." He says, in the letter to the Corinthians: "Nescitis quoniam angelos judicabimus, quanto magis secularia.

CONTEMPORARY LITERATURE OF THE LAST THREE MONTHS.

HISTORY.

IN this elaborate monograph, the fortunes of the persecuted Huguenots, subsequent to the revocation of the edict of Nantes, are treated with a fullness of historical research, and a graceful facility of composition, which make it a production of equal interest and value to the student of history and to the general reader. There is no work in our language which presents such a lucid, succinct, and complete view of the remarkable people whose character, sufferings, and influence it eloquently describes.

History of the French Protestant Refugees, by M. CHARLES WEISS. Translated from the French by HENRY WILLIAM HERBERT. 2 vols. Stringer & Townsend.

The edict of Nantes was first promulgated by Henry the Fourth of France, in the year 1598. This instrument was in fact a confirmation of the various treaties which had been previously concluded between the Roman Catholics and the Protestants. It commenced by an act of indemnity for all past offences. It annulled the verdicts rendered against the Reformed in the superior courts on account of their religion. It gave the right of citizenship to their children, who were established on a foreign soil, and invited them to return to their native country. The right of unlimited liberty of conscience was accorded to the Protestants; but their exercise of public worship was restricted by certain conditions. The edict of Henry IV., with its large and liberal provisions, was confirmed by Louis XIII., and even by Louis XIV. For nearly a century, the French Protestants enjoyed the nominal protection of this decree; but its mild concessions were gradually set aside; a series of flagrant persecutions ensued; until, on the 23d day of October, 1685, the solemn revocation of the edict was signed at Fontainebleau, by Louis XIV.

It was now ordered that the Protestant temples should be demolished—that the exercise of their religious worship should cease, on pain of confiscation of property and personal arrest—that the Protestant schools should be closed—and that the children born after the promulgation of the law should be baptized by the priests of their parishes, and brought up in the Roman Catholic faith. A term of four months was granted to refugees to return to France, and embrace the Catholic religion; unless they did so within that time, their estates became the property of the king. Protestants were forbidden to leave the kingdom, and carry their fortunes abroad, and all

the provisions of the law against relapsed converts were confirmed.

Subject to the most oppressive severities, a great number of the Reformed determined at all risks to quit the kingdom. The ministers, who had been granted a respite of fifteen days for their departure, were the first to go into voluntary exile. The most of them went in haste, unprovided with the common necessities of life, at a bleak and inclement season, and ignorant where they might find an asylum. Many laymen sought permission to emigrate, but usually in vain. No precaution, however, could avail to prevent them from leaving a country in which their religious worship was proscribed. The frontiers and coasts were guarded by men who were rewarded in proportion to their captures; arms were placed in the hands of the peasants, who were forced to quit their work in order to watch the highways and ferries, and to observe night and day those who escaped; reports were industriously spread that there was no asylum for the refugees abroad; that they would be every where without employment and without relief; that more than ten thousand had died of wretchedness in England; and that most of those who remained had entreated permission to return to their native soil, promising to abjure their heresy. But it was all useless. These reports found small credence. In spite of every obstacle, thousands of Protestants constantly braved the most terrible dangers, in order to escape from their executioners. It is computed that not less than 250,000, out of a Protestant population of 1,000,000, expatriated themselves in the last fifteen years of the seventeenth century.

Among the emigrants were many of the most distinguished scholars of France, who were led to transfer their abilities and accomplishments to Geneva, Heidelberg, the English and Dutch universities, and the different German States. Colonies of skillful craftsmen and manufacturers spread themselves in various countries, especially in Holland and England. The electorate of Brandenburg was the seat of several important branches of industry, which were carried to great perfection by the refugees. A swarm of workers in woollen stuffs, in hosiery, and in hats, established a large and profitable business. Before their arrival, the fabrication of fine hats was unknown, all who had any pretensions to elegance or fashion having recourse to the French market. The art of tannery was also greatly improved in Brandenburg by the refugees, who availed themselves of the advantages presented by the noble forests of that region. In a short time, the wants of the country in that respect were so fully supplied, that the importation of leathers from abroad was wholly brought to a close. The use of leather

gloves, instead of those of wool or fur, extended rapidly into the higher classes of society, and shortly, all Germany came to Berlin for the purchase of this article of luxury, the monopoly of which had heretofore been confined to France. In spite of the difficulty of cultivating the mulberry in so cold a climate, the refugees introduced the manufacture of silk. They established the fabrication of silk goods, velvets, brocades of gold and silver, ribbons, braids of metal, and even of carpets and tapestries. The persecutions, moreover, brought in a crowd of able metallurgists, armorers, burnishers, lock-makers and cutlers. Armories were erected at Potsdam and Spandau. From the very commencement of the emigration, the trade in jewelry was established, which went on increasing during the whole of the eighteenth century. The art of engraving, which was brought by the refugees from France, served to extend the reputation of their jewelry. The numerous elegant fabrics of a lighter character, on which French taste had impressed its stamp, soon became common throughout the world of German fashion. The exquisite French cookery began to take the place of the prevailing coarser usages. Wheat bread, then known as French bread, superseded the rye bread, which hitherto had alone been in use in Berlin. The best cooks and confectioners of the town were Frenchmen. The first hotel in the Parisian style was kept by an emigrant from Metz.

Nor was the influence of the refugees less admirable and effective in other branches of social cultivation. They gave a powerful impulse to the advancement of military science. Numerous were the improvements which they introduced in agriculture. Their superiority in literature is attested by the brilliant list of names, which have obtained permanent distinction in the sphere of authorship.

The establishment of the refugees in America is the subject of an interesting portion of these volumes. It was the celebrated Admiral Coligny who first conceived the project of creating in America a vast refuge for the persecuted Protestants of France. In the year 1555, an unsuccessful attempt was made, under his auspices, to settle a colony of French Calvinists in Brazil. A second attempt in 1562, met with no better fate. But Coligny was not discouraged. A third enterprise was undertaken, which had an equally unfortunate issue. It was not until after the revocation of the edict of Nantes, that any important colonies were formed in this country, although emigration to a considerable extent had taken place prior to that eventful period. In 1686, a colony of Huguenots were established at Oxford, a small town in the interior of Massachusetts. The same year a French church was founded at Boston, and ten years afterward received as pastor a refugee minister of

France, named Daillé. In New-York, the French Church was enlarged by the accession of so many emigrants, that that city became for some time the metropolis of Calvinism in the New World.

Pennsylvania afforded an asylum to many hundreds of refugees who had at first established themselves in England, but to whom that kingdom, under James I., did not seem to present any certain guarantee against intolerance. Maryland received a pretty large number of them in 1690. In the same year, William III. sent a body of Huguenots, who had followed him from Holland to England, into the province of Virginia. But the greater part of the French emigrants who sought an asylum in this country, took up their abode in South Carolina. The genial climate of that State presented a peculiar attraction to the exiles from Languedoc. They flocked to it from all quarters, and this beautiful region soon became the principal retreat of the wandering Huguenots in the New World. Nearly a thousand fugitives embarked for South Carolina in the ports of Holland alone. In addition to numerous secondary establishments, the Huguenots formed three principal colonies, that of Orange quarter, on the banks of the Cooper river—that of the Santee—and that of Charleston. The latter was the richest and the most populous of all the settlements established by the refugees in South Carolina. Entire streets in that town were built by them. The influence of these humane and liberal-minded men was no less conspicuous and salutary in their new-found homes than it had been in the midst of the artificial civilization of the Old World.

The work which has thus been brought before the American public by the able and accomplished translator, can not fail to meet with a cordial reception among all the friends of Protestant freedom. It not only fills an important place in the colonial history of this country, but presents an impressive spectacle of overwhelming trials nobly borne in the cause of conscience and humanity.

BIOGRAPHY.

It is seldom that a person attains any considerable eminence as a dramatic artist, whose earliest associations have not been intimately connected with the stage. The success of an actor depends on familiarity with so many technical conditions of stage effect—the atmosphere of a play-house is so oppressive, the glare of the foot-lights so frightful to a novice—that a candidate for dramatic honors who ventures on the stage from the walks of private life, is generally doomed to

Auto-biography of an Actress: or Eight Years on the Stage. By ANNA CORA MOWATT. Ticknor, Reed, & Fields.

meet with a signal defeat. Mrs. Siddons, Kean, Fanny Kemble, Julia Dean, and many other celebrities who might be named, drew their early breath behind the scenes, and by a perfectly natural transition passed before the curtain, almost without the consciousness of any change of position.

The subject of this auto-biography presents a remarkable instance of histrionic triumphs, by one whose antecedents were not particularly favorable to success in what was generally deemed by her friends a most daring and uncertain experiment. She had the advantage of a tolerably liberal education as a school-girl,—some experience in private theatricals at an early age—and an initiation into a variety of social circles both in Europe and this country; but there was nothing in her mode of life, or her previous literary career, which could have authorized the prediction that she would have gained the artistic laurels which have since crowned her brow with such fresh and brilliant chaplets. In this point of view, accordingly, her work is interesting as showing the power of a resolute spirit to overcome external difficulties, and even to achieve a professional eminence of which her natural endowments of genius afforded but a faint promise.

Mrs. Mowatt's auto-biography, moreover, is singularly instructive as an illustration of the force of principle and self-control, under circumstances that are usually considered as not in the highest degree favorable to beauty or excellence of character. The uncertain social position of an actor naturally leads to habits of recklessness, and contempt of conventional rules. A morbid vanity is excited by the perpetual appearance before the public, and the habit of looking for external demonstrations as tokens of success. The mutual jealousy of artists is proverbial. Habits of wild expense are created by the precarious and unequal condition of their pecuniary affairs. Hence, as a general rule, though the society of artists, dramatic as well as others, is sought with avidity the world over, they are not expected to display the qualities of moderation, reserve, thrift, and general discretion which are so essential to the character of a regular, respectable, jog-trot, matter-of-fact citizen. Mrs. Mowatt, on the contrary, here comes before us unmistakably as a diligent, cautious, pains-taking, prudent woman—with none of the impulsive abandonment of the artist—never losing sight of a good prospect—performing her duties with a patient, plodding assiduity, worthy of a Dutch housewife—and amidst all the gas-light, orange-peel, and floral offerings of the theatre, maintaining a taste for domestic life, with her head unturned by flatteries, and a cordiality of disposition and manner which made her a favorite in the most refined and intellectual circles of society.

Mrs. Mowatt gives an amusing description of her early prejudices against the stage, and the decisive manner in which they were overcome. The clergyman on whose ministrations she attended, and for whom she cherished an enthusiastic admiration and reverence, was warmly opposed to theatres. He regarded them as the great instrument of the arch-enemy of souls, and the necessary abodes of corruption and wickedness. His influence was so powerful over the young maiden, that without inquiring as to what he really thought of the stage and its environments, she adopted his prejudices, and resolved that she would never enter such a scene of temptation and sin. During the farewell engagement of Fanny Kemble, a strong desire was awakened in the heart of the fair neophyte to witness the performances of that gifted artist. Mrs. Kemble was then at the height of her fame. Her name was on every body's lips; her praises echoed from every quarter. Curiosity at length prevailed over pious scruples. The saintly Anna yielded to the solicitations of her "paternal relative," who was a constant theatre-goer himself, and consented one fine evening to accompany the family party to their favorite amusement. The play was the *Hunchback*. The divine Fanny, of course, enacted the part of Julia. Never was sincerer enthusiasm excited than that called forth by the admirable representation. Our friend was in ecstasies. The play was a reality from beginning to end, calling forth alternate bursts of irresistible tears and laughter. From that time her prejudices against the theatre melted into thin air, although she went but three or four times again during her school-girl days.

A severe reverse of fortune, after marriage, induced Mrs. Mowatt to engage in public dramatic and poetical readings, for the sake of a livelihood. In this enterprise she met with extraordinary success. It was a novel entertainment at that time in the American cities, and was warmly greeted by the most intelligent circles. Her voice was sweet and delicately modulated. The grace and propriety of her elocution were admirably set off by the charms of an attractive person. It was easy to recognize an uncommon dramatic gift in her variety of intonation, her judicious and impressive emphasis, and the soul of eloquence which she threw into her delivery. She soon received lucrative proposals to adopt the theatrical profession. But this was wholly foreign to her feelings. She rejected the overtures with decision, and indeed not without a certain feeling of indignation.

She now devoted herself with the most patient industry to literary pursuits, employing the resources of her versatile intellect as a writer for the booksellers. Among her productions was the lively, satirical comedy called *Fashion*, which at once

made a hit on being brought out at the Park Theatre in New-York. The success of this play led to more intimate relations with the stage. She again received propositions to engage in the profession, with the assurance of golden prospects that were waiting on success. The balance now began to waver. She looked at the plan more seriously than before. Reviewing her whole past life, she found that from earliest childhood her tastes, studies, and pursuits, had all combined to qualify her for the vocation. Her passion for dramatic performances was exhibited when she was little more than an infant. She had played plays before she ever entered a theatre. She had written plays from the time that she first witnessed a performance. Her love for the drama was unquestionably genuine, for it was developed at a period when the theatre was an unknown place, and actors a species of mythical beings. She therefore determined to fulfill the destiny which seemed written on the past circumstances of her life, and on all her intellectual habits, tastes, and sympathies.

Her début was made at the Park Theatre, in the summer of 1845. Only three weeks had been given to preparation. The final rehearsal on the boards was triumphant. On the eventful evening of the performance, before the curtain rose, her strength failed her, she lost her self-possession, and her theatrical career seemed about to commence and to terminate in a fit of hysterics. By a desperate effort, she recovered her composure, her weakness passed away, and, on facing the audience, she lost all sensation of alarm, and went through the performance with a triumph that is rarely gained by a débutante.

From that time, her course was decided. Offers of engagements poured in from all the principal theatres in the United States. Before the close of the year, she had enacted all the most popular characters in juvenile comedy and tragedy. We need not dwell on the subsequent events in her professional career. Her reception in England was no less enthusiastic than at home. She disarmed the prepossessions even of the fastidious judges, who can usually see no good thing that comes from an American Nazareth. On the whole, few dramatic artists of our day have enjoyed a more uninterrupted share of the popular sunshine, or won more warmly-attached friends in private life.

Mrs. Mowatt owes her success to a resolute and determined spirit, a rare degree of self-reliance, and a highly cultivated taste, combined with a remarkable womanly sweetness and grace, rather than to any wonderful powers of genius or originality of representation. She lacks the physical capacity and vigor requisite for the highest eminence in tragedy. Her nature is not one of intense passions. The terrible, the majestic, the sublime, have never been her forte. With such cha-

racters, her native tendencies have little affinity. Her success in that rôle has been the result of clear perceptions, and a happy imitative talent, rather than of any depth or energy of emotion. She will be remembered principally as the graceful delineator of fashionable manners, and of the refined and natural manifestations of feeling, of which every-day society affords such abundant example.

In her book, without any apparent effort to secure the good will of the reader, she constantly wins upon our sympathies, and leaves a highly favorable impression of the excellence of her character, as displayed in the earnest discharge of duty, and the gracious endurance of severe trials. She tells her story with singular naïveté but does not justly incur the reproach of egotism.

THE papers which are here collected in a separate work for the first time, attracted great attention on their original appearance in the London *New Monthly Magazine*. They are remarkable for their vivacity of style, the graphic

Sketches of the Irish Bar.

By the Rt. Hon. RICH-

ARD LALOR SHELL, M. P.

With Memoir and Notes

by R. SHELTON MAC-

KENZIE. 2 vols. Red-

field.

descriptions with which they abound, their keen and effective characterizations of distinguished legal and political celebrities, and their liberal and generous tone of sentiment. The copious annotations of the American editor, Dr. Shelton Mackenzie,

are, in some respects, equally valuable with the text. He has left no important point without illustration. His diligence, information, and excellent judgment are alike admirably displayed in the fund of literary and personal anecdote, amusing incidents, and biographical reminiscences which he has brought together from a great variety of sources. With the command of a pointed and vigorous style, he brings his commentary to a level with the sketches, which, in their present form, will doubtless be regarded as one of the most amusing as well as instructive publications of the season.

TRAVELS.

THE cordial frankness and exuberant vivacity of this volume will compensate for a certain tendency to extravagance and a taste for high-wrought description, which occasionally expose

Haps and Mishaps of a

Tour in Europe. By

GRACE GREENWOOD.

Ticknor, Reed & Fields.

its popular and excellent authorship to disparaging criticism. That it contains many specimens of somewhat inflated composition—of excessive raptures on ordinary occasions—and of long-drawn-out

descriptions of objects with which the world is by this time

tolerably familiar, we can not honestly deny; but we are quite as ready to admit that its pervading freshness, its gayety of humor, its frequent incomparable naïveté and its numerous bursts of impassioned eloquence are too much for a common degree of fastidiousness, and will win the sympathy of the reader, in spite of the blemishes and short-comings which an eye intent on fault-finding might easily discover.

Like all American travellers in England, Grace makes it a prime object to see the celebrated living writers, for whom, in this country, we cherish a reverence and enthusiasm usually more hearty and profound than they meet with in the less excitable circles of their native land. Her record of first impressions of literary lions includes many well-known names, and to us, we acknowledge, forms about the most attractive portion of her volume. One of the first persons she became acquainted with was Barry Cornwall. This prince of song-writers she found a most agreeable individual, a little shy and reserved at first, but truly genial and kindly at heart, and with a vein of quaint humor running through his quiet, low-toned talk. Nor did Miss Mitford belie the anticipations produced by her delightful writings. She talks most agreeably, with racy descriptions of persons and places, free dashes at character, and a rich, delicious humor, which one relishes like a dainty flavor. She has the joyous, outgushing laugh of a child, and her kindly eyes flash from under her noble brow, and snowy, soft hair, with all the vivacity of girlhood. Talfourd, whose sudden decease is announced as we are writing these pages, struck her as a most quiet, kindly, unpretending man, conversing agreeably, though with occasional wanderings of thought and often lapsing into a sort of ejaculatory dreaminess. Dickens, of course, was the crowning object of curiosity in London. Grace was disappointed in his eyes, although they beamed alike with genius and humor. In spite of their power and beauty, their changes seemed to be from light to light, but with no profound, pathetic depths, no tragic shadowing. A pleasing picture is given of the authoress of *Margaret Maitland*, of *Sunny Side*—a fair Scotchwoman, not over twenty-two, a modest, quiet, lovable person, who seems far from having made up her mind to admit the fact of her own genius. Having wakened one morning to find herself famous, she believes the world laboring under some strange delusion, and accounts herself an immensely overrated little woman after all.

Leaving the fascinations of London society, Grace makes a rapid tour in Wales, runs through the most interesting localities of Scotland, gives a passing glance at Paris, and proceeds on the beaten track of tourists to Rome, Florence, Venice, and other indispensable cities of Italy. Her criticisms on the works

of art, to which, of course, she devotes a large portion of time, are independent and free spoken, but not remarkable for discrimination or accuracy. This, however, is not surprising, and ought not to impeach the taste or feeling of the fair amateur. She confesses her inability to do justice in language to the impressions which she received. Yet she often says many striking things, which are all the more effective for being spoken in her own way. She is not, at any rate, the mere echo of other traditional echoes. For instance, her remarks on the *Venus de Medici*, at Florence, are well put, and are the more interesting on account of their unsuspicious frankness. She does not bow before the "wondrous statue that enchants the world" with any heartiness of adoration. The form is exquisite, tender, and delicate beyond the fairest visions of fancy; but the head is too small and insignificant, the face too insipid and empty of expression to allow it a place on Olympus. Still, the *Venus* did not strike our unsophisticated observer as a voluptuous figure; it betrays too little soul, too little strength of passion, and noble fullness of development for that; for, as Grace discreetly remarks, "a soul of untold depths and passionate intensity must lie beneath the alluring warmth and brightness of a refined and perfect sensuality." Titian's *Venus*, on the contrary, she regards as of a far more dangerous character. That has voluptuousness, it is certain; gorgeous, undisguised, yet subtle, and, in some sense, poetic and refined. Without being innocent or unconscious, she is not bold or coarse, or meretricious. Proudly and quietly revelling in her own marvellous beauties, she appears less like a goddess than a woman by character and position free from the obligations of morality and purity. It is not strange that, with all the incredible beauty of this picture, the good-hearted Grace could not like it, nor even tolerate it, and turned from it, with an inexpressible feeling of relief, to the *Bella Donna* and the *Flora* of the same artist.

Although this volume will not greatly enhance the literary reputation of the authoress—as fame is rarely founded on a mere journal of experiences, however brilliant—it will be eagerly read by the large class that always delights in a work of foreign travel, and will be warmly greeted by her numerous friends as a fresh proof of the versatility of her genius and the charms of her character,

THEOLOGY.

THIS reprint of a work which has produced not a little excitement in England, will be read with considerable interest by all who are in the habit of watching the progress of theological development. The author is a man of liberal and elegant accomplishments; an ingenious if

Theological Essays. By
FREDERICK DENISON
MAURICE. Redfield.

not a profound thinker; of various and rare learning; and of more than common fluency and force of expression. He is deeply imbued with the spirit of Coleridge's philosophy, which, on several occasions, with more or less success, he has endeavored to apply to the illustration of theology. For a scholar, whose thoughts are principally given to books and abstract speculation, he shows a remarkably acute power of observation, a vein of secular good sense, and a large and liberal style of feeling not always found in persons addicted to the pursuit of letters. Mr. Maurice believes that a theology which does not correspond to the deepest thoughts and feelings of human beings can not be a true theology. He is not so absorbed by the subtle points of divinity, as to lose sight, for a moment, of the claims of humanity. With glowing natural sympathies, he aims to transfer the science of religion from the cold and cloudy heights of metaphysical abstraction to the warm precincts of common life—to the cheerful light of the domestic circle, and the every-day emotions and pursuits of man. The present volume is written in this point of view. It consists of elaborate dissertations on several of the leading controverted topics on theology, although they are not discussed in a polemic spirit. Without adopting the extreme radical views of many writers at the present day, who evacuate the Scriptures of their ancient significance, by their rationalistic interpretations, Mr. Maurice endeavors to present the accredited doctrines of orthodoxy in their most human aspects, so as to gain the adherence of such minds as have too often been repelled from embracing them, by the grim and gloomy shadows with which they have been surrounded. How far he has been successful in this attempt, is a question which we have no space to discuss. We will only say that no thoughtful reader can follow his lucid reasonings without receiving many hints of the most impressive significance, and perhaps finding his own reflections turned into a new channel.

POETRY.

OF very unequal power, though resembling each other in their strikingly subjective character, these two volumes require a more extended notice than can be given to them at the heel of this number, with our few remaining lines of "copy" impatient to rush into type. We may make them the subject of a special article hereafter.

Passion Flowers. Ticknor,
Reed & Fields.
Hours of Life. By SARAH
H. WHITMAN: Provi-
dence.

A TRULY VALUABLE WORK.

NOW READY.

Poole's Index to Periodical Literature.

Forming a complete key to the contents of over fifteen hundred volumes of standard periodicals, both American and English. Published in 1 vol. 8vo., \$6; half calf \$7.

NOTICES OF THE PRESS.

"Its riches seem inexhaustible, and it must become as necessary to every literary man, and all others, also, who are desirous of acquiring knowledge upon subjects which most concern them, as is a complete lexicon to the student of a language.—*Boston Transcript*.

"We are free to say, that to students, politicians, editors, and all public writers and speakers, this is the most useful publication of late years; in short, a key to the richest treasures of modern thought and scholarship.—*N. Y. Christian Enquirer*.

"The utility of this volume is unlimited, for it is not confined to any single branch of literature, and the merchant, the artisan, the man of science, the theologian and manufacturer, have at hand a guide which will lead them directly to those volumes and articles, where they are sure to find the information they seek."—*Boston Eve. Gazette*.

"We hope that the reading public will properly recognize the services of the compiler in the present undertaking; he has supplied them with a work that no student can afford to do without."—*N. Y. Eve. Post*.

"Every man of letters, every scientific man, every statesman, every lawyer, every physician, every clergyman, and, above all, every editor, is the debtor of the compiler of this work, and will be as long as he is a working and a thinking man."—*N. Y. Courier and Enquirer*.

JUST PUBLISHED BY

CHARLES B. NORTON,

Agent for Libraries.

For sale by booksellers generally.

TON,

for Libraries

THE NEW-YORK QUARTERLY.

THIS Work is designed to supply America with that class of literature which the best British Journals have for a long time afforded England. It will treat of such subjects as are of interest to every member of the country, as those subjects are conceived of by our enlightened statesmen and able scholars.

It will be its constant endeavor to foster a noble nationality in Literature and Art—and we are convinced, that a well-conducted Quarterly can do much to infuse into the popular mind those high and just views of education which are essential to the development of our institutions.

As powerful as our commercial nationality has already become, so powerful shall it be the object of this work to render our nationality in letters and art. Every subject suited to advance the American mind, every theory calculated to have a wide bearing on the future destinies of our prosperous country, shall herein find ample space for discussion.

We invite the statesmen who would promote a noble endeavor to diffuse knowledge of a superior order among the citizens of our common country—divines, who would see our people developed in mind, that they may rationally conceive of highest truths—scholars, who would extend a broader and more genuine culture—to contribute to our liberal pages.

The Review will be strictly composed of original productions, and each number will contain a brief sketch of contemporary literature, and a scientific summary, recapitulating the most important discoveries throughout the world during the quarter.

TERMS —\$3 per Annum, single copies.

THE
NEW YORK
QUARTERLY,

DEVOTED TO

SCIENCE, PHILOSOPHY, AND LITERATURE.

VOL. III.—No. 2.

JULY, 1854.

NEW YORK:
PUBLISHED BY CHARLES B. NORTON,
71 CHAMBERS STREET.
LONDON: TRUBNER & CO.

TO BOOK BUYERS.

The Subscriber would respectfully offer his services to

LIBRARIANS AND OTHER BUYERS OF BOOKS.

To attend to any orders at the various Sales held in this City, of Libraries and Collections of Books, by MESSRS. BANGS, Bro. & Co. - From his thorough knowledge of Books and Editions, and his long experience in the business, his patrons may feel assured that their orders will be faithfully attended to. On receipt of name and P. O. address, all Catalogues of Sales will be forwarded as soon as issued. In marking the Lists, it is important that prices be affixed where possible.

CHARLES B. NORTON,

AGENT FOR LIBRARIES,

71 CHAMBERS STREET, NEW YORK.

IMPORTATION OF BOOKS

FROM

ENGLAND, FRANCE, HOLLAND, AND GERMANY.

The subscriber having made special arrangements, during his visit to Europe, for the Importation of Foreign Books, and having regular correspondents in London, Paris, Amsterdam, and Berlin, he is enabled to attend to all orders with promptness and dispatch. If necessary, he is prepared to visit Europe, *personally*, and make selections for Libraries, provided the orders amount to \$5,000, or over.

CHARLES B. NORTON.

REFERENCES:

PROF. C. C. JEWETT, Smithsonian Institute, Washington, D. C.
HON. EDWARD EVERETT, Washington, D. C.
PROF. C. FOLSOM, Athenaeum, Boston, Mass.
REV. DR. WAYLAND, Brown University, Providence, R. I.
J. W. DANA, Esq., Portland, Me.
PROF. E. C. HERBER, Yale College, New Haven, Conn.
REV. DR. WALKER, Harvard College, Cambridge, Mass.
PROF. LEIDER, South Carolina College, Columbia, S. C.
LLOYD P. SMITH, Esq., Library Co., Philadelphia, Pa.
HON. HENRY BARNARD, Hartford, Conn.

CONTENTS

OF

NO. II.

ART.	PAGE
I. THE MORALE OF THE EASTERN WAR. Russia as it is. By Count A. DE GUROWSKI. D. Appleton & Co., New York, 1854, ...	161
II. LOYOLA AND THE JESUIT REACTION. R. P. Aloysii Bellecii, Soc. Jesu SS. Theologiae Doctoris Medulla Asceseos, Seu Exercitia S. P. Ignatii De Loyola Accuratori et menti ejus proprii Methodo Expladata. Editio Secunda. MONASTERII Westphalorum. 1846, ...	191
III. ONE OF OUR GREAT MEN, ...	206
IV. EFFECT OF EMIGRATION UPON AMERICAN PRODUCTIONS, 1. Annual Reports of the Secretary of the Treasury on Commerce and Navigation, 1840 to 1853, 2. Annual Reports of the Secretary of the Treasury on the State of the Finances, 1840 to 1853, ...	237
V. INSTITUTIONS FOR POPULAR INFORMATION IN NEW YORK. 1. The New York Crystal Palace illustrated. By CARSTENSEN & GILDERMEISTER, the architects of the building. Riker, Thorne & Co. 2. The World of Science, Art, and Industry, illustrated from examples in the New York Exhibition, 1853-4. Edited by Prof. B. SILLIMAN, jun., and C. R. GOODRICH, Esq., aided by several scientific and literary men, with 500 Illustrations, under the superintendence of C. E. DÖPLER, Esq. New York : G. P. Putnam & Co.; London : Sampson Low, Son & Co. 1854. 208 pp. 4to. 3. Astor Library. 4. Abbott's Egyptian Museum, ...	250

VI. THE PROSE WORKS OF N. P. WILLIS, ...	264
--	-----

VII. WINE AND THE WINE TRADE.

Speech of Benjamin Oliveira, Esq., M. P., in the House of Commons, Feb. 14, 1854, in support of a resolution for a reduction of the duties on Foreign Wines. London, 1854, ...	276
--	-----

VIII. CONTEMPORARY LITERATURE OF THE LAST THREE MONTHS.

1. My Schools and Schoolmasters. An Autobiography, by HUGH MILLER. Boston: Gould & Lincoln, ...	292
2. Morning Stars of the New World. By H. F. PARKER. James C. Derby, ...	302
3. Personal Narrative of Explorations and Incidents in Texas, New Mexico, California, Sonora, and Chihuahua. By JOHN RUSSELL BARTLETT. D. Appleton & Co., ...	303
4. Narrative of a Voyage to the Northwest Coast of America, in the years 1811, 1812, 1813, and 1814. By GABRIEL FRANCHERE. Translated and Edited by G. V. HUNTINGTON. Redfield, ...	306
5. Melbourne and the Chincha Islands. By GEORGE W. PECK. Charles Scribner, ...	307
6. Greece and the Golden Horn. By STEPHEN OLIN. J. C. Derby, ...	308
7. The Art-Student in Munich. By ANNA MARY HOWITT. Boston: Ticknor, Reed, & Fields, ...	309
8. Hills, Lakes, and Forest Streams. By S. H. HAMMOND. J. C. Derby, ...	309
9. Lectures on the True, the Beautiful, and the Good. By M. VICTOR COUSIN. Translated by O. W. WIGHT, D. Appleton & Co.	310
10. Wensley. A Story without a Moral. Boston: Ticknor, Reed, & Fields, ...	312
11. Crystalline; or, the Heiress of Fall Down Castle. A Romance. By T. W. SHELTON. Charles Scribner, ...	312
12. The Religion of the Northmen. By RUDOLPH KEYSER. Translated by BARCLAY PENNOCK. Charles B. Norton, ...	313
13. National Education in Europe. School Architecture. By HENRY BARNARD. Charles B. Norton, ...	313

THE
NEW-YORK QUARTERLY.

JULY, 1854.

Russia as it is. By Count A. DE GUROWSKI. D. APPLETON & Co., New York, 1854.

AMONG the many works which the present Russian war has called forth, the book, the name of which we have given above, holds a very high position. It is remarkably free from the book-making marks, being, indeed, replete with useful and important facts, many of which are not readily to be found elsewhere; so that it is a book which should have been published, even if a present accidental demand for works of such a character had not been the immediate cause of its appearance. It is this positive and permanent character of the work which gives it its distinctive value. It is true the Count, filled with national impulses and long accustomed to theories and discussions on the great political questions which are rife in Europe, cannot forbear the temptation sometimes to fly off from his facts at any convenient tangent, and revel in deep and far-reaching speculations about tendencies and eventualities; which, moreover, sometimes have too strange an air about them to be admitted immediately to our confidence. Nor does he appear to be entirely at home in the religious departments of his work; for a writer, who wields so bold and free a pen in the other parts of his volume, would hardly have stopped to inform us that St. Basil was a father in the Primitive Church (to say nothing else of his religious chapter), if he had been so familiar with ecclesiastical matters that his pen could play freely and boldly among them.

Nevertheless, he returns to his facts, and they are *facts*; not generalizations, suited to almost any eastern latitude; not safe page-filling platitudes, which any one could have written; and not even surface truths, which a traveller, who is only a traveller, may have picked up during a rapid tour of the country, on the principle, which Shakspeare mentions, of a

primrose being simply a *yellow primrose*. On the contrary, his facts are often well selected and characteristic, giving us what we want, in order to understand the matter in hand, and saving us from throwing down the book with appetite whetted but not satisfied; perhaps to resort to our libraries to fill up the details of what we have just read in mere provoking outline.

But there is one point on which, if it had been consistent with his plan, we could have wished the Count to have entered fully. It is a great desideratum to his book and to the age. Perhaps we may say that, to a large class of reading and thinking and honest-minded people, it is almost the only one on which they now care to be informed. They are, accordingly, the best class of readers. They have no investments in stocks or real estate, that create a thirst for information on the subject, and they have heard *ad nauseam* of battalions and squadrons and three-deckers, and of all manner of political speculations as to what may or may not be, and under what probable circumstances such probable events may occur. Behind all these questions is one greater, by far, in their estimation, and it is on this that they seek enlightenment. They wish to know why it is that the whole world is now in commotion, nations embroiled, and the index of civilization turned back upon its glowing dial so far. They wish to know what is the object and motive of this world-wide iniquity; who is the wretched violator of the peace of the earth; in a word, who it is that is acting in bad faith. The *morale* of the Russian war is, therefore, the topic in which they are mostly interested, and is really the great hinge of the whole matter in all its manifold divisions.

This is the subject which we wish to present to our readers, and, in order to do so, we will consider first, what are the Treaties on which the claim of Russia, in behalf of the Christians in the Ottoman empire, rests. For after all, this is the paramount object of consideration. These Treaties guaranty certain privileges. They were given in the most solemn form in which men can bind themselves before God and the world to act towards each other. If these formal, these public, these carefully weighed contracts can be violated, what possible value can be attached to any agreements and promises of mortals; what faith can man repose in his fellow-man, even for an hour, and in any matter, from the sacredness of life down to the paltry wares of the peddler? If Russia is acting simply in accordance with the letter and spirit of the treaties which she has contracted with the Porte, and if the Sultan is violating them;

then the question of right and wrong, the question of good faith and of the *morale*, is virtually settled. Whether it is convenient or not for the Porte to carry out her engagements; whether this is not a suitable time to get her Allies to back her in resistance; whether the balance of power is to be affected or not; all these queries are beside the point. They have nothing to do with the matter. They are only the wicked pretenses which the shopman feigns to violate his bargain with his patrons; the crooked shifts and hollow excuses before which Truth and Honor and Justice must perish from the earth.

Having ascertained this point of the Treaties, we will pass on to notice the salient points of history in this struggle, from the time of the mission of Prince Menschikoff up to the present; and, finally, we will offer a few remarks as to the churchly aspects of the question.

It is true, there have been so many contradictory statements on this war question, that people generally may be in danger of dismissing it from their attention, as a tangled and knotty skein, utterly beyond hope. They may think that, if the famous maxim of Walpole was true in his day, that *history is a lie*, there must, if possible, be a still stronger definition given to this branch of science, now that our Telegraphs have gone into operation, and the Daily Press and the Stock Exchange require such an unusual amount of exciting stimulus to sustain their vitality and treasure up materials for history. Yet such misstatements and contradictions refer mostly to the current and less characteristic incidents of the war, leaving, in a great measure, untouched, the general data and principles of the contest, on which is to be rested the whole broad argument in the case.

Perhaps Turkey was, at the first, afraid; then, when she inveigled France and England and had them committed, she was insolent; then France schemed and pushed England into the war; then all made a bold front to scare the lion. But these are speculations. We have here to do with more reliable matters, and those of another kind. It is the question of the *morale* in this struggle that we are to consider.

We will frankly say, at the very start, what our view of the *morale* is, thus enunciating the proposition which we will then attempt to prove. We believe that in the main Russia has acted throughout in better faith than Turkey or Turkey's Allies; that while the Czar is not guilty of the simplicity of childhood, he is nevertheless neither a political ruffian nor a buccaneer; that while, like every other sovereign, acting not solely in a personal capacity, but representatively for his

people, he may feel that more latitude and verge is given for his actions than he would be entitled to as an individual, he has yet, in the present instance, pursued a course which no other country would have taken unless its weakness compelled it to do so; in a word, that while, like other sovereigns, he may be ambitious and discreet, he has been careful to have much of the right on his side from the very start, and to have kept to that right in a way that would almost argue a weakness in the instrumentality or an indecision in the will by which his ends were sought to be obtained.

And now for the proof. The Treaties between Russia and Turkey were laid before the House of Commons in England, by the Government, some two months since; from which time we have been diligently searching the Daily Press to get a sight at least of a synopsis of the most famous of them. We hardly, however, expected to be rewarded for the lookout, as we had seen so much reason to distrust the action of the Allies in this war that we could scarcely expect them to give to the world the text of the Treaties which form the hinge on which the whole matter revolves, or, rather, *should* have revolved, if all parties had been transparently honest. Instead of such solid information, such special and instructive facts, we are put off, and scented away from the trail, by every manner of extraneous information, until many almost forget that there have been any such formal and mutual promises. But we are not dependent upon the House of Commons for a knowledge of these documents. De Martens (Gottingen) has given us a good and entire text. But even if we quoted those passages implying the claims in behalf of Russia, we might be met with different charges of misconstruction or misapprehension; so that we prefer to give a construction of what these Treaties contain on the eastern religious question in the words of another.

And the aid comes from a quarter least expected; no less, indeed, than from France—thrice hostile to the Czar, religiously, politically, and socially. Scarcely, indeed, can a Gaul mention the name of a Muscovite, but he has the most intense itching to get hold of one of the roughest prefixes in the language to attach to the name. Yet all the better for this; the favorable testimony of a foe is of the strongest character. So is it with the account of these Treaties, given by M. Francesque Bouvet, *late representative*. Our readers are further informed, that he has lived in the Danubian Principalities—the border land of a long warfare—and that his work is styled, “Turkey, Past and Present.” To this

volume is affixed an appendix, in which is contained a tabular statement of the Treaties made between Turkey and other powers, from the year 1699. The first date that concerns our subject is 1774, when the great Treaty was formed, which (as augmented by the Treaty of Adrianople) is the foundation of all that Russia now claims at the hands of the Sultan. It is the Treaty of Rutschuk-Kainardji (the name of a village in Bulgaria), and was made between Russia and Turkey. Heeren (by the way) speaks of this Treaty as a *compromise* between the two countries. On the topic of religion, M. Bouvet has these words, as the sum of the treaty: "*A Greek church to be constructed at Pera, and the Sultan to admit the right of Russia to protect the Greek religion and its sacred edifices.*" We must be frank enough to say that M. Bouvet gives this language as the meaning and substance of the articles bearing on the question. But can any thing be stronger, more to the point, more entirely out of the reach of any argument or subterfuge? It gives Russia a *right*; and this right is not only (as we often hear) in regard to a church-building at Constantinople, nor even in regard to the Holy Places in Palestine, but it is over the entire Greek religion; and this right, lastly, is in the form of a protectorate. What could be expected fuller, and, at the same time, more precise as to the great contest now going on between these two great powers? What possible foothold can Turkey have to stand upon in her present course of refusal to be guided by the letter and spirit of this compact?

But let us go further. We have quoted only from the appendix. Let us go back to the text of the work and see what, there, M. Bouvet has said upon the right which this Treaty gave to Russia. On page 42, he says, "The Treaty of Kainardji was as much to the advantage of Russia, as that of Pruth had been unfavorable and humiliating." Then, after mentioning the various stipulations that are made, he thus speaks on the question before us: "*the construction of a Greek church at Pera, and the right of the Empress to protect the Greek religion and its sacred edifices.*" He also adds, on a collateral point: "The Austrian representative, the Baron de Thugut, who had assisted in drawing up the Treaty, spoke of it in terms which prove that its tendency was justly appreciated by that diplomatist. 'This Treaty,' he wrote, 'is a model of ability on the part of Russia, and a rare example of simplicity on the part of the Turks.'"

After this, no one, we think, would feel safe in supposing that the Turks gained much advantage from any diplomatic efforts at Kainardji. Few, we imagine, will hesitate to con-

fess that, certainly—even a Frenchman being judge, and one, too, who, in other portions of his work, is not chary of his spleen towards the Russ—Nicholas is not in the wrong when he claims rights for the Greek or Orthodox Christians, by virtue of this Treaty.

And here the case might stop. We have said enough to put the matter at rest. For, if the stipulations of such a bilateral promise are of no avail to bind the Turk, and to settle the question of right and wrong in every Christian mind, what considerations are strong enough to effect such ends? But we are content to go further. We will meet objectors on their own grounds, not doubting that even these grounds will make nothing as against the orthodox Christians and their defender; but, on the contrary, in many cases will only be favorable to our view of the *morale* of the question. In order to do so, we must pass on to the second division of our subject, and enter upon the consideration of the various stages in legislation and diplomacy which took their origin in the mission of Prince Menschikoff to the Sublime Porte.

What, then, did the Prince demand, and what was the reason of his hostile departure from Constantinople? The state of the case was this. This Treaty of Kainardji had not been acted upon in good faith on the part of the Porte. Her populace, under the influence of a wild fanaticism, which placed them at times beyond the control of the Sultan, had imbrued their hands in the blood of the Christians; and even the Sultan himself had proved false, by granting to M. de Lavalette, the French Ambassador at the Porte, a Firman involving privileges in favor of the *Latin* church in the Turkish dominions, which placed them in a more favorable position than the Greeks; and notwithstanding that a Firman authorizing these very privileges to the Greeks had but a short time previously been given to the agents of Russia. Russia was disgusted at such high-handed conduct. She felt that she could no longer hesitate, as a matter of sternest duty, to insist upon the full and honest discharge of the provisions of the Treaty of Kainardji, ratified and augmented at Adrianople, in 1829; and she sent Menschikoff to convey her sentiments to the Porte. And here come important questions.

What did Menschikoff claim? He first claimed, not a *Treaty*, but a convention. He was promised a Firman; but was not this an insult? Why, he had possessed a Firman before, and it was of no use. It was given one day, and violated the next. It was a mere promise of the Sultan, which he might make, out of the plenitude of his good will, and without deign-

ing to enter into a compact for mutual signatures ; but which, on the morrow, in the exercise of a similar sovereign and benign will, he might see fit to alter under what seemed to him an alteration of circumstances. But something more than this was claimed by the Prince. The former Treaty, through a lapse of time, had been suffered to be impaired, without being so totally violated as to have demanded of Russia an instant war to vindicate her rights. Now, therefore, the time was come to reaffirm this stipulation on the religious rights. And this *reaffirmation* was the *guarantee* by which she sought to bind Turkey, if anything could bind her, to act for the future in good faith.

On this we have two remarks to make ; First, What was the use of the new Treaty which was demanded ? If Russia had these rights already guaranteed by Treaty, why ask for another Treaty ? Her very asking proves that she wanted something new ; some addition to her former rights. Such is a popular way of putting the objection. But, we answer, is it not reasonable to suppose that when mutual promises, through lapse of time, by ignorance or rashness, or by mere inadvertence, are impaired, that they should at some sudden crisis be reaffirmed, and the entire question once again and in the most formal manner be put back on its true basis ? And not only as a point of reason should it be so, but as a matter of fact it has been so. From the great Magna Charta, so often reaffirmed in the troublesome eras of the rude Barons of England, down to the very last Democratic Convention held in our own country, we see examples of precisely the same thing—the repetition and rehearsal of features of right and policy, held to be of fundamental importance, though liable from age and contingencies to a lack of proper comprehension or of adequate appreciation.

Nor, again, was this guarantee a material one. That question came afterwards, when the Principalities were seized to enforce the rights demanded. But the guarantee which Menschikoff asked was only a solemn Convention entered into by the two high contracting parties, binding each of them, and not liable to the mutations of the Sultan's whims, under any pretext he might assume as a justification of a change of mind in the premises.

We have stated as facts what may require a word or two of evidence before going further. That Russia had not been very handsomely treated, we think may be put beyond doubt by what is said by *M. Bouvet* on the one hand, and even by that vituperative journal, the *London Times*, on the other.

Even enemies are compelled to speak the truth, though with faltering tongues. Apologetically, M. Bouvet says, while speaking of the offense which Russia took at the grant of the Holy Shrines privileges to France, "Even allowing that the steps taken successively by *France* and *Austria* in reference to the Porte may have been of a nature to excite her (Russia's) jealousy, it must be remembered that the conduct of her Envoy has been altogether marked with too much emphasis." And the *London Times*, another authority, taken because at hand, says, "If the Russian Government had preferred its claims to that *amount of redress* to which it might *fairly be entitled*, without bullying," &c. The other fact alluded to is in reference to the Firman about the Holy Shrines. This document, confirming to the Greek Christians their ancient rights, had been sent to Russia by the Sultan, and at the top of this Firman was a hatti-scheriff, in the handwriting of the Sultan, acknowledging these ancient rights. But when the Turkish commissary, in conformity with assurances given to the Russian Embassy, arrived at Jerusalem, he denied that he had such a Firman, and it was only after the demand of the Russian Consul had been backed by definite measures, that this Firman was registered; but even then it was done with such qualifications as almost entirely to neutralize its force.

But it is said, the Convention required by Menschikoff of the Sultan would effectually make his Empire a mere *imperium in imperio*; that it would virtually dethrone the Ottoman, or at least make him, after the Japan fashion, but a joint ruler with the Czar, and that if the Turk did make such promises, he would have been under restraint, and therefore not bound by them.

To this we answer, that such an argument belongs to the department of ethics more than of history, and that, as such a moral argument, we could only appreciate it when the relations of right and wrong, truth and error, virtue and vice, have ceased to be what by the common consent of human kind they are held to be at present. Alas for honor and truth and the peace of the world, if such an argument were to prevail! For a moment let us stop to investigate it by history. Shall the Peace of Westphalia be disregarded, and the Netherlands return to Spanish protection, because the thirty years' war *compelled* Austria to consent to the independence? Shall the Peace of Utrecht be violated; Gibraltar go back to the French, and the House of Hanover give place to the nearest collateral heirs of the Stuarts, because France found herself *compelled* to make the stipulations? Shall the Canadas revert

to France, because at the end of the seven years' war Great Britain *compelled* her to sign them away? Shall our own country be handed over to the maternal care of Her Gracious Majesty, because at Yorktown and the peace of Paris, Great Britain was *forced* to enter into stipulations that were not very palatable? Indeed, what would be the condition of the world, if a Treaty was not binding because one of the parties to it had been under a sense of compulsion? Why, then, shall not these Treaties between Russia and Turkey be preserved in a spirit of integrity? There is no such startling injustice in the demands themselves; none in the mode in which they were first authorized, as to palliate any attempts at present evasion. *Both* sides have not proved false, *both* do not wish a nullification of the Treaties. But of this we shall see more presently.

Let us now see what were these iniquitous stipulations of the Convention which Menschikoff demanded of the Sultan. And first, negatively, he did not claim the right to confirm the Patriarch of Constantinople (as it is often said), and no one, familiar with the question of the Patriarchate of Moscow and the Holy Governing Synod, which is its modern substitute, would see any special reason that he should claim such a right. Nor again did he claim a Protectorate, except so far as virtually every one must be a Protector to whom guarantees are given for the safe conduct and well being of a third party. A Protectorate of some kind does exist, and has existed everywhere. The flag of our Union protects our citizens in every water. Ambassadors and other functionaries are always excepted from some of the general laws of the country where they are accredited. Nay, further, England protects bodies of men, and sometimes with almost sovereign authority, from Cuba to China. And without alluding to the present armed occupation of the Italian peninsula by French regiments, we see a Protectorate in history that is quite decisive on the subject under review. Henry IV. did not refuse to grant to the Protestants the edict of Nantes, though the parties to whom he bound himself were even his own subjects. Nor did Ferdinand feel that his imperial sceptre was shattered, when, by the Peace of Augsburg (1555), he entered into treaty that the Protestants of the Empire, living under Romish Prince-Bishops, should enjoy the exercise of their own religion. Nay, England, when at the very noon-tide of her glory she treated with France, at Ryswick, did not feel humbled in the dust, in promising Louis that the cities he then yielded up should still be allowed to remain under Roman Catholic influence.

But, in the case before us, a solemn promise of such a character was made and violated. Russia now seeks the redress of these violated promises, and, in so doing, asks for another Treaty, or, rather, convention. In this sense she claimed to be a Protector. And, further, she asks what, unless she has been sorely stricken with stupidity, she is obliged to ask, acting upon her ancient rights, that no class of Christians under the Sultan should be elevated to a higher level than the Greeks, in behalf of whom these special rights had been made; and, finally, that all the *ab antiquo* immunities of the Greek rite might be preserved.

While this article is preparing, General Baraguay d'Hilliers has left the Porte with the most hostile mien, on similar but higher grounds. For he claimed, as under the special protection of France, the Latin Christians residing at Constantinople; and when the Sultan recently banished the subjects of King Otho, the French ambassador claimed an immunity for the Latins, i. e., he demanded not that they should secure equal measures of justice or favor with other Christians, but, that they should be exalted far above them, and made especial favorites—a haughty claim to which the Czar has never yet advanced pretensions.

And to go a step further, before passing from this point, Turkey has recently consented, as a condition to the aid she receives from the Western Powers, to forego her sovereign right to make peace without their privity; thus stripping from herself one of the most essential features of national independence, rather than submit to a little hauteur in demeanor from a Russian prince. The price of petulance and pride is a heavy one. In the demand of Russia there was no such compromise of Turkish independence. But whether so or not, by the facts—the agreements between the two parties—must they abide.

We need not here stop to notice the charge, that in all that Nicholas has done, the great and ulterior goal of territorial acquisition has been kept ever in view; for there is no special reason for us to do so. Even if such was one of the elements in his mixed and complex motive to action (for in every one the motive to action is seldom simple and single,) who could cast the first stone at him, who remembers the fact and the manner of our acquisitions in Mexico, or those of England in India, (making altogether, within the last hundred years, acquisitions three times as great as those of Russia) and those of Prussia and Austria in Central Europe? Who is without fault, if fault it necessarily be?

But Menschikoff did not insist, even, upon a Convention. When that was refused, a less formal document, a mere note with the Imperial signature, and addressed to Russia (and not to everybody, or rather nobody), was asked for, and even this was refused. May we not, then, say, as we did before, that Russia appears to have betrayed a strange weakness in her conduct here? Is there an iota that would justify the charge against her of a mighty foe brow-beating a suppliant adversary; any ground for characterizing a nation thus acting as a faithless and ruthless barbarian, with whom justice and plighted faith are words to be bandied about in ridicule?

And, again, if it were a fair objection that the tone and temper of Menschikoff were disagreeable or overbearing, may not a forcible replication be made for the Czar? Is Turkey to demand everything, even to a trifle of gesture and look and pitch of the voice, and that, too, of the party aggrieved? Is the criminal at the bar the one to make conditions? Is nothing due to Russia? This seems to us but little of the even-handed justice and common chalice that are to pass impartially from one to another. If Russia was wronged and even then lowered her demands until, for shame, she could lower them no more, it approaches to the verge of the absurd and the ludicrous for Turkey to stand out because the manner of the Prince was offensive. And when we think of the consequences of such standing out—the inundation of the world with war—we are lead with every manly impulse to frown upon such conduct and willingly to hand over the faithless power, with all its silly pleadings of sensitiveness, to the justice of the Avenger.

We must notice, also, before leaving the subject of the Prince's acting, a few other matters. It has been asked, with all the confidence which bespeaks an easy victory, why was it that Menschikoff went to Constantinople to settle a petty dispute about a key and a cupola—a mere *affaire de chancellerie*—and ended by bringing forward the whole subject of the religious standing of the Eastern Christians as a great state question? Why not confine himself to the *Shrines matter*? We answer that, even if such were the sole or even principal object of his visit, this Shrines question was not a mere isolated question to be reached and settled by itself. It was part and parcel of a complicated network of principles and events, and could not be adjusted but by reference to the principle on which it rested and going to the warp and woof—the very substratum of the difficulty. To attempt to settle it in any other way would have manifested ignorance or

fatuity; and, even if it could have been thus temporarily settled by any species of casting lots or striking compromises, there would have been no security or permanency in the arrangement, and another crisis would speedily have arisen, reopening the whole question in dispute. For this Shrines question was involved in the Treaty of Kainardji; inasmuch as the rights of the Greek Christians and Pilgrims at Bethlehem form part of that protection which in this Treaty the Porte had stipulated to extend over these Christians. These stipulations formed the very *warrant* for an appeal to the Sultan to give back the Shrines privileges to the Greeks, and were the *only* basis on which the Sultan could be expected to grant them in the face of the *French* Ambassador. To have asked or granted such privileges on any grounds weaker than these, when they had recently been, though dishonestly, promised to France, would have argued very badly for the head of the Muscovite and the heart of the Ottoman.

But, still further, it is said that the Sultan granted all that was asked for, of his own accord; giving the ancient privileges to all the Christians in his empire at the time of the withdrawal of Menschikoff. What more, it is asked, is wanted? Why does the Czar insist on more? We might now ask the same question, changing the word Czar for Sultan. We might say, if the Sultan was willing to grant all that was demanded of him in some independent and abstract manner, why did he not do so in an honest and open agreement with the Czar? Does not the fact of his not doing so argue petulance; a miserable stale etiquette, too boyish, yet too criminal to be permitted among sovereign nations whose angry words lead to battles somewhat different in results from those of juvenile pugilists in the streets? If, too, these had formerly been granted to the Czar and the Sultan was willing, in his *own* way, to *reaffirm* them, then we say there is a *new* ground for advocating the principle of reaffirmation, and the Turk, by his *own* showing of the case, is manifestly and grossly in the wrong, and is highly dishonest in refusing to grant anew what formerly he had granted and what now he virtually acknowledges needs rehearsal and renewal.

Granting, however, all that is claimed (until we come more fully to see the error of the claim, when we notice Turkey's alterations of the phrases in the Viennese note); granting she made every promise of *privilege* as well as of *worship* and to *all* Christians as well as to those who are her *subjects*; what is the *morale* of the case? Turkey gets rid of a mutual, authoritative, responsible action, by giving an irre-

sponsible promise! We might illustrate the case by referring to a fraudulent debtor, who has managed to spirit away or involve in complications his promissory note, and, while admitting the note, refuses to give his creditor another, and puts him off with a mere verbal promise. In both cases the *offer* wants the *binding* characteristics. The student will have one among many illustrations in *history*, by remembering the account which Burnet gives (*Own Times*) of the intense suspicion on the part of England towards France, at the time of the Peace of Utrecht, and of the assurances which Queen Anne gave her subjects that the treaty should be made with every needful particularity. They had no mind to *trust* the King.

We must go a step further. We must see the confirmation of the material points that have been urged, in the current of events subsequent to the withdrawal of Prince Menschikoff from the Porte. And yet, good reader, we are not going to unravel with you the hideous knot of Notes and Protocols, and Seneds and Treaties, which, up to the famous and supercilious and wily autograph of the French Emperor, were then spread before the world. One stout blow will cut the knot, as easily as was hewn asunder the famous Gordian one of old, from the pole of the ox-cart in Phrygia. The great hinge of these diplomatic efforts was the Viennese note of the Four Powers. Around this they all cluster, and it explains them all. The light, moreover, which a consideration of the nature and fortunes of this note will cast over what has already been said, will be an additional reason for our dwelling on the subject. The following facts will be borne in mind.

Prince Menschikoff reduced his demands from a convention to a note, to be accepted and signed by the Porte, and founded on the provisions of the Kainardji and Adrianople Treaties.

The Prince waited long at the Porte for its decisions, and even protracted his departure to the 21st of May, when he had given notice of his departure on the eighth.

After insisting on this note, in a direct form, from the Porte and upon its implicating only the two sovereign powers immediately interested in its results, Russia consented to recede from this ground and accept the intervention of other powers between her and her offending neighbor.

The note which these intervening powers drafted for the signature of the Sultan, was first telegraphed to the Czar, and in this form was accepted without discussion; but afterwards it was altered by the Western Powers in such a way as to invite the exceptions of Russia to its ratification; yet even then Russia waived her objections and resolved to accept the

final form of the note, despite its alterations, rather than run the risk of replications on the part of the Porte and of subjecting herself to the imputation of prolonging the agitation of Europe for the sake of insisting upon a phraseology which, though important, was not essential. On the other hand, Turkey *rejected* the draft of the note. But of this more hereafter.

Finally, it will be remembered that this note was conceived or sanctioned by England and France, the friends and allies of the Porte, and, as we shall presently see, was deemed by them unobjectionable in matter and form. Here we would stop a moment and say, comprehensively, to all who believe (they know not why) that Russia is seeking for more in this struggle than she is fairly entitled to, that the Four Powers have offered her what is satisfactory. She was content with their finding; but Turkey would not yield. This, however, must be explained.

Let us quote from this Viennese Note. The first and third clauses are inserted, for they alone contain what is material to the matter in hand.

"A supreme irade, in date of — having made known to him (the minister of foreign affairs) the Imperial decision, the Sublime Porte, &c., congratulates itself at being able to communicate it to his Excellency Count de Nesselrode. If at all times the Emperors of Russia have shown their active solicitude for the maintenance of the *immunities and privileges* of the Orthodox Greek Church *in the Ottoman Empire*, the Sultans never refused to confirm them anew by solemn acts, which attested their ancient and constant benevolence towards their Christian subjects. The undersigned (minister of foreign affairs) has consequently received the order to declare by the present that the government of his majesty the Sultan will remain faithful to the *letter and spirit of the stipulations of the treaties of Kuscuyki Kainardji and of Adrianople, relative to the protection of Christian worship*, and that his majesty regards it as a point of honor with him to cause to be preserved for ever from all attacks, either at present or in future, the enjoyment of the spiritual privileges which have been accorded by the august ancestors of his majesty to the orthodox Church in the East, and which are maintained and confirmed by him, and, moreover, to allow the Greek worship to participate in a spirit of high justice in the advantages conceded to other Christians by convention or special agreement."

It is not true (as some may think) that Turkey, in objecting to this note, did so because of any constructions put upon it by Russia. That fact itself would be a subject for discussion if it existed; but it does not exist. Turkey *first* rejected

it, or rather would accept it only with the material alterations which she offered. It was then that Russia, who had previously accepted the note, pure and simple, refused to recognize the important alterations demanded by the Porte, and gave her version of the story which has so much scandalized our liberal Press. Russia might have demanded, previously to her own telegraphed promise to accept this Note, that Turkey should promise to do the same; but she did not, and when the defaulting party—the implacable, irascible and pampered child—refused to do its duty, to accept the least of all the demands of Russia and then the recommendations of the Four Powers, the common consent of the Sultan's friends and of Europe, until certain fundamental alterations were admitted by them all at the intimation of his caprice, then it was high time for Russia to assume a more manly bearing than she had done; else she would have handed over her name to historical disgrace.

That such alterations were material, one or two specifications may be enough to prove. First, Turkey altered the Note, so as to read that she had *always watched* over not merely the *worship* but the *immunities* of the orthodox Church. This was a bold falsehood; disproved by the very Shrines difficulty which was the origin of the whole trouble. Moreover, if it were true, what ground had Russia for objection? If the Porte had always done this, why did the Czar ask for any thing else? Why did even the *London Times* say, that *some redress was due to the Czar*? And in what an unenviable and absurd and iniquitous position would it place the Czar—to write his own doom; to acknowledge that the Treaties had been *kept*, though they were broken, and that, though asking redress, he did so in the very act of confessing that there was no cause for redress?

But, again, Turkey insisted on an alteration which would have rendered Russia (if she accepted the alteration) guilty of the truism that *she* had always been watchful over her *own* church in her *own* dominions; and which would have excluded her from the right of vindicating the wrongs of the Christians in the *Ottoman* dominions, when the privileges guaranteed to them by the Porte had not been maintained.

Further, there was an alteration of an ambiguous character, stating that the orthodox or Greek rite should be put upon an equal footing in point of religious immunities (not with *those* in the territories of the Sultan, but) with the other *subjects* of the Porte. Thus a loophole was left for the Sultan to escape from the most that was important in his promises. The same scenes could be reenacted the next day, that had

led to this world-wide discussion, without *violating* one *jot* or *iota* of his solemn promises, or, more properly, of his ridiculous farce. For to whatever class and to however great a number of *squatters* in his dominions he chose to grant special privileges (and these comprised a large body of foreign priests *not subjects* of the Porte), he could freely do so; and thus the Roman Catholic would virtually become the dominant and established form of Christianity. The Greeks would be outraged in feelings and interests, and thus again would the bitter fountains of religious animosities be unsealed, and the Turks be enabled to exult over the mutual recriminations and hostilities of rival Christian communities, and laugh at the great seething cauldron into which she had cast the passions of the Christians. Nor would there be any *political* interest wanting to prompt to such actions. Intense hatred of the Azure cross; the ability to overcome the orthodox, by having France, the party so publicly privileged, held aloft in *terrorem*; these would be too tempting motives for the conscientious Mohammedan to resist.

Could such alterations be accepted by Russia? *Dare* she, in virtue of her duty and her good name among men, thus stoop and thus trifle on the arena of the world? Nay, would it not have been *cruel* for her thus to throw wide the flood-gates of persecution and subject the whole of the Christian orient to wrath and suffering?

But, for a moment, we will stop to consider this almost ridiculous pretext, of which so much has been said—that Russia put interpretations upon the Note, which were fatal to it. Diplomacy has certainly been reduced to a very damaging discount. One Power, forsooth, put interpretations on a collective note of the four mediating Powers of Europe! And suppose Russia did; did not Turkey do the same? Might not any party, at any time, do the same? On such grounds, will it *ever* be possible to make a Treaty with Russia, as she can always act in a similar manner? And, lastly in the catalogue of queries, let us ask, if the *Powers* cannot write grammatically, are they morally right in visiting their sins upon the unoffending? One thing, however, is clear, that an ecclesiastical synod would not have used such general and abstract terminology; if it were general, it would have been also explicit enough.

But, in fact, was not even this document explicit enough? Is there one to say that the interpretations put upon it by Count Nesselrode (be it remembered, after it was rejected by the Porte) are at war with the plain, honest sense of the words themselves? Is Russia guilty of any cabalistic interpretation

in the matter; diving or soaring into depths for hidden meaning, which the ordinary optics of plainer men cannot discern? The truth is that this plain sense, this meaning which every individual blessed with reason and impartiality would have given to this matter, if brought before him for adjudication, was precisely the one given to the words of the Conference by Turkey. Thus Russia and Turkey both interpret it *alike*; the latter rejecting the Note because it *does* give a worthy sense to existing Treaties, and the other, for this identical reason, accepting the offer. The ground, however, was eventually taken (when Turkey's petulancy compelled the Allies to hunt up some pretext) that, because of this *interpretation* and despite of an *original pure and simple acceptance* from Russia, the Viennese provisions could no longer be thought of. And yet, can there be a question but that the Four Powers themselves gave the same interpretation to the Note? What other interpretation *could* be given to it as it stands? Why did Turkey feel obliged to alter the Note? Why not give her interpretation of it to be ratified by the Conference? Or rather, why not ignore the fact, as England, at Utrecht, ignored the secret meaning which France would give to a renunciation of the Spanish Crown?

We are not, however, to leave these Ambassadors in this dilemma and with this trifling to which Turkey drove them; for, before they were driven to it, they had committed themselves too far to make it of any avail. We have said that the Four Powers (two of them ever since the allies and fast friends of Turkey) made these propositions, then altered them in favor of the Sultan, and urged them upon his acceptance. There is, perhaps, no latitude or longitude in the world, where such facts could bear any other meaning than that the recommendation, in its plain, grammatical sense, was likely to be a reasonable one. No one could have thought it disrespectful. It was not possible to have thought it so disrespectful as to be a blow to the very independence of the Sultan's dominions. And such must have been the fact. But we do not stop here. We have testimonies for the character of this Note taken from the most unexceptionable quarters, including the London Times (which seems to know almost every vituperative adjective of the lexicon), that must be added to our own reasonings and facts. Let us see first what the *Paris Moniteur* (official) says on the subject. Alluding to the *solicitude* of the Czar for the Greeks, expressed in the St. Petersburg Journal (Nov. 3, 1853), the *Moniteur* says:

"France, Austria, Great Britain and Prussia, recommended the Sublime

Porte to respond to it by assurances compatible with the dignity of the Sultan and the integrity of his sovereign rights."

Of course this does not refer to the Turkish edition of the Note, and equally, of course, is Russia's interpretation adopted. Otherwise, the apologetic or explanatory tone would have been out of place.

The London Times, July 12th, 1854, says of Russia :

We are perfectly aware that she has not demanded a *political* protectorate of the Greek Christians in Turkey ; she contents herself with what M. DE NESSELRODE terms " a sort of religious patronage."

And, again (Aug. 20th), in allusion to the famous proposal of the four powers which had been sent to Turkey.

The Conference of Vienna has, unquestionably, obtained far better terms than Turkey could have obtained for herself. After the Russian Government had announced that the acceptance of its *ultimatum sans variante* was an indispensable condition of peace, the Emperor NICHOLAS has been brought to reduce these arrogant and separate pretensions within the limits of a note, which the Four Powers approve, and which *does not* materially differ from the note proposed by Turkey herself, at an earlier stage of this dispute.

The real friends of Turkey in this crisis are not those who are attempting to goad her to a desperate and probably fatal resistance—but those, on the contrary, who have procured terms for the settlement of this question, which it is not more inconsistent with her honor to accept than with our honor to recommend. It will surely not be easy to persuade the world that a note originally drawn by France, revised by England, adopted by Austria, and assented to by Prussia—who are, therefore, all in some degree responsible for its contents—is of so *humiliating* a character that the Turkish Divan is to risk its existence by rejecting such an offer, in the vain hope of humbling its powerful neighbor.

It will be remembered that all this testimony refers to the original note, as such, and that Turkey has both virtually and formally rejected that note, as such. The interpretation, too, is obviously Russian and literal. Such language as this needs no comment to direct attention to its points. But let us look further. We clip the following from the New York Daily Times of Oct. 4th, and it will be perceived that Turkey's interpretations were not then thought of so much force; nor had the new pretext of Russian interpretation been devised.

The Paris *Débats* gives the following version of the instructions which, it asserts, have been sent to Constantinople by Mr. REEVES, one of the Secretaries to the Cabinet. These instructions, which the *Débats* says are most pressing and most categorical, were agreed to unanimously, at a council at which Lord ABERDEEN, CLARENDON, JOHN RUSSELL, and PALMERSTON were present. The *Débats* says :

The English Ambassador at Constantinople is instructed to demand from the Turkish Government the retraction of the modifications which it proposed on the 19th of August, and its adhesion, " *pure et simple*," to the draft note already accepted by the Emperor of Russia.

The same paper tells us that the Conference itself had exhibited a like inability to appreciate the Sultan's objections. It says :

It transpires that, on the 4th instant, on learning the Czar's rejection of the Turkish modifications, the Conference at Vienna hastily assembled, and immediately dispatched a courier to Constantinople, bearing intelligence of the rejection, together with a private dispatch from the Conference to the Sultan, hoping to induce him to accept the original note.

We have used the New York Times as an agent; (however unwillingly to itself), let us now recur to it as a principal. Under date July 25th it says:

With sincere good faith Russia has, from the first, assured the great Powers that she entertains no immediate designs upon the integrity of the Turkish empire. The *status quo* are to be preserved inviolate.

Such declarations leave no room to doubt that all parties gave the same interpretation to the note originally, and indeed that this interpretation was the only one which the phraseology could bear.

Let us look at a few testimonies of a negative character, and given under such circumstances as to throw a strong side light on the question. Kossuth has said,

The Sultan cannot make the internal administration of his Empire an object of transaction with a foreign power; but *he did* by a decree what he was desired to do by a treaty.

Passing by the mistake in the latter part of this paragraph, we remark that it yields the entire question of right.

But let us hear the London Times on this States question of protection,

We must again, however, urge on our own Government, and on all the allies with which it is now connected by more or less formal ties, the extreme importance of concluding, at the earliest practicable moment, a treaty which shall define the real political objects of the war, assure to the Christian populations of Turkey our *united protection*, and determine the means to be employed for the attainment of our common objects. We trust that the time is rapidly approaching when such a treaty will obtain the assent not only of England and France, but of the German Courts, and possibly of some other not less important auxiliaries.

So the Christians are to have rights guaranteed to them, and even the internal administration of Turkey *is* to be an object of transaction with Foreign Powers. All can be granted so long as *Russia* is not involved. That seems to alter everything. We stop our quotations, after the two following, showing, we think, that lately it is not the Kainardji provisions, or the Czar or Sultan's interpretations, that are at the bottom of the difficulty with the Western Powers, and that the *status quo* of the N. Y. Times is, with these disinterested and *candid* nations, nowhere. The London Times significantly remarks (April 20, 1854):

The last propositions sent from St. Petersburg amount to an offer to evacuate the Principalities in exchange for the withdrawal of the fleets from the Black Sea and the Bosphorus; and, although the Emperor NICHOLAS cannot for

a moment have supposed that the Western Powers would content themselves with so *sterile a result* of their efforts and sacrifices, leaving the whole question to be reopened by Russia at a more convenient season, yet this proposal has probably been made to satisfy the most pressing demands of the German Powers, and so to detach them from the Quadruple Conference.

And the New York Times (May 3) informs us,

In the different diplomatic notes and queries exchanged between the two Governments, one of the latest made an inquiry about the French Emperor's intentions in respect to the results of the war. The Vienna Government wished to know whether the Court of the Tuilleries would be satisfied with the restoration of the *status quo ante bellum*, and whether there is any foundation for the views ascribed to the French Emperor, about the reduction of the Russian Empire to less formidable dimensions. The answer of the French Government was, we are assured, to the point that, war having been declared, and hostilities commenced, the results, mainly depending on the fortune and duration of this war, *cannot be circumscribed* in any way, nor can the limits and conditions of the pacification be *delineated*.

Can any one longer doubt that France and England have an eye to the *abatement* of the power of Russia, though pretending to other motives? We think, positively and negatively, the case in court goes right hardly against the Western Powers, though their own witnesses alone have testified. Has not rectitude, even from such a showing, characterized the Czar? Has not his conduct, therein, been in the main fair and rational, not to say lenient? Is not the *morale* mostly on his side?

But from isolated statements let us pass to general facts. Here, again, we shall find the dagger in the hands of Turkey's friends. For what, let us now ask, is the ground taken by the Allies, as the explanation of their belligerent attitude? What, according to their own confession, has induced them to go into the war? for we must pass by all considerations of the rivalry and manœuvring between England and France, which, despite the utmost efforts to keep matters secret, have unmistakeably exhibited themselves since the very beginning of the war. It is the almost universal acclaim of Western Europe at present, that the *balance* of power must be preserved; that Turkey, though so insignificant as to have been excluded from the Vienna Congress of 1815, must still be propped as an integral member of the European confederacy, in order to keep up the general political equilibrium; or, in plain Saxon, to benefit the cotton trade. Hence no sense of justice is prompting these Powers. No wrongs are to be redressed; no violated pledges, on the part of Russia, are calling for atonement. The *treaties*, therefore, by the showing of these very parties, are *good*; are not a cause of war in themselves, but only so far as they may eventually damage the interests of trade. Thus is Russia vindicated at the mouth of her most

bitter opponents, and the question of the *morale* is decided for her in quarters not to be impeached of partiality. How truly did Nicholas say in his allusions to the accusations made against him by England and France :—

But the last especially of those grounds of accusation suffices to understand the true motive of a war for which, judged by its apparent grounds, there is no reason ; and it is contrary to the moral, industrial, and commercial interests of the entire world, that it will really accelerate the ruin of the very Empire which it made the pretext to save from imaginary peril. *The true motive was publicly proclaimed by the English Ministers, when they asserted before Parliament that the moment had arrived at last when it was necessary to abate the influence of Russia.*

Thus the testimony in behalf of Russia is not only of a direct but also of an inferential character. In this connection we must refer to recent events which confirm these views. There have come into existence, since the 10th of April, three international compacts. The convention between Prussia and Austria has, for its discriminating feature, the preservation of *existing* boundary lines (for Russia as well as Turkey) under *all* circumstances. The protocol of the Four Powers limits their objects to a demand for the integrity of Turkish territory and the evacuation of the Principalities, without saying any thing about *mulcting* Russia in heavy damages for what has passed. But England and France have a Convention which goes to the extent of bringing about peace on *solid* and *durable* bases, and of *preserving* Europe from *similar* lamentable complications in *future*. If this language of England and France is any thing more than a threat, it seems to imply that they wish to put the alleged offender on his good behavior for the future ; taking away from him his dangerous weapons, such as the Treaties, from Kainardji down to Urikiar Skelessi ; and confining him to close quarters, by shutting him out from certain dangerous localities of his own—say Crimea on the South, Poland on the West, and Finland on the North—an extent of plunder never witnessed in Europe, (except during the anomalous era of the Napoleon wars), since the partition of Poland.

The *morale* of the struggle will also be exhibited, if, in passing away from the Notes we have just considered, we take even but a hasty view of Russia's willingness to enter again and again into treaty, waiving almost every matter of honorary claim, and insisting only on substantial rights ; while Turkey is sullen and wilful, yielding to no appeal, even of Europe combined. Such considerations will also tend to confirm what we have said of Turkey's refractory conduct throughout the negotiations of the Viennese Note. Immediately after

its rejection by the Porte, the Czar went to Olmutz, and, through Lord Westmoreland's agency, another proposition was sent to the Porte. Then Orloff went on a special mission to Vienna, in hopes of again putting the matter into proper shape. A Berlin correspondent of Feb. 7th, in reference to the dissolution of the Vienna conference without effecting any thing, says:—

The organs of the Russian party here affect to feel much *regret* at the little chance there is now of Baron Von MEYENDORFF getting the Ambassadors together again to work in Vienna.

Then came the Ambassadors of Germany to the Tuilleries to reconstruct the falling fabric; but in vain. Of such efforts of the Czar let us form our opinion from the commentaries of his enemies. The news by the America (December 27), in reference to the resumption of peace efforts at Vienna, informs us:

The proposition is eagerly grasped at by the Russia partizans, but is unfavorably looked upon by the liberal press and party, who think that Turkey has a right to claim something more than the mere *status quo ante bellum*. They insist that the present opportunity should be seized to obtain the free navigation of the Danube and the Black Sea, and the abandonment of all Russian claims against Turkey.

The *Patrie* adds that the new memorandum of the Russian Cabinet is very moderate in tone; that the Czar is yet willing to accept the original Note of the Four Powers, and will not, under any circumstances, commence hostilities.

And the Humboldt of Dec. 29, informs us:—

An Anglo-French note had been declined by the Sultan, as rumored by the previous steamer, but a more comprehensive *projet* had been prepared at Paris under the eye of the Emperor, and a copy sent to the Cabinet at London. An Austrian statement is to the effect that the Czar has intimated his willingness to make terms, and the Sultan will not object, though he will not be "the first to retract."

Lastly we read in the London Times, of April 7:—

The last message received at Berlin from the Emperor of Russia, and conveyed to that Court by Prince GEORGE of Mecklenburg, is to the effect that *the Emperor will evacuate the Principalities when ever the Western Powers have obtained from the Turks, by treaty, the emancipation of the Christian population.*

Now let us ask, if Russia had acted in an opposite manner—had refused not only to volunteer measures for pacification, but had turned a deaf ear to them when coming from others, would there not have been a universal outcry against her dogged and reckless determination to push matters to extremity? But, when she has pursued this generous and noble course, determining to forego every advantage and submit to every repulse and freak of passion, that her duty would permit, immediately the ground is changed; and the most perverse disposition is manifested to misconstrue her

motives, and, from out of the darkest and most iniquitous suspicions of an erring spirit, to charge her, even in these pacific efforts, with having a design of gaining time in order at once to exhaust the resources of the Turk and sow the seeds of discord among the Allies. What conduct, under such circumstances, could be proof against detraction! What regard for human opinions could ever, amid such feelings, be the least motive to an upright life!

But how has *Turkey* acted at the same time? When, since the Vienna conference, has she set on foot any measure for a reconciliation? When has she accepted one that was recommended to her, if it included any fulfilment of obligations to Nicholas? After rejecting the Notes to which we have referred, though recommended and urged by all the Powers of the continent, she was importuned by Lord Redcliffe by the most diligent efforts, pursued with a patience worthy of the stolidity of that fatalistic race with whom he was pleading. But he found himself compelled to carry even the moderate requests which he made for prolongation of time and for a qualified refusal of overtures, not in a bold and open mode of expostulation, but by a secret and cunning resort to third parties high in the private regards of the Sultan, in order that the propositions might come before the Divan as free from the suspicion even of Western agency as possible. For some time, not a day passed without these interviews with the British Minister. At last we read (Nov. 19):

The Porte has *definitively rejected the new note*, which had been non-officially presented to it by England; it was a kind of medium between the note of Vienna and the modifications of the Porte, taking for its basis the note last offered by the Porte to Prince Menschikoff. * * *

The Ottoman Ministry and the dignitaries of the Divan, after holding two night sittings, decided unanimously that, in the first place, the note did not sufficiently protect the dignity and sovereign independence of Turkey; and next, that *the time for notes and concessions was past*; and, lastly, that the note had been offered to Prince Menschikoff to avoid all the sacrifices which have been since made, but that, as they had now been made, Turkey could no longer make the same offer.

And, again, as the winding up of the whole matter, we read in the *Paris Siècle*, in reference to the Note of the Conference, which was not willing to ignore entirely all the Treaties which Turkey had solemnly ratified with Russia,

A letter of the 30th ult., from Constantinople, announces that the Turkish Government has definitively set aside the project of arrangement proposed by Lord Redcliffe. * * * A new treaty must now regulate the relations between Turkey and Russia, and the Sultan hopes that, with the aid of God and his allies, that the new treaty will raise a solid barrier against that Russian ambition that incessantly endangers the peace of the world. But with

any negotiation having for its starting point the recent Vienna diplomacy, Turkey will have *nothing* to do.

In other words, Turkey is going to be a law to herself. She knows she has involved the Powers in complications from which they cannot escape; that she can consequently play her own game; and, feeling that the honest and honorable spirit of civilized nations, in regard to the obligations of Treaties, is rather in the way of her free and buccaneering character, she is going for a while to act the political privateer, taking care, however, to have on board certain *documents* to be used in case of convenience. A different metaphor, but to the same effect, is readily suggested. It is that of the *angry boy*. It was a figure employed to advantage in the memorable struggle in the British Commons which elicited talents of almost every character which in the estimate of our race entitles mind to a mastery in the world; but which, at the same time, revealed such a thorough and almost undisguised selfishness, duplicity and animosity as are almost without a parallel in the annals of time. After an exciting debate, the younger Pitt had taken his seat. He had been grossly personal as to Sheridan's dramatic antecedents. But Sheridan told the irascible young man, "encouraged by the encomiums bestowed on my talents, should I ever again engage in the occupations to which he alludes, I may, by an act of presumption, attempt to improve on one of Ben Johnson's best characters—the *angry boy* in the *Alchemist*."

Yes, it is the part of the angry boy that the Sultan is acting; a boy that is obstinate, passionate, and whose condition needs simply a vigorous flogging; but who, nevertheless, gains his ends at last; while his more reasonable, yielding and noble comrade is obliged to humor him and give way. But will Europe permit such childish capers? Is the *morale* on the side of passion and falsehood?

Passing on from this point, we come to the *Secret Correspondence*. We are to look for the irredeemable turpitude which it has been supposed to fasten on the Russ. We would, however, make one remark previously—that Russia is not, and has not been, morally bound to keep the *Balta Liman Treaty*, or any other Treaty between her and Turkey, since the latter Power has refused to perform her part of the stipulations. If the Pruth has been crossed, there is no loss of the *morale* in favor of Russia, unless we suppose that she is compelled to keep all her promises to Turkey at the very time that Turkey is violating all that she has made in return. But to pursue the thread of events. On March 19th this

Secret Correspondence was laid before Parliament. When Count Nesselrode asserted that England was privy to the objects which Russia had in view at the Porte, it was denied by Lord Palmerston. On the 20th of February, 1854, Mr. d'Israeli had charged Government with aiding the designs of Russia, either through direct agency or culpable credulity. Thereupon Lord Palmerston arose, and, in the course of his reply, remarked :

When Count Nesselrode asserted, at a later period, that our Government had known from the outset what were the whole demands of Russia upon Turkey, he asserted that—I am bound to say it—which was utterly at variance with the fact.

Now, in view of the facts shortly after made public by the disclosure of the Secret Correspondence, what are we to think of this disclaimer of an English Cabinet officer? Was he in office and not aware that, in 1844, when Nicholas visited England, the whole question of Turkey's fate had been talked over; that Wellington, and Russell, and Peel were deep in the conspiracy, if conspiracy it was; and that these conferences had been reduced to writing? That he did know something of the correspondence is evident from the very speech from which we have made an extract. But whatever may be the explanation of such remarkable assertions from another "angry boy," the issue of veracity, which he has petulently raised, is raised very sorely to his cost.

And, again, when this budget of correspondence was opened, it was a very Pandora's box in the eyes of our excitable Press; too often excitable and startling in order to be read. Indignation, at the treachery all around, was straightened by the poverty of our language to do itself justice. Almost everywhere the language of the London Times was reëchoed, when it contrasted the promises given by Nicholas in his secret correspondence with the attitude he was said simultaneously to have assumed at the Porte. We give an extract (March 20th):

At the very moment the Emperor of Russia was making these promises, he was in the act of violating them; and, although the diplomatic history of Absolute Courts affords many shameful examples of equivocation and duplicity, we question whether so palpable a case of mendacity was ever brought home, by direct evidence, to the ruler of a great Empire.

Now, in answer to all this vituperation—(and it is often the most bitter when the parties using it are conscious that their principal reliance is on abuse)—we have simply to quote two short extracts, contained in the very correspondence then made public, and to which allusion was made by the Times in these *very strictures*.

In the Imperial memorandum (Feb. 21) the Czar had said, in allusion to the disputes at the Porte :

But that kind of dispute may, nevertheless, bring on war, and with war the consequences which the Emperor apprehends from it; if, for instance, in the affair of the Holy Places, the *amour propre* and the menaces of France, continuing to press upon the Porte, should compel it to refuse us all satisfaction; and if, on the other hand, the religious sentiments of the orthodox Greeks, offended by the concessions made to the Latins, should raise the immense majority of his subjects against the Sultan.

And again, Sir H. Seymour says (dispatch April 20th) :

His Majesty proceeded to contrast the threatening attitude which had been assumed by Count Leinengen with the peaceable character of Prince Menschikoff's mission. His Majesty, after observing that, according to the accounts just received (those of the 29th ult.), little or no progress had been made towards an adjustment of difficulties at Constantinople, said that as yet he had not moved a ship or a battalion; that he had not done so from motives of consideration for the Sultan, and from economical motives; but that he would repeat that he had no intention of being trifled with; and that if the Turks did not yield to reason, they would have to give way to an approach of danger.

Where now are falsehood and treachery? What now is to be thought of Palmerston and the Times? Is not Menschikoff's *name* and *mission* mentioned, and is not even a *war* threatened if Turkey will not come to terms?

But there is one other point affecting the *morale* of the case, as presented by this secret correspondence, to which we must refer, though but briefly. In order to get at it, we pass over the questions whether England did not virtually and formally, and again and again, receive these overtures on the fate and disposition of Turkey from the Czar, and whether she did not, at the least, give such a favorable hearing to the overtures as to make her participate in any responsibility which they involved. But, we ask, where is the turpitude in Russia's asking England to come to some understanding as to eventualities, before the crisis arrived, when a fearful revolution throughout eastern Europe might have been the consequence of the Powers being unprepared for the emergency? Is it that the Czar *feigned* a case? is it that he *pretended* to believe the situation of Turkey imminent, when it was not so? Does the guilt lie in this? If so, the Czar's pretext has more to support it in the opinions of others even most friendly to Turkey, than usually falls to the lot of pretexts.

Let us see if the Sultan was not a *sick man*, in the opinion of those who did not judge of the pulse and tongue according to their interests; or, in the language of the Avon bard, whose *wish was not father to the thought*. These testimonies confirm the description, so beautiful yet so melancholy, which the graphic pen of Burke has given us of the "barbarous an-

archic despotism" of Turkey. "It is a fact of public notoriety," says Thornton (Present State of Turkey), "that governments of every description are openly sold at the Porte." The Encyclopædia Britannica (new edition) says, "It had been often remarked, that the Turks rather encamped than settled in Europe. Far from improving the countries they govern, they scathe everything that comes within their reach; they destroy monuments, but build none." Malte Brun tells us, "the populous and numerous towns mentioned by ancient writers have been changed into deserts beneath a despotic Government." But let us come still nearer home. Even Sir Stratford de Redcliffe, the giant champion at the Dardanelles of Western interests, spoke of the Turks, in 1852, in these words: They are distinguished "for cruelty, rapine, and murder."

Earl Grey, in the debate of Feb. 14th, declared,

He saw no reason to support the Turks, whom he looked upon as little better than a horde of barbarians, who had oppressed for the last four centuries the population over whom they had control. As to saying that the character of the Turks had improved of late years, he believed nothing of the kind; and he contended that it never could improve so long as Turks remained Mahomedans; and neither the property nor lives of Christians were safe in their dominions.

Nay, the *London Times* (even it) has said,

No doubt can be entertained, in the present emergency, that it is politic, as well as just, in the Sultan to confirm the privileges of his Christian subjects; but no concessions will stop the march of events, or prevent the Christian race in Turkey in Europe, superior as it is in numbers, in intelligence, and in industry, from exchanging the condition of a subject and disfranchised people for that of an equal and one day a sovereign race.

And again:

The mere dissolution of the Turkish Empire would be of no greater moment to England than a dissolution of the Kingdom of Dahomey.

In view of such testimony, we raise again the question of the *morale*, and ask if the Czar was not alluding to *facts* when he spoke of the condition of Turkey being precarious? To impeach his motives in this matter, would be gratuitous.

But the limits of our article will not prevent our dwelling longer on this subject; nor, for the same reason, can we do more than make a few general observations on the highest element of the *morale* involved in the Eastern struggle,—its ecclesiastical aspects. What are, and probably will be, its churchly bearings? For the present, we have the significant fact, in regard to Turkey, that the Ulemas have gone by the board. Their *measure* of independence is lost; for their property and their consequent influence have been swept away. Henceforth they are to be but little check upon the Sultan: they are a mere stipendiary, slavish priesthood. So, too, of

the Christians in the Ottoman territory: they have incurred the wrath of the Sultan and the Mohammedans generally by the force of circumstances. Will it even be (if Turkey survives the present crisis) that the relations of the Christians to the Porte will be even as tolerable as they were before the war?

As to France, what religious influence will she gain? She will be, and has been, benefited, in almost every way, by this continental *mêlée*, and not the least in a religious point of view. Already has Rome gained a prestige: and it would be such if it only existed in the imagination of the East. For it has been to the credit of the Romish religion that all this difficulty has existed. The religion of France and the Pope has at last so far elevated itself in the very heart of its old lost battle-fields, that it is able to arouse all Europe in defence, and curb for a moment the mighty power of the Czar. Such a sentiment in the minds of the Orientals would do no harm to Romanism. But, for the *future*, what will be the result? Let us marshal the religious forces on some future campaigning ground, when the victors meet to share the spoils. We suppose the Russ to have been worsted. France comes in to claim, in future, the highest (of course exclusive) privileges for the Latins. She bases her claim upon the fact that something is due to her for getting up the quarrel (and consequently for securing the victory) on religious grounds. She urges the claim by an argument of possession, as she alone has been in the land for centuries, and all other claimants—the English Church and Dissenters (to use an intelligible classification)—are mere unnaturalized emigrants. She urges, moreover, the treaties *at present* existing and revered by the Porte, guaranteeing her these privileges, and says that certainly she should be no worse off in the *end*. Finally, she has a definite purpose in hand; it is one, too, of conscience; she insists on it as a *sine qua non*, on a par with any political privileges, whether she has or has not certain favors to ask of the Pope. She has therefore every advantage in securing her claim—in virtually shutting out from the East aught but the influence of the Pope.

The case is the stronger if Austria has a vote in such a council. She, too, thinks something of religion. She, too, can speak of such claims being a principle with her, which she is not at liberty to forego for any minor political reasons; and will cast her vote with France. Thus two of the powers are secured. They are firm. If the others could come in with anything like such a show of power, their chance would

be only an equal one. But have they this equal power? Can they approach the Conference even with a definite purpose? Are they not, or rather ought they not to be, divided in purpose—Prussia siding with the Dissenters, and England with her own established Church? So that at once the spoils would pass from them.

Moreover, will Prussia care enough for the Churchly privileges as to insist on them, when to do so might risk her other privileges or prolong the entire adjustment; when, too, she found France and Austria unwilling to yield an inch?

And what shall we say of England? Our sympathies, we frankly confess, would lead us to side with her in everything; but here we cannot do so. What is her attitude towards the two great forms of religion in the east? With the Greeks she is virtually one, in form of government, in ritual, and all that makes up the form of a Church. Some of her own children—the non-jurors—have been on the eve of a formal union with the Greeks. The Archbishop of Canterbury (however his instructions have been carried out) has forbidden the English bishops at Jerusalem to interfere with the Eastern Christians. But with Rome, from the time of Cranmer, the Armada, and the Gunpowder Plot, the war has been to the knife and the hilt. Yet here she is arrayed side by side with the Roman against the Greek. And to what end? Will she come in, at the death, with a bold and intelligible bearing? We fear it will be too much with her as with Prussia, with the exception that the English Ambassador may be further wanting in decision by not knowing whether to espouse the cause of the English Dissenters or not. We fear that with hands thus tied, and a tongue that articulates so feebly and indistinctly, but little can be done against France and Austria. The Greeks will be the conquered party, without rights, and to be satisfied only with the crumbs; so that England may be told, on her alone will rest the responsibility of delaying the pacification of Europe; and that, too, when she has but few Christians in the East to protect, and these are without existing rights, and who manifestly cannot expect to compete for favors with such a large body of Roman Catholics who already are in possession of rights. In such a case, who can doubt that, as a result, the gates of the East will be barred against all but the embittered members of the church of Rome, when an inscription may be written over the arch similar to that which Dante saw over the entrance to the regions where all *hope* was excluded?

Such is the probable *morale*, if the Western powers are

victorious. But suppose they are not. What then? Will the Dissenters derive any advantage from that war when Prussia is a suppliant? Will the English Church have increased her influence at Constantinople, the great dividing line between the East and the West, when Victoria is glad to terminate the war at every sacrifice? Will Rome be thankful for the issue of a struggle that dates from the 10th century, when the armies of France again melt away in central Europe, and her throne is overthrown by her own rebellious children? To ask such questions is enough.

In conclusion, we have to repeat that we do not believe the Czar has the dove-like simplicity of first or second childhood. He has bribes and threats; he has enough of cunning emissaries and astute diplomatists, to take care of himself, as against all whose case demands the use of such weapons. But we believe that in this great Eastern struggle the *morale* has been mainly in his favor. We believe he has had solemn guarantees, in the form of renewed treaties, for that which Turkey is not now willing to grant. We believe that this claim has been held to be just by the representatives of all Europe. We believe he has tried to obtain redress of grievances, in a manner at times almost to suggest a suspicion of a want of military power to enforce his rights. We believe that the Czar has not yet shown any reason to make us doubt (what is so natural to an Eastern ruler) that he does regard the religious privileges of his *rite* as of vast importance; and finally, that, though there are superstitions in the Greek church, and doctrines, too, which we lament, yet, looking at the matter from English and American points of view, the interests of religion will be far better subserved by encouraging the Greeks, and relieving them from Mohammedan oppression, than by the only alternative—the dominant political and ecclesiastical policy of France.

LOYOLA AND THE JESUIT REACTION.

R. P. Aloysii Bellecii, Soc. Jesu SS. Theologiæ Doctoris Medulla Asceseos, Seu Exercitia S. P. Ignatii De Loyola Accuratori et menti ejus propriiori Methodo Explanata. Editio Secunda. MONASTERII Westphalorum. 1846.

In some respects our age resembles the age of Ignatius Loyola. The Reformers of the sixteenth century, just as they counted upon the mind of Europe as their own, were startled by the opposition of a power that seemed to turn back the hand upon the dial of time and restore the yoke of Hildebrand to the necks of nations ready to rejoice in the liberty of Luther. Our boasted modern illumination, based not so much upon the Bible and Theology as upon Nature and Science, is startled by a similar reaction; and even in free England and America, the champions of progress are confounded to see the ghost of Loyola crossing their path and leading on a band of priests and proselytes of temper and form not very ghost-like. New interest, therefore, attaches to the rise and progress of the old Jesuitism, and our chapter from history may serve as a tract for our own times.

In this article we propose to consider the powerful reaction in favor of the Roman Catholic Church under the guidance of a man whose life, when looked upon without the least exaggeration, would seem to be a romantic fiction or legendary tale, were there not solid facts and significant movements in our own day to prove that he has lived and his spirit has not yet died.

After Luther had done his most daring deed, by burning the papal bull in the market place of Wittenberg, and had been sheltered from violence in the mountain castle of Wartburg, he little knew of the sort of antagonist who was then confined to another castle in Europe, and there preparing himself unconsciously to battle with the Reformation and make the world tremble once more beneath the thunders of Rome. In that year, 1521, there seemed to be a lull in the great storm that had arisen—a quiet, the prelude of a fiercer tempest. Luther in his friendly prison, at work upon the Bible, and anxious to carry forward his reforms—Calvin just

at Paris, entering upon his collegiate studies—Cranmer at Cambridge poring over the scriptures with the comments of the accomplished Erasmus, little thinking of the eventful life before him—these three persons present certainly images of great serenity. Turn to Spain; enter the castle of the noble family of Loyola and the picture is complete, for we have before us, in their repose, the leading actors of the impending struggle. Upon a bed in that ancient fortress rests a man of thirty years, pale, emaciated, and hourly expecting to die. He is the youngest son of the family, a brave soldier, who has never known fear in battles. His rash valor on a recent occasion, at the siege of Pampeluna, has brought him to this strait. His leg had been broken by a cannon-ball and had been unskillfully set. He ordered that it should be fractured again. Still, a bone projected near the knee; he commanded the physicians to cut off the projecting part. Still the leg was shorter than the other, and he had himself stretched on a rack to lengthen it. In vain. The young noble, reared at the court of Isabella, the gay cavalier, elegant in manners as brave in battle, must now see that he is hopelessly deformed. Never before did a cannon-ball do a work like that. It destroyed the courtier and soldier, it created the devotee of a new age and the founder of a mighty empire—in a word that cannon-ball, sped by a French gunner, gave to the world Ignatius Loyola and the Society of Jesuits. Let us rapidly trace his preparation, labors, and influence.

I. His preparation. Every man's education is coëval with his whole life, his entire experience, and is far from being confined to books and schools. This was eminently the case with Loyola who was far more a man of action than of books. His career as a soldier was an important part of his discipline, for it gave him the chivalrous spirit that so tinged his devotion, and the ideas of subordination that so strongly marked the rules of his order. His military life may be considered as the first stage of his preparation.

The second stage began with his wound and sickness. Before this he had been, like most of his young companions, an attendant upon the services of religion without having any strong personal interest in the subject. He had partaken of the communion as was the custom of all Catholics of adult age, but had not felt the deep significance of the rite. Even when the priest came to prepare him for death, his mind seems to have wavered between the claims of religion and allurements of the world. The night in which he expected death, did not pass without bringing a change over him.

When left to himself, doubting whether he were dead or alive, he thought he saw the form of a venerable man approach his bed-side, and heard him say, "I am Peter, and I am sent of God to heal and serve thee." When the slumbering watchers went, towards morning, to the sick man's bedside, they found him in a placid sleep that indicated a favorable crisis.

He awoke a changed man, yet without any definite convictions, but rather a feverish thirst for some excitement that might at once gratify his active habits and his new sensibilities. Lives of the saints, especially of that chief of devotees, St. Francis, were brought to him. The daring of these men, together with their impassioned piety, fell in at once with the current of his own feelings. He, too, might be a hero of the cross. He, the poor cripple, might rise from his sick-bed, and do deeds such as he had never dreamed of in his hair-brained warfare. He might become a soldier of Christ, and win the smiles of her whose favor, instead of bestowing the fading wreaths of a tournament, dispensed heavenly benedictions, —even the holy Mary, whom he called the Virgin Mother of God.

His friends saw the change, feared that he would do some insane thing, and tried to calm his excitement and keep him quiet. All in vain. His purpose is decided, and he goes forth from the halls of his fathers, never more to care for human ties, to forget father and mother, brother and sister, in his devotion to Christ and the church. Still his course was very vague, and dependent upon circumstances. He was an adventurer in the army of the cross, in search of a post. He climbed the hill of Montserrat, there confessed his sins, and sought absolution of a ghostly father in the monastery there. For three days, he hardly rose from his knees at the confessional. He then gave his rich attire to a beggar, and put on the humble dress of a common pilgrim, at midnight hung his sword upon a pillar near the shrine of the Virgin Mary, received the communion, and waited an opportunity to sail for the Holy Land. For about a year he was delayed, and passed the time in the most self-sacrificing labors and agonizing experiences. In the hospital of Manresa, he can find no offices too menial for him to perform. In a neighboring cave, he struggles with temptation, and submits himself to tortures severe enough to destroy the life of a less resolute soul. His good spirit triumphed, and he brought forth, as the fruit of this dreadful struggle in the cave, the substance of that book

of Spiritual Exercises which has prepared so many of his followers for their work.

Now an opportunity comes for his journey to the Holy Land. Stopping at Rome for the Pope's benediction, he reaches Palestine, has ecstatic visions amid the scenes of Christ's labors, sufferings, and death; yet finds a cold reception from the priests at Jerusalem, and is forbidden to remain there. He returned to Italy, then to Spain. His vision evidently widens. He sees that the cause of the church must depend upon something more than enthusiasm, however flaming. He must have learning, to do his work of converting the heathen and reclaiming Palestine. As yet he is a sorry scholar, and can hardly read and write. At the age of thirty-three, this proud noble takes his place among the children in the elementary schools of Barcelona and Salamanca. Truly "the cavalier of the court of Ferdinand, the hermit of the rocks of Manresa, the bold pilgrim of Mount Tabor, now confines his mystical soul to grammar. He who has had visions of heaven, learns the conjugations, and spells out Latin." Still his higher education goes on. From the *Imitation of Christ*, the pious book of Thomas à Kempis, he takes lessons in piety, and from the schools of Alcalá learns the oracles of philosophy. All the while, he devotes himself to the sick, zealous alike for the good of the body and the soul. He is not understood by the formalists around him, and suffers repeated persecutions and imprisonments. He is released from the dungeons of the Inquisition only upon condition of studying four years in a regular theological school.

He turns now towards France, the grand metropolis of learning; and in the year 1528, at the age of 37, he became a student of the University of Paris. Seven years of his regenerated life had now passed. The third stage of his preparation begins. At Paris he breathes a freer air, and came, of course, in contact with various opinions; for the new doctrine had already made considerable progress there. It may be that Loyola met Calvin, for both were residents of the city at the same time. For six years, he pursued his studies and furthered his plans. He made but six converts—on an average, but one a year; yet of these six, one was Francis Xavier, the most powerful missionary since the days of Paul; and another was James Laynez, the ruling spirit of the Council of Trent, and the most influential theologian since St. Augustine. The year 1534 was the period at which the order of the Jesuits may be said to have begun. Then, in a subterranean chapel on the heights of Montmartre, Loyola, with his fellow-students,

took the solemn vows which pledged them to go in company to the Holy Land, or obey in all things the command of the Pope. Their plan was, to complete their studies and meet in two years at Venice for their work. They met there in the year 1537, and looked in vain towards Palestine. War closed the pathway thither, and meanwhile the keen eye of Loyola had discovered a far different field of labor. He bade his followers look not to the wilderness of Judea, but to that crowded arena upon which the cause of the church was now at stake, where Luther, Calvin, and Henry the Eighth were struggling against her empire. He sent Francis Xavier on his mission to the Indies, and disposed of the remainder of his little band of ten among the Universities of Italy. The Company of Jesus is now formed, and awaits only the papal decree to give it authority. The soldier of Pampeluna is its commander. "Brothers," cried he, "we are the Company of Jesus; he is our Captain, and, battling under him, we will drive back the heretics of Germany, and carry the gospel to the farthest East, and to the new-found heathen of the West." In the year 1540, the Society is sanctioned by the Pope; and, the next year, the reluctant Loyola is elected general.

II. His public career now begins. Fifteen years of life are to be spared to him. It is not once in centuries that fifteen years are so crowded with achievements. At Rome, he looks out upon the whole world, and leaves no quarter unexplored by his plans.

The organization of his order is his first work. His book of Spiritual Exercises is the manual of spiritual discipline for all candidates, and the means of renovation to all adepts. Thirty days are required of every candidate for the practice of its course of devotions, and eight days in every year are demanded of adepts for the revival of its principles. The book was the offspring of the author's own agonizing experience, and prescribes rules of singular minuteness for the guidance of a soul every hour of an entire month. Times of silence and of prayer are measured with mechanical exactness, and the novice is required to portray to himself his sins by means of lines drawn with mathematical precision. Nothing is left for the imagination and spirit to do in their own free will. All is prescribed as in the drill-book of a military corps. It is very difficult for the reader to understand the secret of the wonderful power of the little book of Spiritual Exercises. It seems as dry and minute as a table of contents. It gives, however, merely the outlines of a month's course of discipline;

and must seem a wholly different matter when presented to the life under the auspices of a skilful director and an imposing monastic retreat. Cardinal Wiseman appears to believe its rules as effectual in making a Christian out of a sinner as a good filter is sure to make muddy water clear. The editor, however, of the new edition of the Exercises, named at the head of this article, confesses that they need explaining and enforcing; for in these degenerate days many candidates go through the prescribed course, and instead of learning Christianity in thirty lessons, their religion changes with the next moon, and hardly survives the month of discipline.

The book of Constitutions for the government of the order exhibited the same military precision, blended with a singular knowledge of men and combination of means. The end set forth is the "greater glory of God"—the means, implicit obedience. The candidates must go through a course of training, the description of which is enough to daunt the stoutest heart. Loyola felt that the great want was men of the right stamp, and he resolved to frame men as much as possible on the model of his own experience. The novices must abandon the world, and devote themselves to a prescribed discipline from fifteen to seventeen years: thus, two years of recollection and silence, nine years of study, five or six years of teaching, then one year of final probation, and the candidate is ready to take the last vows and be enrolled among the professed. In addition to the scholars and the professed, there was a third order of spiritual coadjutors, who were especially entrusted with offices of instruction, and a fourth order of secular coadjutors, whose business it was to take care of the property and worldly concerns of the order. Time would fail me to trace the particulars of the system, or to describe its various checks and balances. Ruled by a general appointed for life, the Company of Jesus was the most powerful society that history presents to our notice. Its aim is to arrest the progress of the Reformation and convert the world to the Roman sceptre. Its symbol may be discerned in the mystic language of the Apocalypse; it was like the living creature with some of the features of a lamb, with the wily voice of the servant, and by mingled humility and art striving to cause the earth and them that dwell therein to worship the mighty power that seemed to have received a deadly wound.

Loyola's work is of sublime daring and extent. Columbus has discovered a new world; Faustus has invented printing; Luther has called mankind to a new age of liberty, and in thunder-tones has sung the nativity of the modern civilization.

Loyola steps forward, interposes his veto against the daring reform, and claims the opening centuries, with all their splendid promises, for Rome and the spirit of the Middle ages. He claims for her the discoveries of Columbus; and his missionaries speed to the two Indies to win the new world to her sway. He claims for her the power of the printing press; and forthwith the press groans with works opposed to the new views, and millions of scholars are soon seated in the Jesuit schools with primers and spelling-books that prove at once the power of print and the determination of the Jesuits to make it the servant of the papacy. The outbreak of the Reformation had combined with other causes to break up the great Roman Catholic confederacy of nations. The nations had become more distinct and individual; no longer bowing before the papal sceptre, they had a separate existence, and it seemed as if each were to be divided from Rome by an impassable river. Loyola set himself against this isolation; and, by a secret band of confessors, he aimed to effect a union stronger than the ancient confederacy. If the political union of Christendom could not be restored, he was determined to restore its virtual unity. If he could not fill up or bridge over the intervening streams, he aimed, as it were, to tunnel the ground under them; and, by confessionals throughout Christendom, he strove by a kind of subterranean connection to make the nations one again. Truly his plan was full of grandeur. Instead of these few words, we need a volume to treat of the modes which he pursued to gain his point, and by his missions, plans of education, preaching and confessing, to turn back the march of time, and to make the age of Columbus, Faustus, and Luther, the age of Hildebrand, Dominic, and St. Louis.

The effort was as successful as it was daring. In fifteen years from the date of its founder's generalship, his Society numbered thirteen provinces, exclusive of the Roman, had missionary stations in every quarter of the world, and numbered one hundred colleges. The members of the order, limited at first to sixty, had extended to a thousand. Nations of Europe, on the verge of accepting the principles of Luther, were held back by powerful influences far stronger than the sword; and countries that have remained to this day Roman Catholic, owe their present position to the efforts of the Company of Jesus.

From his cell at Rome, Loyola saw the progress of his work, and blessed God for calling him to such labors for his greater glory. He was ready to die, and commend his cause

to hands already trained to the task. On the 30th of July, 1556, the year in which Cranmer's martyrdom took place, he felt death stealing over him, and breathed his last prayer to Him who had watched over his eventful life and overruled its ills to so great good. What thoughts flitted before his mind during that night, what remembrances, what visions of past and future, it needs no great power of imagination to conjecture! When dawn broke, and the companions of his order in the city came to visit their chief, the stamp of death was evidently upon him, and life lingered only in his calm and brilliant eye. One word only could he breath forth, a name gently echoed by the kneeling group of fathers—the name of his great Captain, Jesus. Loyola's work was over. His mantle fell from him, but not upon the ground.

He died in the midst of his victories, with prospects opening before him that it must have cost him much struggle to leave so placidly to enter the quiet tomb. Christendom seemed to him recovering from the madness of the Reformation, quitting her blind guides, and returning to the ancient mother whose home is on the seven hills of the Eternal City. Popes and kings have smiled upon his cause. A race of Pontiffs, far different from the splendid and worldly Leo X. have now inherited the papal chair. In Paul IV.—now 79 years old, tall, emaciated, with all the fire of youth glowing in his deep sunk eyes, formerly Caraffa, ascetic preacher and stern inquisitor, now pope—the very genius of the dark ages seemed to have returned to revive a dominion more rigid than Hildebrand's. The Emperor, Charles V. had merged the politician in the devotee, and exchanging the throne and sceptre for the cell and the scourge, left Philip, his son, to rule in his stead; and Philip, more than any other monarch, was the man of the past—a bigoted Spaniard, monk in his tastes and despot in his temper. When Philip married Mary of England, it truly appeared as if the Reformation had been an act of madness, and the land of Wickliffe and Cranmer were to go back into ancient darkness. The new age of freedom and light was like the daughter of Jairus, in the bloom of youth, yet in a deathlike trance, and with the grave-clothes around her lovely form. Shall the trance continue, and become death? If the dying Loyola and his companions were left to decide, their affirmative would have been spoken with all the yearning of a prayer, and all the decision of a vow. Yes, they would say, the new age shall die, and the old age shall return. No voice shall say, "The damsel is not dead, but sleepeth. I say unto thee arise." We pause, now, from contemplating this prospect

to say a few words of the character of the man and the movement that guided the retrograde march.

III. Having spoken of Loyola's preparation and work, we now ask what is his worth, what has been the influence of himself and his order upon mankind?

What are we to think of Loyola as a man? Here I must confess myself somewhat at loss for a definite reply, so entirely is he unlike all the men whom we know, so peculiar was his experience, and so much are the features of his own mind confounded with those of his associates and successors. Yet some statements we may safely make.

As to intellect, he undoubtedly possessed power vast and intense of its kind, yet by no means of the highest kind. He had the intellect of a tactician, rather than of a philosopher or poet. His mind gathered power even from its narrowness, as the river gathers terrible force from the rocks that confine it, and the outlet of a placid lake becomes a Niagara in sublimity and terror. He had little disposition for literary studies or philosophic investigations. He threw down the polished pages of Erasmus, to revel in the mystic contemplations of à Kempis; he left the profound and systematic treatises of Aquinas, to brood over far other problems than are there treated—to decide the problem not how may the mysteries of God and man, life and death, be solved to the curious understanding, but how may man be brought to love God, to rise from death to life. His works show little of the scholar and the philosopher, but much of the soldier, who brings to the church militant the keen eye and ready expedients of the camp. How far he was versed in that deepest of wisdom, next to the knowledge of God, the knowledge of man, we cannot say. He surely knew enough of men to govern them, whether by the firmness of his purpose or the force of his sagacity is not certain. Some of his followers have claimed for him less intellectual power than for his converts and successors, Laynez and Borgia.

In moral disposition, Loyola exhibits far more to love than fear. He was devoted, humane, humble, self-sacrificing, very free from personal ambition, and merging his own welfare entirely in the cause of his church. For himself and his Society, he disclaimed all worldly and ecclesiastical honors, and had *Te Deums* sung when his followers had the humility to refuse the purple of the cardinalship and abide in their untitled office and simple garb. How much pride might lurk under this humility, we cannot say; yet pride is not far from

virtue when it loves to visit the sick, preach the gospel to the poor, and see a beauty in offices that the world has called contemptible. In religious feeling, Loyola was at first a flaming enthusiast, but afterwards a humble and subdued disciple, who remembered his fiery experiences only to guide others in like conflicts. Compare the rules of the Spiritual Exercises as finally matured for his followers, and you see that the burning lava of the volcanic period of his life is hardened into stone and soil; and the Company of Jesus is built on it as a basis, even as the city of Portici is founded upon the soil formed of the fiery tides of Vesuvius.

It was eminently as a man of action, that Loyola was great. For this, especially in his choice of men and adaptation of expedients, he was superior to all companions and successors. Xavier, the apostle of the Indies, was more of a saint and hero; Laynez more of a theologian; Borgia a greater master of the arts of education; yet all were inferior to Loyola in that single aim and inflexible purpose which gave the Jesuit system its origin and permanence. He laid aside every formality or ornament that would interfere with the success of his Company. Content with the substance of power, and dispensing with the show, he secured for his professed members freedom from the usual ceremonies, lengthened devotions, and showy pageants of the priesthood, and gained for them more than the prerogatives with none of the monotonous routine of the regular clergy. It has seemed to many unaccountable that such unity of purpose should be united with a heart so impassioned—such steadiness of aim with such rapturous devotion. Yet the case is not a solitary one. Instances without number show that even the most rabid fanaticism is more compatible than speculative thought with prudent and persevering policy. Fanatics have always been among the most politic men. Joseph Smith, of Mormon memory, and Jemima Wilkinson, of equal note, will aid us to explain the mingled madness and discretion of men like Mahomet and Dominic, St. Francis and Loyola. An English essayist has called Loyola a Swedenborg-Franklin, or a compound of mysticism and prudence; a French controversialist has named him St. Francis Machiavel, a combination of the devotee and the diplomatist, “exercising at once the power that springs from the raptures of the twelfth century and the consummate adroitness of the modern world.” If we were to mention a name of English origin to illustrate him, it would be John Wesley,—the enthusiast who heard the voices of angels, and the disciplinarian who raised up among the British

race a consolidated order of Christians,—whose method showed a skill akin to Loyola's, and whose star rose heavenward as his went down in darkness. The comparison, we know, cannot be carried out into details; nor can we linger upon other illustrations through other names. Let us only say that in Loyola's piety, there was not a little of Fenelon's love and humility, in his expedients not a little of Talleyrand's shrewdness, in his power over men and means not a little of Napoleon's commanding will. Like Napoleon's, his course sprang from no comprehensive views of the moral meaning of life; both were the creatures of circumstance; both began their career by dreams of oriental conquest; and both were actors of unrivalled power in the great revolutions of Europe; both have left names stamped upon the history of man. How the achievements of the Spaniard will, in the end, compare with those of the Corsican must depend upon events yet in the womb of time. The names of both are words of power, and rallying cries of vast and opposite parties. To the Spaniard we must, in justice, ascribe the purer purpose and the more majestic enterprise. Yet it is not for us, in this place, to judge of leaders in Christian affairs by comparative estimates. We must try them by the absolute standard of the Gospel in its piety and humanity.

Tried thus, the Company of Jesus, with its founder, falls under severe censures. How different the atmosphere of the Gospel is from that of Loyola's Exercises and Constitutions! How strangely the minute rules of this new pharisaism sound, when compared with the free and holy principles of the Sermon on the Mount! Imagine St. John going through the drill of Jesuit discipline, or St. Paul subscribing his name to the Jesuit Constitutions, and substituting for obedience to God in untrammelled liberty, obedience to the order of the general under the control of the pope. One trait characterizes the whole Jesuit system, and speaks alike its praise and blame. Obedience is the motto—obedience to superiors in office, obedience to the voice of the church, and obedience that identifies the order and the church with the will of God. The Jesuit motto was and is "To the greater glory of God." If God's voice is the voice of Rome, then the order was true to the motto, and founder and followers were the elect of the earth. If God's voice is other than the voice of Rome, then the order were the servile janissaries of an earthly empire. The sincerity of the founder and his companions, we cannot doubt; but more than sincerity is needed, both for the piety and humanity of the gospel. Their wonderful energy we can admire; and yet we must remember that there is a kind of

energy forbidden to man, and that it is treason against the Creator to deaden such elements of our being as love of kindred and home, in order to give to other elements a preternatural intensity. There is a kind of zeal that reminds us more of the hardihood of the barbarian or the frenzies of the magician, than the sensibility of the Christian or the power of the Apostle.

What effect the Jesuit system has had upon mankind, cannot be said without qualification. If the world was prepared for Protestant freedom and order, then a curse should rest upon the name of him who rescued the Roman Church from danger, and enlarged its borders. But if the alternative were between a lax Catholicism or a nominal Protestantism, and a revival of Catholic piety and diffusion of Catholic principles, then Loyola must be named with gratitude. But, whatever honors we may bestow on him or his companions must be denied to those who departed from his first principles within a century after their foundation, grasped after secular and ecclesiastical honors, and substituted self-seeking for self-sacrifice. For nearly a century the order was true to its founder's aim; for another, it more and more lent itself to avarice and ambition; then came its fall, in the last century. The wound which Blaise Pascal had inflicted upon its reputation, in the seventeenth century, was followed, in the next, by a final blow at its vitality by the powers of Portugal, France, and Spain, ending in the bull of Pope Clement XIV. for the suppression of the order, in the year 1775. The Jesuits were not put down, however, by men of principle or friends of God and humanity. Pombal of Portugal, Choiseul and the vile Madame Pompadour of France, Aranda of Spain, are poor representatives of religion or justice. The order fell before the radical spirit of the 18th century, quitting, but a lingering spectre, the century which it had entered in such power with more than 600 colleges, 200 missions, and 20,000 members, and Louis XIV. among those members.

Their history has never been fairly written, nor the just balance been struck between eulogium and obloquy. To write their history would be to trace the course of mankind for three centuries, alike in religion, morals, literature, and government. The virtues of obedience they possessed in a remarkable degree, whilst obedience in the individual was but another name for lust of power for the Society. Their energy was their intense corporate feeling—*esprit du corps*. As was once said by a body of invincibles, We are the Tenth Legion of Caesar; or, We are the Old Guard of Napoleon; or, We are the seamen

of Nelson and the Victory,—so these black-gowned ascetics could say, We are the Company of Jesus; and, saying this, they were ready to do and dare any thing. We wish it were in our power to blame their errors more consistently; and, especially, that we could condemn, as Protestants, their connivance in the revival of the Inquisition, and were not obliged to remember that Calvin and Cranmer, fathers among Protestants, showed, with far less excuse, a spirit of persecution akin to the inquisitors, without so much of self-sacrifice.

But with our views of religion, standing upon the broad platform of a truly Protestant Christianity, we are perfectly free to appreciate all that is good and condemn all that is evil in the system of Loyola. We can honor the spirit that could send missionaries to the Indies, willing martyrs among the forests of Japan and the savages of America; we can respect the devotedness which thought more of promoting the glory of God than the indulgence of the appetites, although so great a mistake were made as the confounding of the Divine Mind with the voice of Rome. We can freely say that their spirit has been generally kind and devoted, not inclined to cruelty, very free from licentiousness; and even at a time when some of the leading members were playing a desperate game of intrigue at the courts of Europe, others were braving martyrdom among the savages of Canada and the Lakes, and the blood of their missionaries was flowing freely in all realms of the heathen world. When we think of the empire they founded in Paraguay, we cannot but regret the political ambition that led Portugal to drive them from the country, and we can find nothing in the history of recent missions—not even the work done by our New England brethren in the Sandwich Islands—to compare in extent with the achievements of these spiritual lawgivers of what was once the best part of South America.

We, too, can see the defects of the system—its tendency to substitute mechanical rules for vital forces, to make men passive as corpses in the hands of the Superior, and to deaden that individual life which Jesus came so eminently to quicken. We can see the determination to produce strong effects, warping Jesuit morals and theology from the true rectitude, substituting expediency for principle and formalism for spirituality. We can approve the doctrine, whilst we discern the policy, of the Jesuits in contending against the Calvinists for the freedom and moral agency of man; for we can see that whilst they opposed Calvinistic fatalism, they substituted a power quite as fatal to individual liberty—the iron rule of an order

as arbitrary as the irresistible decrees ascribed by Calvin to the Almighty in saving or dooming human souls.

And say what we will of Jesuit schools, of their great services to the cause of education, go over the whole list of original minds of modern Christendom, you will not find one man of the highest genius among the Jesuit ranks,—genius such as creates the great poet, or artist, or philosopher, or orator. No name but that of Bourdaloue has been given by the Jesuits to the list of eloquent preachers. For the vast mechanical power of their system they have paid a full equivalent in the sacrifice of original, spontaneous life. They have trained up men of great practical tact and energy, but few, if any, original thinkers. They have moulded cast-iron men, rather than beings of flesh and blood and soul. The little sect of Jansenists, one of whom dealt the order its death blow, has given to the permanent literature of the world more master intellects than the vast multitudes who have submitted themselves to Jesuitical guidance.

Say, too, what we may of the vast achievements of the Jesuit missionaries in both hemispheres, we cannot but acknowledge that their results have been very transient, and that a power mightier than the decrees of popes and kings has suppressed their influence and brought to nought a work not based upon the freedom and simplicity of the gospel. Still, we must allow that they have been unjustly dealt with, and on the whole, have been quite as much sinned against as sinning. Nor can we admire the conduct of the amiable and peaceful Ganganelli, Clement XIV. in being willing to sacrifice an order to which papacy owed so much, to the demands of worldly rulers of the 18th century, whose spirit was worse than that of the followers of Loyola. Clement played, in regard to the papacy, the same feeble part that Louis XVI. played in reference to his own throne. Yielding so much to secular claims but inflamed their arrogance, and soon Rome became the plaything of Napoleon. Pius VII. saw the mistake; and when the allied sovereigns were at the gates of Paris, he restored the Society of Jesus, rejoicing to revive the mighty champions of the past on the ruins of the master genius of modern innovation.

In 1814 the Jesuits were restored, and have been increasing in numbers and influence in all lands. France and Switzerland are full of commotion on account of their presence. Protestant England gives an asylum to their colleges. Their missions are reaching every part of the world, from the coasts of China to the wilds of Missouri. Seminaries of learning, under their auspices, are rising up amongst us. A Jesuit college

is within a stone's throw of our home in this city. Truly, the Jesuits are abroad. What shall we do? Shall we be afraid of them, as if the peace of society were in danger, and they ought to be hunted down as outlaws? At this day of the world there is little cause for such fear, however much occasion there may be for vigilance. The Anglo-Saxon race have never been under their sway, nor have the kindred people of Northern Europe ever yielded to their intrigues. The conquest they could not make when England was under Mary Tudor and Philip of Spain, or when the Stuarts ruled our fathers and Ferdinand II. governed the German Empire, is not likely to be made now. Any attempt at an open coercion of Protestant Christendom to Roman authority, would meet with more fearful foes than the winds that destroyed the Armada of Spain, or the German heroes who followed Gustavus Adolphus to that victory at Lutzen which led to the peace of Westphalia, and to the balance of power that has kept the papacy in check for two centuries. The very light and toleration that now give the Jesuits liberty to do their work, are remedial influences against the errors into which they have fallen. The countenance which they receive from the ultra conservatives of Europe is not enough to excite any alarm in States with constitutional liberties. As to the uproar lately made against them in France, we are not afraid to disclaim sympathy with the spirit with which they are attacked, nor to confess that, if with Quinet we are to choose between Loyola and Voltaire, we, unlike him, prefer the Spanish devotee to the French blasphemer, and admire far more the self sacrifice set forth by the Jesuit Father Ravignan than the deification of sensual lust so brilliantly celebrated in the fascinating novels of his antagonist, Eugene Sue. Far from us, however, be either side of the alternative. Let the Jesuits do their work in peace; and leave them to their own sphere. There is enough for them to do among the degraded and ignorant under their influence. The world is surely wide enough for all, and we are free to say that the Society of Jesus follows principles which on the whole tend to improve the Roman Catholic people. We seek not their alliance, we deprecate their interference with ourselves, because we believe their religion radically false, and we cannot favor the most consistent supporters of its claims.

The Jesuits are abroad, and we shall probably ere long meet them frequently. Let us meet them in a spirit not lower than theirs—in a spirit not shamed by their industry and self-sacrifice. Let us learn from them the need and the power of education, and aim to be, and to raise up, a race of men not

shaped in the iron moulds of a Spanish soldier's formalism, but freely expanded after the measure of the perfect man in Jesus. We must meet the Jesuits, if we hope to overcome them at all, by showing that we are more the Company of Jesus than they. Until this is made far more obvious than it has generally been, their existence and power will be at once a rebuke of our worldliness and a call to a truer life and a holier love.

Let us be willing to think of the mighty founder of the order not merely as the general of a vast spiritual militia, but as the humble teacher of youth, willing in the height of his honors to sit, day after day, in the Church of Santa Maria, and teach little children their catechism. Let us be willing to ask ourselves whether the great associative power of this order does not illustrate an important social law, and move us to yearn for the day when just coöperation shall give the friends of humanity something of the same power without the same servile subjection—when social interests shall be better harmonized, and a true system of accommodation be found far better for each and for all than the too prevalent strife and discord.

ONE OF OUR GREAT MEN.

OUR roll of great men needs no additions. Its entries are already full. The discoverer and the adventurer, the settler and the colonist, the men who struggled with the powers of the ocean and the wilderness, stand registered. So do the men who fought the fight of Independence, the warrior, the statesman, and the pacificator. To these succeed the artisan and the merchant, the man of law and the man of science, the artist, the poet, and the priest, who have carried on the work of order, of prosperity, of culture, and of piety. It is true that there is not one and the same proportion amongst these names. Some belong to a large, others to a small class; others, still, are so few as hardly to constitute a class at all. But, take them as a whole, the names of our great men cluster, thick and fruitful, upon the national vine. No people, of any duration, could ask for more. None, of so short a duration as our own, could ask for so much. We need not, however, make it a boast. It is less a matter of vainglory than

of humility. Cry as we may,—Behold our heroes! the echo returns: And what are ye?

Full as the roll is, there are some names missing which ought to be there. They may not be needed to make us more sensible of our own imperfections; they may not be needed to swell the glories of our nation; but it is due to them that they should be recorded. Nor can they be entered upon the lists where they belong, without increasing our gratitude for the past, our resolution for the present, our hopefulness for the future.

It would be long, nay, it would be impossible, to restore all the names deserving restoration. Some of them belong to us directly, men of our own land, if not of our own time. But they are mostly beyond our reach. The village Hampdens, the mute inglorious Miltons of one generation after another, are not to be resuscitated. Such as did not find their place amongst men in life, seldom find it in death. They do not regret it; neither need we. Theirs is a higher place amongst the angels. Others belong to us indirectly, men neither of our land, nor of our time. If unknown to those around them, they cannot be known by those after them. Even those who were men of fame, when living, those who are men of fame, though dead, are not always to be connected with us as they might be. It is difficult to see their relation to us—difficult, even when this is seen, to see how it makes them ours.

Greatness, it is true, belongs to no country. Rather, it belongs to all countries. In claiming one of another race as ours, we cannot claim him as ours alone. We cannot do this even with one of our own race. A man who is truly great amongst ourselves is great amongst other races likewise. He belongs to them, not, indeed, as his fellow-countrymen, but as his fellow-men. Wherever on the earth a heart beats with love for the truth, truth in action, truth in thought, truth to the feeble and the suffering, truth to the strong and to the powerful, there Washington is as great as he is with us. Such as he, so universally known, so generally revered, are our greatest men. The more we share their greatness with others, the more abundant, the more profound, does it prove. Just so with the greatest men of other nations. The wider their deeds or their words extend, the nobler they appear, the nobler they are. We cannot call them ours in any spirit of exclusiveness; they belong to us only as they belong to mankind.

Some, however, are more nearly related to us. It may be through their participation in the movements preceding

our establishment. It may be through their still closer co-operation in the events through which we have been conducted to freedom and to grandeur. Some are the associates, some the forerunners, of our great countrymen. To these we turn with peculiar sympathy. They are ours, we feel, ours in the truest sense, not merely because they are great, but because they achieved greatness through acts, through principles, upon which our earlier and our later destinies have alike depended. That they are removed from us by time or space does not sever the ties uniting them to us. By word or by deed, by ardor or by endurance, by triumph or by agony, by one way or another, they sustained the cause of humanity. What they upheld, what they lived or died for, is as essential, as sacred to us, as if we had been the witnesses of their exertions, of their earnest lives, or of their serene deaths.

It is one of these great men of ours who forms the subject of the present article. A few pages, a few facts, may not suffice to set him up on the pinnacle where he deserves to stand. But we may point up to it. We may maintain his right to it. Though we do no more, we shall have done an office of piety towards a memory of singular nobleness, both in itself and in its relation to us.

John van Olden Barneveldt was born near Amsterdam, in Holland, in the year 1547.

It was thirty years after Luther opened the Reformation; the middle ages, therefore, were at an end; the modern ages, of which ours forms one, were begun.

But the questions involved in these periods were far from being settled. The forces that had long been struggling, were still struggling for the supremacy. On one side was the papal power, on the other, the monarchical power. One, as we all know, was an ecclesiastical dominion, concentrated in a few lords, and surmounted by a single head. The other was a civil dominion, divided amongst different possessors, without any one exercising or assuming superiority over all. Between these two great powers, a conflict had continued for centuries, breaking out, sometimes in one place, sometimes in another, sometimes in general convulsions, sometimes in local throes. The issue was virtually decided. The principle of monarchy had obtained the ascendant over that of papacy. But the strife was by no means terminated. The great blow of the Reformation did not prove final. On the contrary, it rallied many a leader of the monarchical cause to the support of the papal. Stronger by all odds than it had been for years,

if not for centuries, the papal power seemed to renew its ascendancy. Instead of old questions being decided, they were mixed up with new ones. So that confusion, as well as contention, reigned.

The same distraction pervaded the subject classes. Half a century before, the nobles formed a generally distinct order, gathered around the various monarchical banners. It was with their aid that the crowns of Europe had gradually risen higher than the tiara of Rome. But now, there were nobles as well as monarchs to maintain the papal cause. Nor was this the only mingling of opposing forces on the part of the subject orders. The people, whether called burghers, peasants, or commons, had generally been arrayed with the nobility or monarchical side. At the same time, the popular principle had been almost continually matched against the aristocratical. In the breaking up of the monarchical lines, the divisions between the nobles and the inferior classes were necessarily altered, in some cases partially repaired, in others decisively extended. The passions starting up on all sides led to fresh altercations amongst the subjects, in almost every nation.

In truth, the old questions had sunk into comparative insignificance. The trumpet of the Reformation had summoned men to new camps, to new battle-grounds. In one array were gathered all who upheld the powers that were, whether papal, monarchical or even aristocratical. In the other stood the reformers, the men of every faith, as of every rank, who strove for new systems, new powers, whatever these might be. It was no mere point of creed or ritual. It was no mere point of government or law. Priests were on both sides; monarchs on both; on both, nobles and men of the people. As much determination to rule might exist with one party as with the other. They who had not yet tasted, those who had not yet drunk their fill of dominion, were as eager to get at it, as those who had quaffed it all their lives were to keep it to themselves. It was not to achieve liberty, either religious or civil, that these multitudes were arming. Such of them as would have striven for freedom or for progress, excited the least attention and possessed the least influence. The leading spirits were those who contended for authority. Between them, there was this difference, and only this, that those on one side had every thing to lose, those on the other every thing to win. In this struggle the old controversies temporarily disappeared.

But was this all? Was the Reformation to open nothing

but new contentions amongst the powerful? Were there no hopes for the weary and the bruised, for the people who joined in the strifes of their superiors? There were. In exposing the unfaithfulness of the church, the reformers could not but uphold those to whom it had been most unfaithful. In resisting the oppressiveness of the monarch, they could not but support those to whom he had been most oppressive. The people found its advocates. The interests which had been forgotten, the destinies which had been baffled and crushed, began to revive. That it should be only here and there, was natural. Nothing like a general movement in behalf of the masses, whether amongst themselves or amongst their superiors, was possible. The causes that had been urged for ages were disorganized. It was no time for a new cause, for one, especially, that depended upon the benevolence rather than the passion of men, to be thoroughly organized. Humanity was lifted up, not indeed to stand erect, but to obtain a firm footing upon the earth which was its own.

Nowhere had the up-rising multitude gained a higher position than in the Netherlands. The very name, the Low Countries, seemed to mark out these provinces as the peculiar heritage of the lower classes. Severed from the continent by line after line of river and river-land, the country fell away in lower and lower levels, towards the north, until it sank beneath the ocean. It was no region for the pampered: only the laborious and the frugal could wrest it from the waves. Towards the south, it is true, a securer space for luxury extended. The industry of the artisan and the trader, had built up a commerce of surpassing richness. A more fertile and a more protected soil contributed to the ease of the inhabitants. They became indolent and sensual. An order of rich burghers rose above the common people. Another order of powerful lords rose above both. The same orders, the same changes, appeared in the north, but to a much less degree. There, the population preserved more of its simplicity, more of its hardihood; enough, indeed, to give to the entire nation the aspect of an energetic, honest race. No other people, certainly, was so ready to assert itself, none so fitted to make the most of the opportunities opened by the Reformation.

All this, however, did not save the people of the Netherlands from peculiar oppression. They differed from the ministers of the papal power. They had hard masters in many of their priests, heavy chains in many of their laws. Nor were the ministers of the monarchical power above them less

severe. Bound to the Spanish throne at the accession of Philip the Second (1555), they were governed by a throng of foreign as well as of native officials; their own nobles, their own burghers, even, being amongst the foremost of the royal instruments. It did not relieve the Netherlands that they had companions in subjection. The sway of the Spaniard over the fairer parts of the Old World and of the New, made him but the more overpowering in his northern provinces. Nor was the condition of his subjects relieved by the alliance between him and the representative of the papal dominion. Without opposition to make or to meet, in relation to the only source from which it could come, the Spanish monarch stood secure. In him the party defying the Reformation found its chief, its personification. Could his subjects, numerous as they were, take the other side? Could a mere portion of them do so?

What was at stake, may be gathered from a scene at Madrid about ten years after Philip became king (1565). Not many months had elapsed since the decrees of the Council of Trent had received the papal confirmation, pledging the Church of Rome to uncompromising defiance of the Reformation. Against the measures involved in adherence to this pledge, the State Council of the Netherlands sent its remonstrances to Madrid. Philip made a show of consideration. He called about him the doctors of the church, and of them he asked if he must give way to the representations of his northern subjects. It was more prudent, the doctors decided, to yield, at least so far as to prevent any outbreak in the Netherlands. "But must I do so?" reiterated the monarch. The reply, of course, was in the negative. Philip started from his seat, threw himself on his knees before a crucifix, and cried, "O Thou Omnipotent Majesty! let me never fall so low as to be willing to reign over men by whom Thou art rejected!" Be it far from us to deny the sincerity of the suppliant. He prayed from his heart, where no feeling of devotion was stronger than that towards the faith in which he had been born, no feeling of abhorrence stronger than that towards the opposing faith to which many of his subjects had been converted. But the sense of duty, as well as of majesty, animating the monarch, could but aggravate his resolution. He rose from his knees in that chamber of council, to a course of undeviating severity towards the restless Netherlands. "Rather than alter a single letter," he wrote to the State Council, "in our edicts supporting the church, I would rather lose a thousand lives."

But what of the people, from whom their king was turning his face? There is no need of asking his opinion, or that of his doctors or courtiers in Spain. In their eyes, as in his, the inhabitants of the Netherlands could but submit, if not at once, then after a brief and agonizing existence. "Were the country mine," the Sultan is reported to have exclaimed, on learning its movements towards independence, "I would send men with shovels and pick-axes, to cast it into the sea." Much the same indignation must have been felt by all on the side of the powerful. Potentates and priests, lords and vassals, looked on in wrath, tempered, perhaps, by amazement, to see so gigantic, or, as they would say, so sacred a power withstood by a handful of its subjects. On the other hand, the nations or the classes inclined or pledged to rise above their dependence, would clap their hands. Here, they would exclaim, is the place; now is the time to rise! With the rebuke that has but lately been given to the oppressor, with the quickening glow that has but lately been imparted to the oppressed, the blow will be struck at the right moment. The distance and the defencibleness of the country will secure it against overpowering retaliation. So might it have been argued, amongst the spectators of the impending crash. We doubt, however, whether many of them were sufficiently interested to reason much about the provocation or the opportunities affecting either side. At all events, the fate of the Netherlands did not depend upon any bystanders. The arms to be lifted, the voices to be raised in supporting and in guiding the threatened nation, must be their own, if they would not perish.

After various despatches to and fro, decisive orders from Spain arrived. They declared the decrees of the papal power at Trent, as well as those of the monarchical at Madrid, to be irrevocable and irresistible. To make them so in practice as absolutely as in theory, the system of the Inquisition was to be introduced, with all its ecclesiastical, all its civil, all its military officials. "Whatever may arise," the king declared, "however extreme may be the measures of this body, I shall approve them, if they do but prevent disturbance amongst my subjects." Such, however, was the spirit already manifested by these subjects, that the most undeviating minister whom Philip had in the Netherlands advised the suppression of the royal commands, until the effect to be produced by them could be made known to the monarch. It was resolved, however, to publish the orders without delay. "Now," exclaimed the Prince of Orange, one of the State Council, "now commences a great tragedy."

The country was ringing with mingled accents of deprecation and of defiance, when a few nobles met in private at the summons of Philip, Baron of St. Aldegonde. His name deserves remembrance. "I have called you," he said, "that we may unite together in opposing ourselves with all our strength against the frightful servitude preparing for us. I am not alone, in feeling what I feel. A great number of our countrymen wait only the first step. That, I will assume both the glory and the peril of taking. And if I love your country, yourselves, your children, ye will be the first to follow me by signing the Act of Confederation which I have drawn up for us." The Act bound its signers, "as a holy brotherhood," and "with solemn vows," to oppose the introduction of the Inquisition under any and every name or form. So far from renouncing their allegiance to their sovereign, the confederates "swear to respect the government in word and deed." Yet they profess that nothing done against the Inquisition "can be styled rebellion." To sign a covenant like this was, in itself, to rebel. But not only was the Act signed by St. Aldegonde and his companions; it was translated into different dialects, disseminated through different provinces, until it seemed to be embraced by well nigh the entire nation.

Had the Compromise, as the Act was afterwards called, been honestly adopted and thoroughly carried out by its adherents, the independence of the Netherlands would have been secured. As it was, the work was but begun, and begun in such a way as to forebode any thing rather than completion. Of those who signed the Compromise, only a small proportion resembled the noble St. Aldegonde. Many signed it in ignorance, even in intoxication, many through fear, even through compulsion. One of the leading confederates actually drew his sword upon an officer of the army who wanted to think the matter over before committing himself. Nor did most of the signers, however procured, consider themselves bound to much. The loyal as well as the restless, the earnest devotee of Rome, as well as the fanatic sectary of the North, gave in their names. It could not be to clear the land of all oppression. It could not be to gainsay the church, or to defy the sovereign. But one object, and that a limited one, could have united so many unequal ranks, so many opposing interests. It was to beat back the Inquisition. Rid of that, the confederates would find themselves burdened with the corruption and the despotism to which the Inquisition owed its existence. This, however, they would not see. Or, if they

saw it, they were content to leave the evil of the morrow to the morrow.

It was in the following year (1566), that several hundred of the confederates, chiefly of the higher class, presented themselves at the palace of the Regent, in Brussels. They came with a petition, as they termed it, proposing the suspension of the royal mandates, until the king could be entreated to revoke them. A few days afterwards, they appeared with a second petition, urging the Regent to declare her approval of the course which they had taken "through zeal in the king's service." The demand was naturally evaded. But the proposal of the first petition was virtually adopted, inasmuch as the Regent promised to recommend moderation to the officers of the Inquisition until an envoy could be sent to Spain. It was enough to turn the heads of the confederates. They met, to the number of three hundred, about the tables spread for them by their present leader, Brederode, Baron of Viane. As they talked and drank together, their courage rose, and they began to speak of bolder ventures than they had yet made. One among them said half laughingly, half resentfully, that he had heard a nobleman whisper into the Regent's ear, as their petition was presented, "There's nothing to fear from such a set of beggars." The story was told just in the nick of time. With loud shouts and deep draughts, the revellers adopted the name that had been given them. Their host stood up, a beggar's wallet hanging from his shoulder, a beggar's wooden cup in his hand. "Thanks, gentlemen," he exclaimed, "for your fidelity. I pledge to you my own!" Drinking from the cup which he held, he sent it round the table. "I pledge myself!" was repeated by every one in turn. Then the wallet was passed from hand to hand, amidst increasing clamor. Enthusiasm soon gave way to intoxication, and the day closed. But not the masquerade. It was kept up on the succeeding days, until all Brussels seemed to be one horde of mendicants with cups, wallets, and ashen robes. Hung from the neck of the Beggars (*Gueux*), as they all called themselves, was a coin, one side of which bore the king's image with the words, "True to the King;" but on the other there were two hands, holding a wallet, and inscribed, "Even to the Wallet," that is, "Faithful to the last." Thus seriousness and levity mingled. The reveller of one hour became the patriot of another. The day of trial, of agony, was prepared for in the day of frolic, of carnival.

A wilder carnival followed. The excitement of the upper classes spread to the lower. Such as had never ventured to

assert their principles or unloose their passions, refrained no longer. Some met to engage in the religious services that had been suppressed by the dominant church. Others, too fevered to be content with their own worship, banded together against the worship from which they had parted. A mob of furious men, gathered in the cathedral of Antwerp, hurried from one act of violence to another, until the organ was broken, the images destroyed, the very crucifix upon the altar hacked to pieces. With equal fury, the rioters broke open the tombs to rend and trample the relics of the dead. The appetite for outrage growing by what it had fed upon, the mob scoured the churches of the city. With flaming candles and clashing vessels from the altars, staggering with the spoils of the chapel or the draughts of the cellar, accompanied by thieves and criminals of every kind, the destroyers spread terror around them during three entire days. It was not until the citizens found their warehouses and their dwellings in danger, that they armed themselves against the frantic multitude. Antwerp was saved; but the tempest traversed the Netherlands, before it was stayed.

This was no support to the Beggars. Their aims might fall short of all that was required by their country. But it was not through the ravages of fanaticism or crime that the wants of the Netherlands were to be met. On the contrary, the severest shock to the common interests came from these very outrages. The Confederation of the Beggars was shaken. Never purposing, as we have seen, to secure liberty of religion, they were offended even by the religious services in which the more respectable classes had engaged. When it came to deeds of violence on the part of the inferior order, when the sanctity of the established church was defiled, its adherents amongst the Confederates felt themselves outraged. Many of them withdrew from the Confederation; while the large part of those remaining lost their interest and their hopefulness. The leaders divided, the followers disheartened, the masses polluted with sacrilege and madness!—such were the circumstances in which the Netherlands took up arms. The scanty and almost spiritless forces were soon overcome.

Barneveldt was born in the right place. It was in the part of the Netherlands where the better spirit amongst his countrymen prevailed. He was born, too, at the right time. It was when a leader of the better spirit was beginning to be most needed. He was born, moreover, of the right rank. It was of a family of the middle class, neither noble nor ignoble, but of that estate where one could share the interests and, ob-

tain the sympathies of the high as well as the low, of the low as well as the high. What was good, what was bad, in the different classes of his country, would be known to one of Barneveldt's position. He would learn what there was to encourage and what to discourage, what there was to use and what to pass over, in moulding the national destinies.

All the advantages of birth and of situation, however, were nothing without character. Many a man was born in the Netherlands under circumstances equally favorable to his helping it through the crisis which it had reached. Some, however, never came forward; others fell back, or perished. They wanted either the impulse or the endurance to serve their country. Barneveldt, as we shall observe, was provided with both, with more than both. He was not without his infirmities; but they were not enough to overpower the noble qualities with which he devoted himself to his native land. It was not merely to save, but, one might almost say, to create a nation.

Hardly nineteen when the outbreak against oppression took place (1566), Barneveldt could not, of course, at once assume the lead. But though too young to guide his countrymen, he was old enough to see their need of guidance. It may have entered his heart to make himself ready for the scenes in which others than those already appearing were required. What turn the drama might take, was more than could be foreseen. But, in any event, there were principles not yet maintained, to be put in action,—results not yet proposed, to be secured. Of these the boy of nineteen may have had his glimpses, his convictions. Recognizing them in his youth, he would help others to recognize them in his manhood. His hour of toil, of eminence, of sacrifice, was sure, if he lived, to come.

At the age of twenty, having decided upon the study of the law, Barneveldt went to pursue it abroad. His search after knowledge carried him to France, Germany, and Italy, where he had opportunities for gaining more than mere legal learning. Great men were to be seen, great events to be observed, in that period of general movement; while, from the present, one's attention would be diverted to the past with its varying memories in various lands. The young traveller did not waste his time. He shared in the interests as well as in the studies of the countries which he visited. But it was in the graver studies and the graver interests, in serious things alone, that he engaged. With the pursuit of law he mingled that of theology. In those days, indeed, one was but half a

scholar, who did not grapple with the doctrines and the controversies of the religious world. Thus employed, deep in learning, deep in observation, Barneveldt passed two years away from home. He returned to establish himself as an advocate at the city of the Hague, when he was twenty-three (1570).

He was soon in the thick of the contest, then raging in the Netherlands. Unlike most men of his profession, he had learned that there was law for the inferior as well as the superior. He threw himself, therefore, upon the side of the people, whom there were few but nobles and adventurers to lead. The man of principle was sure to be welcomed amongst the men of arms. Barneveldt found his place at once. He went for active operations in the field. He urged the defence of the Hague. He labored in the rescue of Haarlem. He devoted himself to the relief of Leyden, saving that city from the Spanish troops by covering the surrounding country with the waters of the ocean. Barneveldt was as zealous for earnest labors in the council. Here, indeed, was the arena in which the fate of the strife was to be determined. This he seems to have felt fully. While others sought fame for themselves as well as safety for their country in open battlegrounds, Barneveldt was content to serve it in secret chambers and at silent tribunals. The value of his services was acknowledged by his appointment as Advocate or Pensionary of Rotterdam. It was no trifling charge. The weight of local functions in the city was augmented by that of representative functions in the Province. He did not shrink from these responsibilities; yet he was but twenty-nine (1576).

Ten years had now elapsed since the first blows resounded in the Netherlands. It would seem to have been long enough an interval to decide the question of independence or submission. But the measures of the Spanish monarchy, though carried out by its ministers in terror and blood, had not been sufficient to humble its subjects; nor had their proceedings been so well concerted or so well executed as to repel their foes. The great leader of the insurrection was William, Prince of Orange. This is not the place to describe, much less to judge him; but it may be said, in a word, that he did not lead the insurrection for the sake either of principle or of passion alone. It was with a view to his own interests as well as to those of others, to say the least, that he entered into the war. Most of the chiefs under him were of the same stamp, devoted wholly neither to their country nor to themselves. It was in the middle and lower ranks that the more earnest resolutions prevailed. "We have

our left arms to feed upon," replied the people of Leyden to a summons of surrender, "and our right arms to defend our homes!" Here were the true materials for a nation. The spirit to shape them was still needed. Was it in such as William of Orange or his generals? Was it rather in such as Van Olden Barneveldt, the Pensionary of Rotterdam?

The question was already decided. Before these ten years had ended, the Prince of Orange so far despaired of achieving independence as to propose to the northern provinces to submit to the German Empire. He subsequently proposed submission to France, and to England. France gave no decisive answer to the intimations which it received. Elizabeth of England promised and then refused protection. Thus baffled abroad, and at the same time defeated at home, William of Orange is said to have suggested throwing down the dikes, flooding the country, and then escaping to securer shores. Circumstances opened the way to firmer and wiser measures. The union that had been made amongst a few of the northern Provinces, was extended to all, both northern and southern. An alliance was formed, under the name of the Pacification of Ghent, "to preserve a true and solid union, without sparing either blood or property, for the purpose of driving and keeping out all foreign troops, especially those from Spain." In this, it is true, there was no declaration of independence, either of Spain or of other powers; but it was a more decisive step than had yet been taken to make the Netherlands free in the end. That it was taken, must be ascribed to bolder and clearer spirits than those hitherto taking the lead. It was the same year in which Barneveldt became Pensionary of Rotterdam (1576).

The days of seventy-six, as they may be called, had begun for the Netherlands. It was not long before the southern states fell away from the ground which they had taken. But the northern Provinces united themselves the more closely and the more lastingly. In less than three years from the Pacification of Ghent, five of the states in the north, shortly joined by two more,—that is, Holland, Zealand, Friesland, Utrecht, Guelders, Groningen, and Overijssel,—allied themselves as the United Provinces, in the Union of Utrecht (1579). "Uniting as one province," such were the terms of the alliance, "yet reserving to each separate province and city its own statutes and privileges, they covenant together to assist one another with lives and fortunes against all force and violence, whether upon pretence of royal majesty, established religion, or any other oppression." The principle of religious

liberty was fully set forth in that "every one should remain free in his religion." Such were the foundations of the new commonwealth. Broad enough to bear up a much larger and a much feebler state, they promised all that was wanted to support the strong and compact nation of the United Provinces.

Barneveldt is expressly described as the author of the Union. It certainly owed nothing to William of Orange, who delayed signing it for four months. The patriot was evidently of more influence than the prince. On the other hand, the prince kept up far the greater pretensions, and so supported them by civil parade and military authority, as to seem to be the head of the nation. Hence, perhaps, the tone of those writers, who, hardly mentioning Barneveldt, refer the increasing independence of the United Provinces to Orange. We need remember but this one fact, that the head and front of the Utrecht Union was Barneveldt. Yet he was not quite thirty-two years of age.

The era of seventy-six in the Provinces continued until the year eighty-one. At that time the States General of the United Provinces declared their independence of the Spanish crown. "The People," proclaimed the declaration, which we are fain to ascribe to Barneveldt, "is not made for the Prince; but the Prince for the People. The sovereign who treats his subjects as slaves is none but a tyrant, who can be lawfully deposed, especially by the states of a nation possessing no other means of preserving their liberties." The act went on to declare Philip thus deposed.

But the independence asserted by the United Provinces was far from ample. "In Holland and Zealand," the act announced, "the names of the Prince of Orange and of the States are supreme." So far, so good. But "in the provinces which have treated with the Duke of Anjou, his name, with that of the Councils or States General, is to be employed." The Duke of Anjou was the brother of the reigning king of France. He was not the first prince from abroad who had been called into the United Provinces. A year or two before, after applications to England and France,—for supplies, however, rather than for rulers,—the Archduke Matthias, a near relative of the Spanish Philip, had been invited by the insurgents of the Netherlands to govern them in the king's name. Anjou was asked to govern them in his own name, or in that connected with the name of the States General. The mover in these offers to stranger princes was not Barneveldt, but Orange. "It is much more desirable," he confessed, "to rely upon our own resources. But I fear that our leaders are not

enough united, our provinces not enough supplied, our people not enough numerous, to allow our relying on ourselves." The device on the first coin of the United Provinces seems to acknowledge the insecurity of their independence. A ship was represented laboring, without sails or oars, against the waves, and on it was inscribed "*Incertum quo fata ferant*,"—Whither fate bears us is uncertain. It might be to liberty. It might be to worse than the ancient servitude.

Anjou came, in 1582. But it had not yet been settled upon what terms he should exercise his authority, when he died, in 1584. It was then that Barneveldt came forward in favor of the Prince of Orange. No time was to be lost. Another stranger would be proposed, perhaps accepted, unless the Provinces made haste to proclaim a prince of their own. Orange was unquestionably the best choice to be made. He had his faults; but the exertions of a quarter of a century had proved him to be as wise and as generous a chief as the nobility had to furnish to the country. The sovereignty of Holland was at length offered to him. As the Count of the Province, he was to administer its affairs in conjunction with its magistrates and assembly. The same offer was preparing to be made to him from Zealand. Were the example of the two Provinces to be followed by the others, there would be an end of foreign interference. Such an object might well engage the activity of Barneveldt. He owed nothing to the prince, he expected nothing from the prince, so far as he was personally concerned. But he saw the value of such a ruler to such a nation. His own hand drew up the conditions upon which Orange was to receive the sovereignty.

Just then, the Prince was assassinated (1584). His life had never been so precious as when it was thus cut short. He had never been so important to his people as when they relied upon him to be their head. There seemed to be no one to take his place. The spirit of the age and of the race required a prince of princely birth even more than of princely nature. Otherwise, there would have been no such need of William of Orange or of a successor to him. Barneveldt was there. But Barneveldt, however acceptable as a minister to the higher, or as a protector to the lower classes, could never have been proclaimed sovereign. A sovereign, nevertheless, was indispensable. The eldest son of the murdered prince was a prisoner in Spain. Maurice, the second son, was but seventeen years old. Him, however, the Provinces determined to elevate, not exactly to the place of his father, but to one from which he could rise in time to the sovereignty. He was made

President of the Council of State. The part of Barneveldt was even more prominent in the elevation of the son than in that of the father. He not only nominated Maurice, but pledged himself as surety that the young prince would be faithful to the country. It was Barneveldt, therefore, to whom Maurice owed his appointment. It was Barneveldt, again, to whom the country owed its deliverance from stranger rulers.

The deliverance, however, was not yet entire. Offers of submission had been made both to England and to France, and, far from being retracted, they were renewed. The French court declined them. But Elizabeth, though refusing to rule, consented to assist the Provinces. A considerable force accordingly arrived from England, under the command of the Earl of Leicester, whom the States General declared their Governor and Captain-General (1585). It was soon discovered that, whether or not they had a queen in Elizabeth, they had a king in Leicester. His conduct proved so arbitrary,—it might be called insane,—as to provoke the displeasure even of his royal mistress. What the unhappy Provinces had to suffer, may be conceived. As if to counterbalance his capricious tyranny, the States of Holland and Zealand successively declared Maurice their Stadtholder, or Civil Governor.

Holland did more. It proclaimed Barneveldt, hitherto the Pensionary of Rotterdam, to be the Pensionary of the Province (1586). This office was for life. It made him the chief minister of the state, not only in its own assembly, but in that of the whole United Provinces. Such an office, at such a period, was one, not merely of labor, but of peril. The man to whom it was offered, however, had no mind to avoid either; and, as he had taken the post at Rotterdam, so now he entered upon these wider duties. At the same time, he made two conditions to his acceptance. One was, that he should be employed at home, in constant communication with the national authorities; the other was, that he should not be called upon to make any treaty of peace with Spain. We can understand at what he was aiming. He would have no recourse to foreign powers; above all, no submission to the Spanish dominion. When the time came to seek the friendship, not the authority, of the stranger, no one was readier than Barneveldt to do so.

It was now twenty years since the first hostilities. Yet, at that moment, it looked as if nothing had been gained in the way of independence. Only the seven United Provinces were really struggling; and they were hampered, as well as disheartened, by subjection to a mere noble from England. Leicester would have soon put an end both to struggling

and to independence, had he not met his match. The late Pensionary had been thrown into prison by some of the Englishman's supporters, for having disregarded the behests of the stranger. Barneveldt, exposed to the same fate, did not hesitate to assert even greater independence than his predecessor. He went so far as to charge Leicester to his face with his unwarrantable procedures.

Yet there were few to rally under the lead of the Pensionary. When Leicester went over to England on a visit, the States General sent an embassy, not to complain against him, but rather to make their excuses to the queen for having offended him. At the same time, the sovereignty of the United Provinces was again pressed upon Elizabeth. Rebuking them for their opposition, although she had formerly disapproved of their submissiveness, to Leicester, she evaded a direct answer to their offer, adding, with an oath, that "there was not a people or a state on earth so badly advised as the Provinces." She was not far out on that point, so far as their fawning upon her was concerned. Leicester returned to his post, to play not only the despot, but the traitor, by urging peace with Spain. To secure himself, he meditated the arrest of Maurice and Barneveldt, the one the arm, and the other the head, of the nation whom the Englishman so cruelly abused.

Barneveldt again withstood the stranger. Nor was it the stranger alone. Many of the people, not merely of the ignorant and the indifferent, but of the earnest and the wise, comparatively speaking, were to be controlled. The clergy of Holland united in a memorial, urging the States of that Province to keep on terms of amity with Leicester. Barneveldt answered, in the name of the States, that the memorial contained nothing of which the States were not perfectly aware; "that the States were quite as much interested in the welfare of the country as the memorialists, and that these had leave to withdraw." Three documents, containing the proofs of Leicester's offences against the public weal, were soon issued by the States. The indignation this excited against him was increased by his own continual violations of law and of peace. At length, one of his plots miscarried. "It is time for me," said he, "to get under cover;" and, with that, he hurried to England (1587).

The same hand that had defied him, was instantly raised to prevent his having a successor. At Barneveldt's proposal, the authority of the Prince Maurice, now twenty years of age, was so far extended as to make him the head of the nation. He was already the Stadtholder of two of the seven

Provinces, namely Holland and Zealand ; in addition to which, three more, Utrecht, Guelders, and Overijssel, subsequently elected him their Stadtholder. Of the other two Provinces, two cousins of his were governors. All this brought the local government of the Provinces beneath his influence. The general government was also, to a great degree, vested in him. He took part in the civil administration, in conjunction with the States General. In military affairs, he was supreme as Captain-General and Admiral. Such a power as this might secure or annihilate the independence of the country. Its effect would, of course, depend upon the character of its possessor. All, therefore, to be made a matter of present congratulation, was the fact that the Provinces had a ruler of their own. That they had such a one, was due to no man so much as Barneveldt.

But we must look into this a little more closely. The position of the prince is not to be understood without some idea of the branches and roots of the government to the summit of which he had been raised. The institutions of the Provinces grew from the towns. These were governed by senates, the vacancies in which were filled by their own members. The votes of the senate elected the magistrates of the towns. They also appointed the deputies to the States. As Sir William Temple described it, near a century later, "the main ingredients" of the United Provinces "are the freedom of the cities and the sovereignty of the Provinces." As from the towns the States were formed, so from these were formed the States General. This body, the congress of the United Provinces, originally consisted of eight hundred deputies from the different States. Its name denoted its character. As "it sits in the court at the Hague," to use the words employed by Sir William Temple, in describing the Council to which it was afterwards reduced, it represents the sovereignty of the Union, gives audience and despatch to all foreign ministers," at the same time directing the course of domestic affairs. Its presidency was held by one Province after the other in the person of a deputy. But the chief of the state was the prince, at the present juncture, the Prince of Orange. "As the States General," continues Sir William, "represented the sovereignty, so did the Prince of Orange the dignity of this state, by public guards and the attendance of all military officers; by the application of all foreign ministers and all pretenders at home; by the splendor of his court and magnificence of his expense; supported not only by the pensions and rights of his several charges and com-

mands, but by a mighty patrimonial revenue in lands and sovereign principalities and lordships, as well in France, Germany, and Burgundy, as in the several parts of the Provinces." Many of these details apply only to later years. But the outlines are true to the time of Barneveldt. They show how much reason he had to desire a native prince, how much to rely upon the independence of the government and the people.

His own position, likewise, is more clearly seen. Pensionary of Holland, he was the chief representative of that Province in the States General. The weight of the Province gave its minister an importance which he knew how, as we have observed, to render effectual. It was in the assembly that his principal responsibilities, and therefore his principal powers, were to be called into action. There he deliberated, there he discoursed, there he decided upon the courses to free and to save the country. It might be a question of a single operation or an entire campaign, of a single measure or an entire system, by which war was to be prosecuted or peace obtained. It might be the reception of an embassy, in the midst of parade, or the discussion of sending one, in the midst of solemn secrecy; it might be hiding the weakness or displaying the strength of the country. Whatever the scene, whatever the point, Barneveldt was in his place, the leader of all to whom the majesty of the state was sacred. It was to the nation that he devoted himself, to the nation that he would have others devoted. When he defied Leicester, it was because the nation was offended. When he exalted Maurice, it was that the nation might be served.

Twenty-one years of warfare had now passed (1587). Twenty-two more were still to pass. During all this time, the forces of the United Provinces were led by Maurice, often through disaster, often through victory. During all this time, likewise, the administration of affairs, both domestic and foreign, was in the hands of Barneveldt. Not that he was alone in authority. He was but the minister and the representative of a single Province, with many a magistrate for an equal, and more than one for a superior. Such, however, was the influence of his character, that he took the lead as a statesman not only in his own Province but in the nation. Nor was his preëminence confined to his country. When France, after a brief alliance with the United Provinces, was on the point of making peace with Spain, Barneveldt was sent to persuade the French monarch to continue the war. Failing in that, he crossed to England, to adjure Elizabeth, to per-

severe (1598). A few years after, he was despatched to secure the alliance of Elizabeth's successor (1603). Such embassies prove the importance attached to the ambassador by his countrymen. The effect of his measures, as well as of Maurice's campaigns, could not but tell at last.

Thirty-two years from the commencement of hostilities, Philip of Spain, still living, renounced his claims to the Netherlands, in favor of his daughter and her affianced husband (1598). It was as much as to confess himself conquered. He would not sign over the half of the Provinces still submissive; neither would he acknowledge the other half, still resisting, to be free. Before the new sovereigns were formally enthroned, the old one died. Judged by his own standard, he had reigned in vain. The rebel and the heretic, as he called them, were not crushed. The power of the papacy and the monarchy was not triumphant.

The same year in which Philip died, closed the life of his namesake, Philip of St. Aldegonde. The coincidence is singular; nor less so the contrast between their latter days. The king perished in cruel suffering from bodily pains as well as from mental cares, burdened with power, yet clinging to it, tortured by superstition, yet bending before it, to the last. Far otherwise the subject who had taken the first step in resistance to the monarch. He had retired from the strife of men to tranquil study of the Word of God. He was laboring on a version of the Scriptures when he was called away (1598).

It was long before the spirit of peace took possession of the combatants in the Netherlands. Proposals for negotiation at length came from the new sovereigns of the southern states (1606). They met with cold reception in the United Provinces. It was not at once that they were even heard by the States General. Nor did they receive any immediate reply, except that the sovereigns must abjure all pretensions to the United Provinces. This being done, a suspension of hostilities was declared on both sides. But there was far from being any general readiness on the side of the Provinces to make a lasting peace.

A large number of the lower classes preferred war, partly from love of it, partly from fear of Spain, or of the southern Netherlands, whose sovereigns, they supposed, would be re-established over them by a peace. Others, of the middle classes, were bent on continuing the war, as alone furnishing them the opportunities, by which they were accustomed to profit, of keeping up their trades and fortunes. With those opposed to peace, were the clergy of the various sects spread-

ing through the country. At the head of all, were Maurice of Orange and his partisans, at that time assuming an almost absolute authority in public affairs. It was but natural that a man whose love of power and of warfare had been indulged from his boyhood, should resist any measures to throw him back upon a life of tranquillity and of comparative inferiority. Fortunately for him, still more for his country, there was one to take a higher ground. Without any direct opposition to Maurice, Barneveldt did not conceal his fears that the ambition of the Prince might obstruct the welfare of the nation. Taking the lead of most of the middle classes, especially of the great body of magistrates throughout the Province, the Pensionary stood up for peace.

An embassy from Spain itself arrived (1608). Under the influence of Barneveldt, the Provinces entered into negotiations for a permanent peace. These, however, were rendered nugatory by the unwillingness of the Spaniards to yield two points; one, the right of commerce with the East Indies, the other, the inferiority of the Catholic to the Protestant in the Provinces. It cannot be said to argue much for the spirit of the Provinces, that they should insist upon oppressing the members of the church whose ancient oppressions had been so bitterly denounced, so sternly defied. But so it was; and the hope of peace seemed again to fade.

At this crisis, the ambassadors of England and France interposed. It was the interest of both those nations that the war should cease; but especially of France, whose king, Henry the Fourth, had pledged himself to aid the Provinces while hostilities continued. At the suggestion of these envoys, negotiations for a truce of several years at least were opened.

Here, however, we must pause a moment. The gravest charge ever brought against Barneveldt by his antagonists, was that he entered into these new negotiations in consequence of being bribed. Now, we do not claim that Barneveldt was perfect; he had his weaknesses, his passions. He was not without selfishness, taking counsel sometimes of his own likes and dislikes, sometimes of those of his party, when it would have been nobler as well as serener to have acted from principle alone. Nor was he altogether free from subserviency. He gave way to a prince when he would have withstood a peasant. He yielded to his superiors in worldly state, what he would have maintained against a host of equals or a world of inferiors. Granting all this, we cannot grant that Barneveldt was corrupt, that he was to be bought or sold at any time, much less at a time when the destinies of his country were

quivering in the scale. Let us see if we have reason on our side.

The facts in the case are these: Barneveldt was the representative of Holland in the Congress to which the question of peace or war was committed. He had distinguished himself, during the Congress as well as before it, by consistent and fervent advocacy of peace. Where he had long stood, there he still stood, when the project of a permanent treaty failed. The plan of a temporary truce would, of necessity, find an advocate in him, unless he were to quit the position which he had all along maintained. Notwithstanding, he was said to have received twenty thousand florins from the French ambassador, to support the new proposal. That he received this sum, is unquestionable. But he says that it had been promised him ten years before, for services which the French monarch was pleased thus to reward. Ten years before, it may be remembered, he had been sent to France to remonstrate against peace between that country and Spain. There is nothing, we maintain, in the statement of Barneveldt to be doubted. There is nothing, we also maintain, in the accusation of his adversaries, that he was bribed, to be believed. On the contrary, no monarch or ambassador would have thought it necessary, in the first place, to bribe Barneveldt to become the champion of peace. He was so already. Neither was it from attachment to France that he would plead for the truce. Quite otherwise. It was from the fear of France, of the designs attributed to her monarch, that the peace party, of which Barneveldt was the head, derived one of its principal impulses. He had argued again and again, that peace must be made with Spain if for no other reason than to prevent the King of France, then the more powerful sovereign of the two, from obtaining a foothold in the Provinces. There was but a step from being their ally in war to becoming their master. To support the truce proposed was but to continue the course of Barneveldt from the beginning.

Not content with charges of bribery, the antagonists of the Pensionary arraigned him as guilty of treason. The accusation was made anonymously before the States General. Maurice had the grace to express his disapproval, whether sincerely or not it would be difficult to decide. Barneveldt was profoundly moved. Rising in his place, he said: "It is nothing new to me to be hated by the powerful. Exposed to it as I have been, no fear, no danger has deterred me from serving my country, since the consoling thought that I have a good conscience arms me against all calumny, all peril.

But I can no longer serve the country. The truce is becoming detested on account of the detestation borne against me. I must beg the States to appoint some less hated minister in my place, to labor for the welfare of the nation." Thereupon the Pensionary withdrew. But at the entreaty of the States, besought by his enemies as well as by his friends, he returned to resume his offices and his sacrifices.

At length he secured his aim. Two years and a half from the first proposals of peace, forty-three years from the first outbreaks of war, a truce of twelve years was declared (1609). The United Provinces were at liberty and at peace! If any one had a right to rejoice, it was John Van Olden Barneveldt. He had saved, he had almost created the nation. But the nation lavished its rewards not upon him, but upon Maurice and the whole house of Orange.

It was to Barneveldt, again, that the Provinces subsequently owed their final independence of the stranger. Three considerable fortresses, pledged to Elizabeth of England as surety for the loans made by her, remained in the possession of the English, when the Spaniards abandoned their hold upon the Provinces. Six years afterwards, Barneveldt was adroit enough to recover the fortresses, on the payment of a comparatively small sum (1615). Thus, without blows or bloodsheddings, the soil was rid of the last foreign troops by whom it was encumbered.

The work of Barneveldt seemed to be concluded. At the age of nearly threescore and ten, after forty-five years' public service, he beheld his country free from all external oppression. A few years beneath his vine and fig-tree were no more than he deserved, no more, indeed, than he apparently needed to prepare for his eternal repose. It was at such a moment that he found himself engaged in the severest struggles of his life. To contend against oppression from abroad was not so painful, not so vain, as to contend against not only oppression but dissension at home.

There were more causes than one of disturbance in the United Provinces. Nowhere had so strong a reaction against the papal power set in. It was sure to be carried to the very extremes of severity and division. Nowhere, moreover, had there been a more strenuous movement against the monarchical power. It was certain to be urged on until other authority was defied. Accordingly, the Provinces were scarcely settled down as an independent nation, when they broke forth into disorders of which there had been no parallel in the days

of dependence. The natural consequence was the rise of a new oppression, of one in Native Land.

First came the religious disturbances. A year before the truce with Spain, a controversy arose between Arminius and Gomar, two Professors at Leyden, on the much-vexed question of free-will and predestination. A year after the truce, the parties by that time attached to the original disputants, brought their differences before the States, that is, the provincial assembly, of Holland. The States, after a conference in their presence between advocates of both sides, recommended a peaceful settlement of the points at issue (1611). The recommendation was afterwards followed up by various decrees, the most decisive of which established the principle of religious liberty, at the same time threatening its violators with condign punishment (1616). Far, however, from there being any cessation of intolerance and violence, the strife began afresh, and with such excessive fury as to threaten a civil war (1617). One party, the Arminian, or the Remonstrant, comprised most of the magistracy and middle class of citizens. The other, the Gomarist or the Contra-Remonstrant, contained a large proportion of the clergy, of the army, and of the lower classes. Supporting the rigid system of predestination against the milder doctrine of free-will, the Contra-Remonstrants, as they were generally called, went to much greater lengths than the Remonstrants in their defiance of every thing savoring of the papal power. They were the vanguard of the reaction against Rome. Marching with flaunting banners and wild acclaims, dealing the while the most ringing blows, they naturally attracted the larger number of followers. The Remonstrants, soon distanced, were also soon outnumbered.

The religious disputes, bitter as they were, became still more so on taking a political turn. By appealing to the public assembly, the combatants virtually threw open their lists to all who had any controversies to decide. Now, there was a serious question of a political nature, not yet broached, but on the very eve of being so. It sprang from the confused relations existing amongst the authorities of the Provinces. The exact power of the Prince, the precise proportions between the functions of the States General and those of the provincial assemblies, were very serious matters; yet they were undecided. Little by little, they entered into the disputes about doctrines. The call for a general synod of the Protestant churches, by the Contra-Remonstrants, gave occasion to the Remonstrants to declare for what may be termed State Rights; it being argued that these would be infringed

by any interference with the religious affairs, with which the States alone had power to interfere. This arrayed the Contra-Remonstrants as the champions of what may be called the Federal Power, inasmuch as they maintained the supremacy of the States General against the privileges of the Provincial States. This was not all. The power of the Prince, at that time in league with the States General, also found support at the hands of the Contra-Remonstrants. Thus, while both parties entered into the reaction against the monarchical power, the Contra-Remonstrants went but a little way before tarrying to set up the authority of the Prince and of the assembly on his side. The Remonstrants, opposing his supremacy, went farther. But their progress was soon stayed.

Such was the general aspect of the conflicting parties in the Provinces. We see the same confusion, the same overturn of old points, the same elevation of new ones, at the end of the Revolution as at the beginning. What was likely to be the ultimate issue, will be discovered as we follow Barneveldt through the contest.

He took no part in the controversies so long as they were confined to doctrine. On the contrary, he exerted himself to the utmost to allay them. "Truth first," he said to Gomar the Professor, "but peace next." And he afterwards remarks that "both doctrines might be endured with Christian charity, and yet no harm be done to truth." His acts agreed with his professions. When the States of Holland were invoked, when, subsequently, they were obliged to interpose their authority, the Pensionary was always ready with plans and statutes for restoring concord. For some time, he showed no leaning to either side. But when the Contra-Remonstrants worked themselves up to a degree of severity intolerable to all charitable men, Barneveldt could not but evince his inclination to the other party. So far, also, as the Contra-Remonstrants led the reaction against Rome, they were distasteful to the Pensionary. His whole course as a Protestant, had been one of forbearance. When he returned from his travels, he was offered an advantageous post in a tribunal recently established against the Roman Catholics. He refused it. When the treaty with Spain was under discussion, he was one of the few who were willing that the Roman Catholic faith should be allowed to subsist in the Provinces. In such a man there was no stuff for a fanatic, none, therefore, for a Contra-Remonstrant.

The political troubles that ensued were of greater interest to Barneveldt. All his life long, he had labored to build up a free commonwealth in place of the dependent Provinces in

which he had been born. The cardinal point of security to the institutions thus upreared, was the independence of each state of which the commonwealth was composed. This established, neither the States General nor the Prince could triumph over the liberties of the nation. As soon, consequently, as Barneveldt perceived the rights of the States to be menaced, he sprang, aged as he was, into the arena. The Remonstrants were for the same principle; not, however, that he found them fully pledged to it, but that they were ready to pledge themselves. He took the lead of them. At his call, the States' and the Towns' Militia were enrolled; measures not only military, but administrative, were adopted; and the menaced institutions were placed in a state of defence. With such a champion as Barneveldt, the cause seemed secure.

The rage of the opposing party was soon directed against him. "He will change our faith!" cried some. "He will change our government!" shouted others. "And it is to bring us back under the yoke of Spain!" they all vociferated. At their head was the Prince Maurice. His ambition, at this time much swollen, could be gratified only by the annihilation of a cause like that of the Remonstrants and their leader. He had heretofore set himself at the head of the Contra-Remonstrants, whose distinguishing characteristic it soon became to be the Prince's partisans. Maurice grew more and more incensed with the continued opposition from the other side. "It is your Pensionary," he said to some deputies from the States of Holland, "who has brought about this distrust and division in the government. He would rob me of my authority, of my reputation; nay, he would drive me into exile, if he could." Not content with words, Maurice proceeded to deeds, to blows. The command of the army gave him the advantage in any active movements. He and his partisans soon gained the ascendant. The defences of their national institutions were overthrown; their defenders thwarted, disarmed, and paralyzed (1618).

Let us not seem to be making an unwarrantable charge against the Prince of Orange. We speak of his swollen ambition, of his arbitrary measures, on the strength of indisputable testimony. It had been long since those supposed to be most in his confidence had begun, according to the contemporary Grotius, "to decry the States as possessing a power offensive to their master, and absurd to the people." So transparent were the Prince's intentions, that his step-mother, the Dowager Princess, expostulated with him against proceeding to such extremes. But instead of his yielding, she yielded to

him so far as to attempt to bring over Barneveldt to his support. Barneveldt, however, was not to be won. Indeed, his representations to the Princess were such as to persuade her to fresh remonstrances with Maurice. They were as vain as before. He was resolved to make himself supreme.

One man stood in his way. For a moment, Barneveldt had yielded, not to the injustice of the Prince, but to the ingratitude of his countrymen. His energy declining, his strength wasted by disease, his hopes shaken by reverses, he resigned the office of Pensionary. "Let me retire," he said, "to private life, where I can deplore the fate of my unhappy country." But, pressed by the States of Holland to hold his post yet a little longer, he consented. His spirits returned. He published a Remonstrance, recounting the circumstances of his long career, exposing the dangers besetting the nation, and the duties of its sons. No appeal could be more temperate. The passions of the aged statesman seemed to be extinct. His virtues, his single-mindedness, his disinterestedness, his purity, his charity, alone remained. At the same time, he is thoroughly in earnest. There is no concession from fear, or from feebleness. The firm and dauntless front is maintained to the end. One of his colleagues advised submission. "What!" exclaimed the old hero, "will you give up justice and the right of the nation? So will not I!" Two friends came to inform him of his approaching arrest. To their entreaties, that he would save himself, he replied, "I will not fly." They were followed, the next day, by the same colleague whose advice of submission he had already rejected. He appeared sad, so much so that the visitor spoke of the many great men who had met with no reward. Still unshrinking, he repaired to the palace, where the Prince caused him to be arrested in the name of the States-General. Three of his most faithful adherents, Grotius, Hogerbeets and Ledenberg, were also imprisoned. The blow was struck against the upright. The way of the ambitious and the bloody was cleared (1618).

The interference of their friends, the interposition of the towns, even of the States of Holland, in favor of the prisoners, proved fruitless. A paper without signature, but from the national printing office, informed the nation, that these men had been arrested for treason, not very clearly defined, as well as for having favored the Remonstrant party, to the extent of enrolling and keeping up the militia. The country was soon flooded with documents and tracts, supporting and amplifying the accusations. As for the accused, they were gradually abandoned. The very States of Holland, choked

by new deputies supporting Maurice, besought "his Excellency" to "continue his efforts to reëstablish the public tranquillity." Meanwhile the examination of the prisoners was going on in private. One of them, Ledenberg, committed suicide. The others stood their ground more bravely. Deserted as they were, they bore themselves as nobly as if the whole nation were rallying to their rescue. "I speak," said Barneveldt to his questioners, "I speak but to maintain the rights of my masters, the States of Holland. The States General have no lawful power to arrest or to imprison me." But the only countenance to this noble bearing came from strangers, from the ambassadors of France, who addressed the States General in favor of the prisoners, especially of Barneveldt, "whose long services," they declared, "deserve a better treatment."

At length the States General appointed a commission to try the prisoners. It was composed of twenty-four members, twelve from the Province of Holland, and two from each of the other six Provinces. "Some of you," said Grotius to the twenty-four, "are biassed men. Some of you, indeed, have threatened me, and others besides, with torture." Such were the judges before whom the prisoners were arraigned, six months after their arrest. The trial, if such it can be called, of Grotius and Hogerbeets preceded that of Barneveldt. When his term came, he kept his judges for some days busy with objections to their jurisdiction. He was then put to the question on all the old as well as the new charges against him. After denying the worn-out accusations of bribery, he continued: "I have, it is true, felt some fears that the Prince Maurice was endeavoring to make himself supreme, or at least more powerful than heretofore. I have apprehended some change of government." This being the substance, however unavowedly, of the charges against him, his confession was decisive.

Up to this time, no one had conceived the prisoners to be in danger of their lives. They might be fined, dishonored, imprisoned, exiled; but not executed. Now, however, it was perceived that their days, especially those of Barneveldt, were seriously threatened. Some sort of spirit was shown in his behalf. The French ambassador again interfered. One of Maurice's own house, William of Nassau, urged him to spare Barneveldt. The Prince at last consented, provided the family of the prisoner would sue for his pardon. It was a crafty condition. Barneveldt had married a woman every way worthy of him. Their children, long since grown to man-

hood, were not likely to be degenerate. It could be no wish of his, no wish of theirs, that they should beg for mercy from one who owed him all deference, all gratitude. "I cannot," said the wife, "for my husband is innocent." "We will not," said the sons, "though our father lose his life." It was officially announced to Barneveldt, that he must prepare for sentence of death. Such an announcement could create no terror in that noble soul. But it might well excite surprise. "Sentence of death!" exclaimed the old man; "I had not thought of that! I expected, indeed, to have another hearing." With that, he resigned himself at once to die.

As he wrote his farewell to his wife, he was heard murmuring, "If I only knew why I am condemned!" It was the keen sense of justice, not the common clinging to life, that provoked the murmur. But there was no complaining, no attempting to obtain pardon. "Ask two things," he said to the clergyman permitted to attend him, "of the Prince for me: that he will forgive any personal offence I may have done him, and that he will show some favor to my children." "Do you mean," inquired the clergyman, "that I should ask for the reversal of your sentence?" "No," returned Barneveldt, "my petition does not go so far." From himself and his family, his thoughts reverted to his fellow-prisoners. "And are Hogerbeets and my dear Grotius to die also?" He was told that their sentence had not been made known. "I should be sorry for it," he resumed; "young as they are, they may yet render great services to their country." He then addressed himself to reading the Psalter, and listening to reading by the clergyman in attendance. So the night passed without repose for the body, but with deeper and deeper repose for the spirit.

The morning dawned. It was the 13th of May, 1619, eight months and a half from the day on which Barneveldt was arrested. After various preparations for what he knew to be approaching, he was led before his judges. His sentence was read to him: he was to lose his head, and his estates were to be confiscated. Listening with visible impatience to the charges rehearsed against him, he exclaimed at their conclusion: "Ye set down much more against me than can be made out of my confessions. . . . I have served the States for thirty-three years, and the town of Rotterdam for ten years before, as Pensionary. My toil and my fidelity have deserved a better reward." "Your sentence is pronounced," cried one of the judges; "be off, be off!" Barneveldt said no more, but moved, as he was directed, towards the place of execution.

As he walked, the thought of his heart was not of vengeance, but of resignation. What he had written to his wife and children, he must then have felt deep within him: "I know ye are overcome by these misfortunes. But I bid you rejoice before God Almighty." As he ascended the scaffold, he looked upwards, exclaiming, "O God! what is man?" Presently he knelt while a clergyman prayed beside him. He then arose, put off the clothing that was in the way of the executioner, and turned to the spectators. "Friends," he said, "do not believe me to be a traitor to my country. I have lived in honor as a good patriot, and such will I die." After praying for a few moments, he spoke to the only attendant, besides the clergyman, of his last hours, his faithful servant, John Franken. "Is any one coming?" he asked. Then kneeling down, and raising his hands as if to pray, he bade the executioner make haste. A moment more, and his head fell. He was not quite seventy-two years of age.

He did not die altogether without sign from those for whom he died. The body with which he had been associated during the greater part of his life, the States of Holland, broke the otherwise general silence. "He was a man," they declared, "of great propriety, industry, memory, and prudence, in all respects remarkable. Let him that standeth take heed lest he fall; and may God have mercy on the soul of the dead! Amen."

The fellow-prisoners of Barneveldt were condemned to perpetual confinement. Their party, the Remonstrants, were struck down, forbidden to assemble or to give any expression to their principles. Such as submitted did not escape ill treatment. Such as resisted were fined, imprisoned, even banished. All in vain seemed the day that had broken so early and so brightly upon the land. The earnest were silenced; the faithful were crushed. It was as if night had set in, leaving no memory, no hope of the day.

The few who looked back or looked forward were powerless against the prevailing darkness. Grotius, escaping from prison to France, wrote his *Apology*, as he termed it, in defence of himself and his friends (1622). Its tone, even at the time, was thought to be too feeble, too anxious about exciting displeasure against its author. But what was an apology, however forcible, at such a crisis? Something to be prohibited by the ruler, something to be wondered at by the subject, but nothing that could effect either retribution or justice. Two of Barneveldt's sons attempted a bolder stroke. But it was one to be dealt in wrath and blood. Joined by

several of the fallen party, they undertook the assassination of Maurice. The conspiracy being discovered, the conspirators, with the exception of a few who escaped, were put to death. The mother of the Barneveldts implored of the Prince of Orange to pardon the son who had been arrested. "Yet you refused," he said, "to ask the life of your husband." "He was not guilty," replied the noble-minded woman. Her son was executed. But his younger brother, the actual head of the conspiracy, fled the country (1623).

We said of John Van Olden Barneveldt, that he was born of the right rank, at the right time, and in the right place. Nor is this to be unsaid in consequence of his fate. He died as most men to whom their race owes much have died. Such as are content to live upon the ordinary, level die in their beds, and rest in marble mausoleums. They who struggle towards the heights, they, above all, who would lead others after them, generally perish at the stake, their ashes, even, being cast to the winds. It is these, however, who really live in later times. Their spirit goes abroad, like the relics dishonored by their executioners. The influence of the other class seems weighed down, barred in by the monuments with which they have been ostensibly honored. The martyr is the seed of all progress, of all truth. "I do not wish," said Barneveldt, the night before his execution, "to accuse my judges. But this I will say, that I live in a time when new principles are to be upheld." Had he clung to old ones, he would have died the minister of Maurice, the man of wealth, of state, of power. But, grasping after new ones, he died in weakness, in disgrace, and in poverty, yet—the Patriot of Holland.

Is he not more? Shall he not be one of the patriots of America? There are more reasons for it than the duty and the joy of embracing all great men as our own.

A few miles from the spot where Barneveldt fell, there dwelt a band of exiles. They had fled from persecution and from death in England. Of all the nation among whom they sought refuge, no one could have worn a nobler look to them than Barneveldt. He was the champion of the same principles for which they had gone into banishment. When he died, the victim of his own countrymen, these exiles turned to other shores. The next year, a number of them landed at Plymouth (1620).

Four years afterwards, the colonists of New Amsterdam arrived (1624). They came from the same shores, from the same scenes, on the other side. No name could have been more familiar to them than that of Barneveldt.

So it crossed the sea. So it lingered amongst the settlers of New England and New York. It would be revived whenever the heart yearned towards the true and the pure beyond the waves. As time passed, as the number of the great amongst our fathers increased, some of those who had been great in their eyes were forgotten. It is not too late, however, to restore these shattered images. Let John Van Olden Barneveldt, at least, be once more included amongst our great men.

EFFECT OF EMIGRATION UPON AMERICAN PRODUCTIONS.

I. ANNUAL REPORTS OF THE SECRETARY OF THE TREASURY ON COMMERCE AND NAVIGATION, 1840 TO 1853.

II. ANNUAL REPORTS OF THE SECRETARY OF THE TREASURY ON THE STATE OF THE FINANCES, 1840 TO 1853.

EMIGRATION is the great social problem of the day. Through the instrumentality of houses with well-established and intelligent agencies in every part of Western Europe, the discontented, the poor, the wretched, the humble, the political refugee, the well-off agriculturist from the interior of Germany, the artizan and small tradesman in its towns, the shivering Irish peasant with scarcely rags enough to cover his nakedness, the Birmingham smith, the Welsh miner, the Manchester spinner, and the London cockney, are all moving upon us. With a fair amount of comfort, or rather with a reasonable absence of discomfort, with a more than average safety against disease (the malignant cholera excepted), and at an incredibly small expense, they are transported from their homes, it may be hundreds of miles from the sea shore, and brought to the land of plenty and promise. A few days serve to find them employment or to carry them to a new Western home, and a few years to make citizens of the adult males. Meanwhile, they are recognized as entitled to the protection of our banner. They make our shoes, build our houses, decorate our saloons, dig our canals, construct our railways, fight our battles, serve in our police, sit upon our

judicial benches, and even represent us in monarchical Europe—a practical picture of the advantage in turning the back upon a land of privilege.

The census authorities, in whose accuracy we have some doubt, estimate that there were in the country in 1850 over 4,000,000 emigrants and descendants of emigrants since 1790. Others estimate them at over 5,000,000. It is immaterial, in this connection, which is the more correct. The majority of the foreign-born population now living within the Republic, have come here within the last ten years, during which time we have had official returns approximating to correctness.

Although time enough has not yet elapsed for the full development of the influences of such an addition to our population, we are not without means for arriving at partial results, which, taken with a proper allowance, are too striking to be passed by. For six months or a year after their arrival, the agricultural emigrants are non-producers. The mechanics probably find employment earlier, but even they do not at once force themselves into regular channels of business. The females become servants, and the laborers are employed on the public works and on the farms in New York and in New England. A very small proportion are found, at least until a later period of their citizenship, in the higher branches of commerce or the professions. About one-third of the whole only, have yet penetrated to the West, so that their influence is mainly confined to the older States, and is of course less patent to the eye. All these things would make it difficult to detect and measure the effect of the addition to population, even if there had been a longer time for observation. The late census enables us to do it partially; and we have thought it would not be uninteresting to endeavor to trace the relation between cause and effect in the late rapid growth of the United States,—or rather the relation between one of the causes, and the effect.

We cannot pretend to do this work with anything like completeness: a book might be written without exhausting the subject. Neither shall we try to bring the statistics to the present year. We could do so only in certain branches, and but imperfectly with them. It is better by resting a year or two back, to secure greater accuracy and correspondence. It is rather our aim to excite inquiry in the minds of others, than to exhaust the subject ourselves. It is one of so many and interesting ramifications, that we shall be content if, by touching in the most cursory manner consecutively upon our

Commerce, Navigation, National Revenue, Agriculture, and Manufactures, and showing their rapid expansion simultaneously with emigration, we can induce anyone to pursue the inquiry more into detail. There are those who regard this addition to our numbers, of persons unused to self-government, and unacquainted with the spirit of our institutions, as dangerous to the safety of the Union under which we have hitherto prospered.

The United States have great natural advantages for the prosecution of an extensive commerce. Its territory occupies the temperate country between Europe and Asia, through which an artificial communication, when created, can be maintained without discomfort at all seasons of the year. The rich plains of the South and West yield bulky crops for exportation. These advantages, denied to the East and North, are compensated for, by a climate, more variable indeed than that of Western Europe, but rarely so hot as to enervate, and never so cold as to close our harbors against the ocean; by natural means of communication capable of being perfected by art at a comparatively trifling cost; and by spacious harbors, large enough to float the shipping of the world. The forests of the South and West again contribute almost inexhaustible supplies of timber; the mines of Pennsylvania furnish iron and coal in equal abundance; the shores of Lake Superior are profuse with copper; North Carolina gives tar; Kentucky grows flax, and Alabama cotton, which the mills of Massachusetts convert to rope and sails. The banks of Newfoundland offer a school to the seamen, whom the whale-fisheries perfect amid the ice of the Arctic seas. A line of coast, upon the Pacific, of nearly equal extent with that upon the Atlantic, affords shelter and harbor for commerce there. The valley of the Mississippi is permeated with navigable streams; the Hudson, the Delaware, the Susquehanna, the Potomac, and other rivers on the Atlantic coast, also afford great, but from our familiarity with them, unappreciated facilities for internal navigation. The five great Lakes on the Canadian frontier cover an area of ninety thousand square miles, and are connected with each other by natural rivers or by canals, with the Atlantic ports and the Mississippi by canals, and with the ocean by the St. Lawrence. The difficulties to be overcome in passing from one of these natural sections to the other are trivial. One lock within ten miles of Lake Michigan, lifts the boat on the Illinois canal to the summit between the Lake and the Mississippi. And the people themselves, or at least that portion which gives the

national language, are descended of a maritime and commercial stock.

We are favored, also, with neighbors whose productions and wants are sufficiently dissimilar from our own to keep alive an active trade. The degenerate race which, emasculated by climate, priestcraft, tyranny, and anarchy, have made a social desert of Mexico, are not large consumers of the products of our industry. But a profitable commerce is maintained with the West Indian Archipelago, almost entirely in American bottoms, supplying them with food, wood, soap, tallow, candles, nails, castings, and cottons, and taking from them their sugar and tobacco. Our ships take the coffee of Brazil, and deliver the surplus in Trieste, Italy, and Belgium. The province of New Brunswick is covered with valuable forests, and watered with streams and lakes abounding in fish; and the deep tides on the coast effectually prevent any formation of ice to impede navigation. Its inhabitants, in return for their productions, are supplied from the United States with corn, flour, hard pine and oak for ship-building, and with American and British manufactures. Nova Scotia and Cape Breton, the keys to the navigation of the American coast, furnish us with large supplies of coal, fish, gypsum, and wood, all bulky articles, and take American manufactures in exchange. Nearly two-thirds of the inward tonnage of this province in 1851, was from the United States. And to the north, separated from us and connected with us by the green waters of the St. Lawrence, are the Canadas, "the brightest jewel in the British crown." The lower province produces little but timber for export. The hard winters make highways for the lumberman of the rivers and lakes, which the hot suns of summer again convert into rapid streams to float his year's work to Quebec; where it is loaded directly from the river, and shipped to England. Since the change in the navigation laws, a fair proportion of this trade is done in American vessels. The "garden of Canada" is in the peninsula between the lakes. Surrounded by extensive sheets of water, and favored with the richest soil, it yields in abundance all the productions of the neighboring States,—corn of the best quality, maize, the potato, the peach, the apple, the pear. It has shared the recent emigration with us, and has received also a great impulse from us; as the shortest route from New York to Michigan and Wisconsin, to which States mainly the native emigration of New York travels, lies across it. Its corn, wool, and other productions, are consumed to a considerable extent in the Union, and are exported from our ports

in much larger quantities. In return, the annual imports to the Provinces from the States amount to about nine millions of dollars; and vessels freighted with American produce at Chicago or Milwaukee, a thousand miles above Niagara, have passed the falls through Canadian locks, sailed across Ontario and by the lovely Thousand Isles, been floated by the rapids above Montreal, and leaving behind them the heights of Abraham, and the glorious remains of Louisburg, have delivered their cargoes in Liverpool.

These favoring causes would have speedily created a prosperous home commerce, even without the influence of the great emigration. The New Englanders have been sailors from the beginning of their history. The Massachusetts colonists emigrated from the eastern counties of England, and the Plymouth Puritans lived ten years with the Dutch herring-catchers. Both had an eye, in the selection of a home, to the cod-fisheries as well as to a place where they might "worship God according to the dictates of their consciences." When Louisburg was taken, they were able to furnish several thousand men to the British fleet. Afterwards a profitable trade grew up between them and the West Indies, which Lord North attempted to suppress, and added another to the chapter of grievances which ended in the Revolution. Yet, we think it is not hazarding too much to say that the American navigation would not have existed on its present scale without the emigration, demanding for its transport a large tonnage, and a still greater for the carriage of supplies to it, and of its productions in return. In 1815 the total tonnage was 1,300,000, of which the registered was to the enrolled as 3 to 13-10. In 1842 it had only reached 2,000,000. In 1852 the total tonnage was over four millions, and the proximate proportion of the registered to the enrolled as 19 to 23. During these ten years, under the influence of the prosperity occasioned by emigration, nearly fourteen thousand vessels were constructed, with an aggregate tonnage of about 2,400,000.

The registered tonnage has increased with the emigration in about the relative proportion which such an annual addition to the population might be supposed to establish; and in about the same ratio with the increase in the imports, and with the exports of cotton, each of which has doubled since 1842. The new channels lately opened for trade, in the Pacific and Southern seas, demanded and created a class of vessels, larger and fleetier than had ever before been constructed. Within five years, the Americans have launched an ocean steam-fleet of over a hundred vessels; and the ship

yards of the Eastern and Middle States have been overwhelmed with orders for the construction of clipper ships, whose miraculous logs would seem incredible if the days of departure and arrival were not known. In the year 1851 alone, there were constructed in the Union, 255 ships, 79 brigs, 584 schooners, and 259 steamers.

The enrolled tonnage which, it is superfluous to say, embraces the coasting, the lake, the river, and all other vessels employed in the domestic commerce of the country, and also those engaged in the bank and bay fisheries, has advanced in the same ratio. The well-known floating palaces, which convey the traveller over the Hudson or the Lakes, at a price incredible to a foreigner, surpass in number the steamers of the coast waters, and nearly equal them in tonnage. The great trade carried on by means of this branch of navigation, partakes of the character of a foreign commerce. It is an exchange of the productions, not alone of different kinds of industry, but of different climates and soils, varying from the fish and timber of the extreme North to the oranges, figs, and sugar of Louisiana. In the report to Congress on the Finances, made in 1852, the Secretary of the Treasury says of it,—

“The annual value of the agricultural, mineral, and manufacturing productions of the country, is not less than three thousand millions of dollars, as shown by the statistical returns of the late census—a large portion of which is transported by rivers, canals, or coasting vessels, or on railroads, and which, in the course of trade, changes hands several times before reaching the domestic consumer, making, in the aggregate, an amount of traffic counting by thousands of millions; while the whole amount shipped to foreign countries, is but one hundred and fifty millions of dollars—being only *one twentieth* part of the entire productions of the country which thus finds an outlet in foreign markets.”

The coast-fisheries alone have not felt the impetus. While the British colonists have greatly increased the value of their share in the interest, the Americans cannot be said to have increased the value of theirs for twenty-five years, during which time their tonnage in the cod-fisheries has sometimes increased and sometimes diminished. The greater facilities which the Provinces have for prosecuting this business, is undoubtedly one of the principal causes of this difference. The Newfoundland and Cape Breton cod-fisheries are carried on by boats from the shores, and the Nova Scotia fishermen employ five thousand boats and but eight hundred vessels. But we only enjoy the deep-

sea fisheries, or coast rights so remote that larger vessels must be fitted out for them.

The service is arduous and dangerous, and was supported, even before the commencement of the great emigration, only by a system of bounties and discriminating duties. Our fathers wisely held that fisheries are the foundation of commerce, and cherished this branch of our industry as the right arm of our naval strength. Just at the moment when increasing emigration threatened to turn the fishing industry of the country into more profitable channels, by giving an unusual vitality to other branches of navigation, the duties were diminished and the bounties removed from colonial fish, to the great benefit of the colonists. If the emigration continues as at present, and the United States maintain their policy, labor and capital will be still more diverted from the fisheries, and the ancient source of our maritime strength will be wrested from us.

The whale-fisheries, being prosecuted in long voyages and with an outlay of more capital, and being also frequently carried on in shares, seem to prosper without reference to emigration. The tonnage they employ, has been gradually increasing for thirty years, and now amounts, if we are not mistaken, to more than two hundred thousand tons, valued at over twenty millions of dollars, yielding an annual produce of eight millions. The remuneration is none too large to compensate for the dangers. The voyages in search of the sperm whale, occupy three or four years, and are conducted by superior men, under whose guidance the flag of the United States has been carried into the most remote and dangerous seas, and valuable additions have been made to geographical knowledge. The name of Grinnell, enviably known in both hemispheres by the liberal philanthropy of one who bears it, has been honorably connected with this interest.

The foreign commerce contributes, in customs' duties, almost the entire revenue of the country, which has increased in the same proportion with the navigating interest. In 1842 the imports amounted to a hundred millions of dollars, and the net customs' revenue to eighteen millions: in 1852, the former were two hundred and thirteen millions, and the latter forty-five millions, and last year the latter reached the enormous sum of sixty millions. The ordinary current expenses of the government, exclusive of payments on the public debt and under the Mexican treaty, increased during the same time only ten millions, principally in the disbursements in the war, pension, and Indian offices, and in the "miscellaneous expenditures." The latter item has swelled from three mil-

lions and a half to nearly eight millions, in consequence of the enlargement of the public buildings, and the increase in the expenses of the coast survey, in the mail service, in the light-houses (maintained entirely from the general treasury), in drawbacks and refunded duties, in aid to literature and science by the publication of books for members' libraries and for general distribution, in improving the "magnificent distances" of Washington, and probably to no small extent in the jobs and perquisites which unfortunately seem to belong to all public bureaus. The Federal Government consequently finds itself at present with a treasury annually filled, from the customs alone, with from twelve to fifteen millions of dollars more than its current expenses, while its debt is less than sixty millions, which the Secretary of the Treasury found difficulty in buying up, when money was plenty, at twenty-one per cent. premium. The finances of the States are, with a few exceptions, in an equally satisfactory condition; and it is deserving of remark, that those which stand highest in Europe, have the greatest proportion of the foreign population resident within their borders, to develop wealth and give them the means of payment. The municipal expenditures have probably increased in a greater proportion than either the State or Federal. We have no means of knowing their amount beyond the fact that the aggregate indebtedness of these corporations is said to exceed seventy millions of dollars; but as they have been active during the past ten years in opening highways and streets, constructing sewers and aqueducts, building school-houses, establishing schools, and laying broad the foundations for a great social structure, their expenses must have been much greater than at any previous period in their history.

The sale of public lands has continued at about the same rate for fifteen years past. The quantity of land has ranged from a million and a half to two millions of acres, which does not seem to be more than the amount actually required by the increasing population of the West. The course of purchasers for a year or two, in the North, has been towards Illinois, Missouri, and Iowa, and in the South towards the cotton lands of Alabama—exclusive of the profuse but politic grants for the construction of railways throughout the West. Whenever the unhappy sectional strifes which have been revived shall be allayed, we hope to see the healthy democratic tide of free labor flow still farther westward to occupy the forests of Minnesota and the plains and valleys of Nebraska.

This gradual enlargement of territory has greatly increased the farming land of the country, which now appears to comprehend over three hundred millions of acres, improved and unimproved, with an average value of nearly eleven dollars the acre. The great agricultural staples of the South have had the largest share in the prosperity, as they partake the advantages both of the foreign and the home markets. But the North has not been without its advantages, since we have increased our production of wheat twenty-five per cent. and our growth of maize fifty per cent. within that time.

Notwithstanding these prosperous results, we have not become great exporters of provisions and of breadstuffs, except in years of very short crops in Europe. The total value of the exports of these articles in 1840 was nineteen millions of dollars, and in 1850 only twenty-six millions. In 1852 it was still less, and nearly two-thirds of the amount of that year went to the United Kingdom. This year bids fair to prove an exceptional one. The farmers of the far West raise more Indian corn than wheat, because, being removed from markets, they can turn the crop to better account by fattening their hogs upon it. The best agricultural lands have not been sown with wheat; and unless prices in ordinary years are to rule higher in Europe than they have since 1847 (for the present may be considered an exceptional year), it is doubtful whether we can ever look for profitable sales on the other side of the Atlantic. There is soon to be a great increase in our production, owing to the railways which the foreign labor has enabled us to construct through every part of the settled portions of the country. The West has hitherto been inhabited only on the banks of the rivers. They afford a natural outlet to productions which would otherwise be valueless, as they could not be exchanged on the farms except for articles like themselves. But the railways (like the Illinois Central for instance) will open up new countries more fertile even than those already under cultivation, will give a value to lands before unsalable, while they will undoubtedly depress some of the older wheat lands, will carry population along their lines as the rivers have done in times past, and as railroads are doing even in old countries like England and France, and will bring to the markets of the East immense quantities of cheaply produced breadstuffs. Whether this can be transported with profit to foreign markets remains to be proved. These roads are well but cheaply built, with American and English capital, and prove remunerative almost without an exception in the agricultural districts. It is impossible to estimate too highly their influ-

ence upon the future of the United States, whose choked up productions they will set free. Much as they have added to it, and greatly as they are destined to affect it hereafter, they could never have been built without the help of the Irish and German laborers, by whose hands all the excavations have been scooped out and all the embankments heaped up, all the rocks blasted, and all the bricks carried for the engine and station houses, and who also fill the more menial places on the lines after they are in operation.

Cotton is our largest exporting crop, both in value and in bulk. We produce three-fourths of the entire growth of this article in the world, and send three-fourths of our production to the United Kingdom. The ships employed in this trade form a chain across the Atlantic, connecting two great nations by bonds stronger than the sympathies of brotherhood or the ties of politics—the bonds of mutual dependence. The stars and stripes are as well known in Liverpool as the cross of St. George; and American buyers are as common as British in Manchester. Even these relations, the emigration is affecting. The proportion of cotton consumed in the domestic manufactures of the States is much larger than formerly; and as capital increases and labor emigrates, the ratio will change still more in our favor. The last census shows that in 1850 we manufactured three times more cottons, in value, than we imported for consumption, and that the exports of these domestic manufactures were forty per cent. of the consumption of foreign articles of the same class. How long will it be before the relative proportion is reversed? The total importations of the country increased in the ten years ending in 1852 over one hundred per cent.; but the importation of foreign cottons increased during the same time less than forty per cent., and the total importations from the United Kingdom, leaving out of account the item of iron (which was unhealthily swelled, by the construction of railroads, from \$2,000,000 to \$19,000,000, notwithstanding a domestic production of an equal or nearly equal value with the last sum) increased but eighty per cent., or only four-fifths of the general average. We already manufacture three times as many woollen goods as we import, and are rapidly becoming, in all articles of necessity, independent of the old world. The emigration will create in Philadelphia and Pittsburg, where coal and iron abound, and where ships and steamers can come to the mill's door almost directly from the cotton plantation, a manufacturing interest which will, after supplying the home market, become an active competitor in all foreign ones which it is permitted to enter.

The increase in the mineral wealth of the United States, within the same decade, is almost fabulous; but, as it does not result at all from foreign immigration, so it is not proportionate with it. In 1847 a few Mormon soldiers, digging a mill-race in California, discovered gold in the soil which they turned up. The world flocked to the scene, and added to the stock of bullion and specie in circulation two hundred and fifty million dollars from this source before the close of the year 1852; and as yet the production is on the increase. More than thirty million of dollars were left for coinage at the United States mint during the first six months of 1853. The other mineral wealth of the country seems to have been less rapidly developed; but we must eventually become great producers of iron, since we have in some of the older States fields of anthracite and of bituminous coal larger than England, cropping out on the banks of the rivers in such a way that shafts are dispensed with, and emigration is furnishing us with plenty of English, Welsh, and Scotch operatives to work them all, while Illinois is the centre of a still larger tract of bituminous coal, which is almost entirely unused, owing to the cheapness of wood and the want of labor to get it out. Missouri, also, is equally rich in undeveloped iron and lead. The population of each of these States has nearly doubled within ten years. The copper, the lead, and the zinc of the upper Lakes are as yet comparatively valueless; but the same cause is beginning to affect them, and capital is now finding its way there, through stock companies in London and New York. Together, they will make this the richest mining region in the world, except Australia and California.

There has been great difficulty in cutting away the pure copper, weighing sometimes a hundred tons, so as to bring it to market at a profit. But science has already lessened and will entirely overcome obstacles that seemed to set gunpowder and the chisel at defiance; and, unless the migrating current is entirely changed, we shall soon see this wealthy country opened up by emigrated labor, and the United States still less dependent upon the rest of the world.

The same causes which are cheapening American production, must, in the end, increase the value of foreign. Leaving out of question Germany, which, it is said, is so alarmed that it talks of prohibitory measures to restrain the movement, Great Britain, with a constant efflux of gold and steady adverse exchanges, sees the young, the healthy, and the capable flee from her, preferring the fields and the bread of the stranger, and leaving the old, the destitute, and the feeble behind. Her redun-

dant labor, turned adrift, is fast dragging its connections after by an annual remittance of ten millions of dollars. Capital, machinery, and skill, can protect her manufacturers against foreign competition only when aided by the former rate of wages. But emigration has taught the skilled laborer, as well as the peasant, that there is a country where food is cheaper, wages are higher, and employment is surer, than in Europe. He has learned, too, that the difficulties in reaching this country are small, and the sufferings few; and the British manufacturers already see signs that their vantage ground is slipping from under them. The American emigration has not yet made any material impression upon the manufacturing districts. It undoubtedly will, as manufactures increase here and as skilful artisans learn our rates of wages, cost of living, and the social position which they can enjoy among us. Nor does the current set only towards us. In 1846 the Australian emigration was less than twenty-three hundred; in 1848 it was more than twenty-three thousand; and in 1852 it was eighty-seven thousand, eight hundred and eighty-one. The total emigration from the United Kingdom, the same year, amounted to 368,764, of which probably not less than 330,000 was of the native population—more than the whole natural increase.

Undoubtedly, up to this time, the movement has benefited Great Britain. It has not, until now, affected the price of provisions, nor the cost of producing manufactures, while it has made for the moment large foreign consumers in the emigrants themselves. But things have now come to a turning point. It is a truism to say that an efflux of population tends to raise wages, while an influx has the opposite effect. Wages are rising in England, and will continue to rise, in spite of combination of masters; and are kept down in America, notwithstanding the immense industrial energy. Time will, in the end, equalize the rates on both sides of the Atlantic. Manchester and Birmingham must feel the scarcity of labor which they forced upon the agricultural districts; and before the present generation passes away, the foreign emigration will make New York one of the great monetary points of the globe.

We have avoided saying any thing concerning the effect of war upon this great industrial question. The belligerent parties have entered upon the present strife so reluctantly, and have shown so little desire to push the contest forward with vigor, that we have been sometimes almost led to doubt whether, after all, there will be any hard fighting.—While the nations of Europe are in a state of restlessness concerning

their relations towards each other, the arbitrary governments have good pretexts for maintaining their several armies on a war basis; and thus they have at every point large bodies of armed police to crush the revolutionary element within themselves. At the same time the uncertainty of the future operates as a check upon commercial and industrial adventure. It is therefore not unreasonable to hope that, so far as the dissatisfied and inadequately-recompensed labor of the continent is concerned, there will be no serious diminution in the emigration in consequence of the existing war. An enlargement of the present contest to a strife that should engage all the powers of Europe, would undoubtedly operate against us in this respect.

The effect of war in England must be to produce high prices; and Manchester, true to its instincts, arrays itself against the government on this question. Corn could not touch again the low figures of 1850. The quartern loaf, which then sold as low as 4½d and 5d, if we are not misinformed, has since risen as high as 11½d and a shilling. Wages have not advanced proportionately, and the effect of the rise upon an artisan with a large family, may be easily conceived. Without saying that war would necessarily continue such an advance, it may be safely assumed that, while it exists, there would not be a return to the former low prices; and that, to carry it on with vigor, it would be necessary to restore some of the taxes upon the laboring classes which have been removed within the last five years. The reader can decide, as well as we, upon the justice of these speculations, and can pursue the train of thought which they suggest to its legitimate result.

The Irish emigration will be diminished, whether there be war or not—simply because the land is already sensibly drained. Even yet, however, able-bodied labor can be had for eight cents a day in the agricultural districts; and while this continues, and the same love of America haunts the universal bosom of the peasantry, shaping their dreams by night and their aspirations by day, and forming the burden of the songs with which they solace their misery, the Liverpool liners will be tenanted as they have been for eight years past.

War is at the worst an exceptional state. The monarchs of Europe may play at the game for a while; but empty treasuries and national bankruptcies must in the end bring peace. And though the strife may momentarily divert the great movement of men in search of a better home, we firmly

believe that, under Divine Providence, it will continue till the old world shall be relieved of its plethora, and till the wanderer shall cease to find in the new world a happier resting-place than he left behind him.

The New York Crystal Palace illustrated. By CARSTENSEN & GILDERMEISTER, the architects of the building: Riker, Thorne & Co.

The World of Science, Art, and Industry, illustrated from examples in the New York Exhibition, 1853-4. Edited by Prof. B. SILLIMAN, JUN. and C. R. GOODRICH, Esq., aided by several scientific and literary men; with 500 Illustrations, under the superintendence of C. E. DÖPLER, Esq. New York: G. P. PUTNAM & Co.; London: SAMPSON LOW, SON & Co. 1854. 208 pp. 4to.

Astor Library.

Abbot's Egyptian Museum.

WE have grouped these titles together, for a purpose that the reader will discover by and by, and were upon the point of beginning with the supposition that everybody had seen the Crystal Palace, as a matter of course, when we happened to recall an incident of our first visit to Rome. Among the pleasant families that we had the good luck to become acquainted with in the Holy City, there was one where we always found good music and pretty faces, and very naturally contrived to pass three or four evenings out of the seven. They lived on the Pincian, with windows looking down upon half the city, and, over the house-tops, to the Janiculum and Monte Mario. Thus, the most prominent object in their landscape was St. Peters with the Vatican leaning on it, like two giants arm in arm. The first sunbeams fell for them on the cross of the chief of churches; and they could almost look into the window that lighted the *Torso* of Michael Angelo. And yet the good old lady of the mansion, who had passed forty of her sixty-odd years with these glorious things under her eyes, had never been to the Vatican! She could not open a window without seeing it; her son and two of her exceed-

ingly pretty daughters were artists, and had passed day after day studying and copying there; she had often been to St. Peters, both for worship and amusement; and there, close by its side, stands a treasure-house of art and knowledge which brings pilgrims from the remotest corners of Europe, and her feet had never crossed its threshold. Poor old woman! she has been dead many a year; but we can never think of her, even at this distance, without feeling an instinctive shudder come over us at the remembrance of her Vandalism.

Now, without pretending to compare the Crystal Palace with the Vatican, we would not hesitate to say that any one who has it in his power to give a day or even an hour to the study of its treasures, and does not do it, is singularly deficient in that kind of curiosity which is one of the surest tests of a healthy mind. Shows and sights which are merely shows and sights, we care very little about. See them or not; it is purely a question of individual taste. But the various forms of human industry; the ingenious devices by which the most insignificant things have been made useful; the patient investigations and well-directed skill which have gradually converted the inanimate world into an instrument of moral and intellectual development; the beautiful records of lives passed in the service of mankind; and those creations of genius which linger with us as cheering recollections, long after the object itself has been removed,—have a claim upon our sympathies which no thoughtful man can refuse, without taking somewhat from his moral dignity and self respect.

The first work in our list gives us the history of the building itself,—a history well worth studying, even at the risk of stumbling now and then over technical details. There were serious difficulties in the construction of this beautiful edifice, which ought to be borne in mind as we look at it in the pride and beauty of its completion. The nature of the ground made it impossible to extend it, like its English prototype, in an unbroken line; and yet it was necessary to make room, within prescribed limits, for exhibiting, with due regard to light and dimensions, the contributions of the world. How well this has been done, and how skilfully, too, the requisitions of the purpose have been combined with the laws of art, a single glance along the arms of the cross and at the dome as it pours down its flood of light upon the checkered scene beneath, will tell, though words cannot. It is worth a long journey to stand ten minutes beneath that dome, and see what art can do when architecture, sculpture, and painting work harmoniously to-

gether for the accomplishment of a great design. And this is one of the first lessons of the Crystal Palace.

The next volume, with its five hundred illustrations and elaborate letter press, is an eloquent exposition of the claims both of science and of art. We shall not attempt to analyze it. The list at the foot of the page will give some idea of its contents,* in which are seen the rice-plant of Minnesota, with its long and slender fibres; and the silver ware of the old and new worlds, with its rich embossing and graceful sculpture; the cotton gin, so simple to the eye, which, in one year after its invention, raised the exportation of cotton from three hundred and seven *bags* to over three thousand *bales*; and the more complicated machinery of the steam press and telegraph. How glorious science appears, when her conquests are thus brought together and laid out side by side for our contemplation! How noble do the lives seem that were passed in laborious seclusion or amidst the jeers and derision of a thankless world, to produce results like these! How must silly cavillers shrink and hide their heads, when the bitter words of contempt which they poured forth upon the benefactors of mankind come back with scorpion sting to their memory! Think of it, you who see nothing but a happy accident in the most laborious combinations of inventive genius; and forget not "that such accidents never happen to fools." And this is the second lesson which we read in the Crystal Palace.

There is still another lesson, and this we shall make a text, instead of bringing it in as an inference; or rather we shall sketch a life, and leave it to the reader to draw its moral.

Seventeen hundred and seventy, was not a remarkable year in the general annals of Europe. Whitefield died; Lord North was made prime minister; Marie Antoinette first displayed at Versailles the grace and brilliance which inspired the well known rhapsody of Burke. Of the great events that

* This work cost forty thousand dollars, and nearly all the illustrations were executed in New York. The following list will show how extensive a field it covers:

Of the five hundred and four illustrations contained in the volume,		
64 are devoted to Sculpture, Bas-Reliefs, etc.		
120	"	Manufactures in Metals, Bronzes, and Silver Ware.
17	"	Textile Fabrics.
90	"	Ornamental Furniture.
80	"	Porcelain, Terra-Cotta, and Glass-Ware.
40	"	Machinery, Models, etc.
93	"	Miscellaneous Articles, Interior Views, etc.

The letter-press includes a series of valuable papers on subjects of scientific and practical interest by some of our most competent original investigators.

were preparing on both sides of the Atlantic, politicians saw little or nothing; but in the history of genius it stands recorded as the birth-year of Thorwaldsen; and the lovers of art, in ages yet remote, will look back to it with veneration and love.

Thorwaldsen's Father was a wood-carver; his mother, the daughter of a country vicar. In the records of early Scandinavian voyages, his father's name has been traced to one of those hardy mariners whose claims to the original discovery of America, after having been forgotten for centuries, have been so successfully revived in our own day; and Thorwaldsen was a descendant of the first American that was ever born of European parents on the western shores of the Atlantic. His childhood was a rough one, of which he never loved to speak. His father worked in the navy-yard, spent his little earnings as fast as he got them; was good-hearted, kind, and indulgent; and this is about all that is known of him. His mother had been very beautiful, but poverty and its hard struggles deprived her early of her personal charms. Neither of them lived to see their son's triumph.

Two or three anecdotes of his early days have been preserved. One day, he went out with another boy, to steal apples, and had clambered, with the help of his companion, to the top of the fence, when they were discovered. His comrade ran away, without troubling himself about Thorwaldsen, who fell and struck his chin against the fence, inflicting a wound that left its traces there to the day of his death.

Another time, he had got on to the top of the sentry-box near the equestrian statue in the great square of Copenhagen. Here, too, his companions got off safely, while he was carried to the guard-house, and his parents publicly reprimanded for their son's transgression.

In art he got his first lessons from his father, who quickly taught him all he knew. At eleven, he began to attend the evening drawing-school at the Academy of Art. His father and mother taught him to read, and this was all the direct instruction that he ever received. At seventeen, he won his first prize at the Academy; a small silver medal; and his parents, who had scarcely forgotten the public reprimand he had drawn down upon them, now had the satisfaction of seeing his name honorably mentioned in the newspapers.

Two years afterwards he gained a second prize, and was warmly encouraged to devote himself exclusively to art. Abildgaard, a historical painter and one of the Professors at the Academy, took particular pains to give a right direction to his studies; and some young artists whose acquaintance he

formed, set him upon a course of reading, which laid the first sure foundations of a more general culture.

Every year, the Academy gave a gold medal to the successful competitor in the department of sculpture. Thorwaldsen was persuaded by his friends to try for it. The candidates on these occasions are shut up, each by himself, in a room, where they receive their subject and prepare their designs, without any chance of assistance. When Thorwaldsen found himself alone, with the verse of Scripture that was to furnish his subject before him, he was so terrified by the fear of failing, that he tried to make his escape by a back staircase. Fortunately for art, one of the Professors met him on his way, and succeeded in persuading him to return. He went back, won the prize and with it a new protector, Count Reventlow, Minister of Foreign Affairs. The subject was Heliodorus driven from the temple.

His next prize, which he gained after another interval of two years, brought with it the right to travel three years on a pension. Instead, however, of going at once, he remained four years longer in Copenhagen, on an annual stipend, studying the languages and science, and preparing himself to perform his part worthily. Both his patrons found him abundant employment. When the time for starting came, his heart failed him; and here again we have to thank his friends for urging him to the second great and decisive step in his career. War was raging on land and sea, and it was no easy matter to get to Italy. The frigate *Thetis*, however, was bound to the Mediterranean; and Reventlow secured him a passage in her. He bade his father and friends adieu, but did not dare to say good-bye to his mother, who could not bring herself to look upon a separation which her heart told her must be final. So, without telling her that he was actually going, he put a small box of ducats into her hands and stole away. It was the 13th of August, 1796.

What with gales and the daily danger of falling in with enemies, the passage was a long and adventurous one, giving him a glimpse of Spanish life at Malaga, and of Moorish at Tripoli. All the officers took a great liking to him; and the captain and chaplain tried hard, but vainly, to get him to take advantage of his leisure and learn Italian. But this he would not do; and when the hour of separation came, he was so unwilling to separate himself from his countrymen that he would fain have given up his travelling pension and returned with them to Copenhagen. But his friends were too true to listen to him; and embarking, with many tears, in a small

coaster that was going from Malta to Palermo, he went first to Sicily, thence to Naples, where he staid a month, and at last to Rome, which he reached on the 8th of March, 1797; a day to which he used to look back, when his fame was at its height, as the true day of his birth.

There was already a celebrated Dane at Rome, the antiquarian Zoega, of whom Heeren makes pleasant mention in his autobiography. Thorwaldsen brought him letters, and was received kindly. The advice and criticisms of the old man were of great service to him; but Zoega did not fully comprehend the character of his young countryman, and soon wearied him by his rigorous style of criticism, which genius will never submit to unless it feels that its real merit is appreciated. As for Thorwaldsen, he felt, to borrow his own expression, that the snow had melted away from his eyes. For the first time, he knew himself and his own powers, and resolutely set himself to cultivate them. He studied hard, not drawing and modelling only, but pursuing the other studies to which Zoega had directed his attention, and which he now felt he must master before he could be perfectly at home in his art. Three years he toiled day and night resolutely. Many were the statues that he set up and finished, and when he had done all that he could to them, either destroyed or mutilated, as yet unworthy to be seen. His compositions on paper were still more numerous, some of them finished drawings, but the greater part sketches of subjects and studies from the life. His ideal rose with his power of execution; and these years were a kind of struggle to reveal himself, which still ended in the consciousness of something more to be revealed.

Meanwhile, time had been gliding by him, and the term of his pension was almost expired. He now resolved to do something which should prove to his country that her bounty had not been injudiciously bestowed. His mind was already richly stored with mythology, and from this treasure house of sculpture he chose the Hero of the Golden Fleece on his triumphant return. It was finished in April, 1801. But when it was all done, he became dissatisfied and destroyed it. He was not discouraged. The subject had taken a strong hold of his imagination, and after a short interval he came back to it again.

This time, however, instead of confining himself to the size of life, he chose the heroic size, the natural proportions of heroes and demi-gods. It was completed in January, 1803,

and immediately attracted that attention which, in Rome, is given only to works of unquestionable merit.

And now, he was to go home. His pension had expired, his means were exhausted, he had neither hopes nor commissions. He packed up his small stock, leaving his statue to be sent to Denmark by the first opportunity, and was only waiting for his travelling companion, a German artist, to enter the carriage, when his companion came to tell him that he must wait another day. The trunk was carried up stairs again, and Thorwaldsen went to take another look at his Jason. While he was standing before it, a cicerone came in, with a rich English traveller who had heard it spoken of and wished to see it. "How much would it cost to put it in marble?" asked the visitor, whose intelligent eye was instantly struck by its merit. It was the first time Thorwaldsen had ever heard this welcome question. "Six hundred sequins," said he. "Six hundred sequins is not enough; I will give you eight hundred, and advance you a sum to begin with." The name of the visitor, which, like that of Luman Reed of our own city, should be written in letters of gold, was Thomas Hope, the author of "*Anastasius*."

It is not our intention to follow Thorwaldsen minutely through the rest of his career,—still a struggle for many years, not for existence, but for supremacy, and then a triumph, such as no artist ever had before. The struggle for supremacy was long, and not free from bitterness. Canova was at the height of his fame, and in the full possession of his eminent powers. A firm band of disciples and admirers was gathered around him, many of whom were bound to him also by the ties of gratitude. Naturally large-minded, and of noble instincts, he used generously, the immense fortune and influence which he had won by the successful cultivation of his art. But his love of glory had grown with possession, and he could illy brook a rival in the field which he had been accustomed to look upon as his own. It was long before his partizans would acknowledge the claims of the young competitor, equally unwelcome as a Protestant and a foreigner. But statue after statue came from his hands, with a rapidity and growing perfection which compelled them to treat him with respect. At first they contented themselves with dividing the field; and as Thorwaldsen had already manifested his predilection for bas-relief, they spoke of that as his peculiar and unquestionable province,—Thorwaldsen for bas-relief, Canova for statues. But at last they were constrained to acknowledge that he could make statues too. In 1811, he was

appointed Professor in the Academy of St. Luke, and shortly afterwards made his great bas-relief of the Triumph of Alexander, which spread his fame over Europe. Commissions, honors, and titles poured in upon him from every quarter. Kings and emperors came to visit him in his private studio, and in the visits which he made to Germany, Austria, and Poland, he was treated with the attention reserved for the highest rank. He made three visits to Denmark. On the first, he was received with every mark of respect, and apartments prepared for him in the Academy of Art, where he was constantly surrounded by all the eminent men of the country. On the second, a frigate was put under his orders, and sent for him to Leghorn. And when she arrived the whole city poured forth to meet him. Cannons were fired, bells rung, banners displayed, and his carriage dragged in triumph by the arms of men who contended for the honor of getting near to his person. He had resolved to give his native city the original casts of all his works, and the building that was to receive them, under the name of the Thorwaldsen Museum, was begun during this visit. His return to Rome was a series of triumphal receptions; and at Rome, all the artists and a large band of friends met him with a solemn welcome at the Milvian bridge.

Yet, he was still the same plain, simple man, in the midst of all these honors, walking about as he had always done, and living in the same apartment that he had occupied at the first dawn of his fortunes. In these last years he had sought his subjects chiefly in the Scriptures, and modeled, among many other things, a series of bas-reliefs from scenes in the life of Christ. Though still strong and without any symptoms of intellectual decay, he knew that the end was approaching, and looked calmly from the height of an ambition more than gratified, towards the mysteries of the future. The morning after his final return to Copenhagen in 1842, he went to visit the Museum, which had been progressing rapidly during his absence, and as he passed through the court, was seen to fix a calm and thoughtful look upon the elevated spot in the centre, which he had chosen for his burial-place. And there his ashes rest, with all the records of his greatness around them. Happy man, who, living for a great and noble end, consecrated the fruits of his labors to the glory of his country! Happy country, which fostered so kindly the genius of her son, and freely bestowed in life, those honors which are so often coldly reserved for the grave!

It is to the Crystal Palace that we owe the opportunity of seeing some of the greatest works of this great master, and

reading their beautiful lesson of filial reverence and maternal love.

We come now to the third work on our list, the report of The Astor Library.

The opening of the Astor Library is an event of too much importance in the literary annals of our city, to pass unrecorded in a journal which bears the name of New York upon its title-page. It is well known that Mr. Astor, some years before his death, had formed the design of founding a public library; that the idea, if not originally suggested by the eminent literary men with whom he had long lived in habits of close intimacy, had been matured and perfected by their advice; that one of their number, Mr. Cogswell, had been selected for librarian; and that at an early period after the founder's death, preparations were begun for carrying out the bequest. Mr. Cogswell started by forming a complete collection of works on bibliography, and then, with these for his guide, went on to lay the foundations of the Library. He followed up the sales in the United States, made several trips to Europe, carried out his researches into nooks and corners known only to the thoroughly trained bibliographer, and succeeded in a few years in bringing together a collection of works in all the different departments of science, literature and art, which has placed the Library, from its first opening, upon a higher point than any public library ever started from before. Meanwhile, a building had been erected, which combined in a high degree the three great requisites of convenience, safety, and good taste. On the 19th of February it was opened for visitors; on the 1st of March for students; and thus, by the liberality of one man and the well-directed knowledge and industry of another, our city has obtained a free public library which in a very few years will take rank with the best libraries in the world.

We have called the opening of this Library an important event in our literary annals, and we purposely chose this form of expression as the only one which corresponded to our conception of it. The history of libraries forms an important chapter in the history of every literature: What place is it to take in ours?

And in the first place, it would be curious to inquire what the effect of this new institution will be upon the literary taste of our city. We have a college, richly endowed, and with several eminent men in its faculty. We have a University with an excellent charter and some officers of high standing, both as teachers and as scholars. We have a Free Acad-

emy, which is gradually moulding, by the best influences, minds which will sooner or later exercise a controlling influence over public events. We are to have another institution, as yet somewhat undefined in its character, but which already holds out cheering hopes to the friends of knowledge. Can the existence of such an institution as the Astor Library be unfelt by these its natural allies? A teacher has been afraid to engage in a course of original investigation, because he knew that no library within his reach contained a tenth part of the books that he would need. A student has entered upon a study that would lead him to a rich harvest, if he could but follow his authors, step by step, and learn, by tracing them back to their sources, the difficult art of extracting truth and unity from conflicting testimonies. Now, it is precisely to wants like these that the Astor Library will minister. It makes things possible which have never been possible before. It gives the student who has nothing but his talents and industry to depend upon, the means of making them available; opens new paths to investigation, holds out new hopes to literary ambition, fosters the love of sound scholarship, and enters as an essential element into the creation of a great University.

It might, it may, help to bring our literary men more together. Thus far they have lived apart, working each for himself and in comparative insulation, moving in independent circles, and scarcely known to one another by sight. That harmony of feeling which leads to harmonious action, that community of thought which gives strength to common interests, that free exchange of ideas which moulds and matures opinion, those kind words which go so sweetly to the heart of the beginner, those judicious appreciations and well-directed inquiries which send the scholar back with fresh zeal to his solitary task, are all unknown among our men of letters. Our merchants have their exchange, and our working men their associations, there are clubs for men of fashion and gathering places of all kinds for politicians; but where shall the scholar go and feel himself at home?

It would be easy to show that our literature suffers in many ways from this insulation. There is no country in the world where it is so hard to engage in any undertaking that does not yield an immediate return. The very first lesson that an American scholar learns is, to cut down long hopes. The world around him is moving so rapidly, that if he cannot bring himself to be lost sight of for a while, he must fain check all his higher aspirations and move on with it. There

is no time for ripening: the fruit must be plucked half grown, or the frost will kill it on the tree. There is a word that we hardly dare to write, it looks and sounds so strangely. And yet it has made great men in other times, and raised man higher than any other motive but religion, above the weaknesses of his nature. Men once dared to acknowledge that the love of glory was a sufficient cause for sacrifice and exertion. They trained their minds to great efforts, and fed on hopes that ran far into the future. All high and noble things became familiar to them in that pure atmosphere. The love of truth for truth's sake carried them through trials from which common ambition would have shrunk, and the search of knowledge was its own reward. The praise of their fellow-men was sweet to them, but sweeter far were those mysterious voices that came to cheer their solitary labors with the promise of immortal renown.

Nothing contributes more directly to foster this feeling than free access to great libraries. Books are a living presence for the scholar, full of bright hopes and touching exhortations. It is good for him to be among them, and feel that self-denial and sacrifice and toil have not been vain. It is a happy thing that there is one spot where he can stand and feel that every thing around him is a record of sympathies and the fruit of a life like his own. And if, as we firmly believe, the literature of a nation is one of the surest tests, and the most enduring form, of its development, this tribute of wealth to knowledge, of the ever-present material spirit of our country to its less apparent and less tangible interests, is a cheering omen for the future. We see new forms of literature arising to meet the wants of a new age. We can see the efforts of mind, emboldened and strengthened by mature cultivation, wisely directed to every realm and sphere of thought. We can see history studied anew from higher starting points and compelled to yield up treasures of wisdom that shall lead us to still greater elevation. And we shall feel confidence in its teachings, for they will be the fruit of a clear perception of the present, purified and ripened by a profound and reverential appreciation of the past.

There is another way, also, in which we trust that the influence of the Astor Library will be widely and permanently felt. It is, we believe, the only instance in our country of a library methodically and systematically formed. Mr. Cogswell is not only a ripe scholar, but a profound bibliographer. He has not only collected a larger number of volumes than was ever collected before for so small a price and within so short a time,

but these volumes cover a larger space in all the departments of knowledge than was ever covered by the same number. In some departments the collection is almost complete, and in all it is very remarkable. The professed scholar will find deficiencies, and must long continue to find them; but he will find the basis of profound research, and a sure starting point for the most extensive undertaking. We regard it, therefore, as a full demonstration of the importance of bibliography as a science. In every department there are books of primary and books of secondary importance, books which you must buy to-day and books which you can safely wait for. In some departments there is a choice of editions, not as a mere question of taste, but of authenticity. In countries where the press has been under the supervision of a political or religious censor, the pruning knife has been used freely in preparing even classics for the public eye; and if you would know what Machiavelli or Guicciardini or Sarpi really wrote, you must know when and by whom your edition was really printed. Now, these are the facts which go to make up the science of bibliography; and the man who is ignorant of them, even in their minutest details, is not fit to have charge of a library.

Nothing can be more preposterous than the way in which most of our libraries, and those of our colleges more especially, are formed. There is a library committee, composed partly of members of the faculty, and partly of members of the board. They hold stated meetings, from which the librarian is carefully excluded, and decide upon the sums to be spent, and the books to be bought. One of them is a purely professional man, who never ventures beyond his depth, and is opposed to any systematic enlargement of his department, for fear of its carrying his scholars there. Another has paced a certain round so long and thoroughly that he does not believe there can be any thing good beyond it. A third is a miscellaneous reader, one of those ever-curious minds that feed on light food of all kinds, and fancy, all the while, they are doing good service to literature. The committee meets. A book is named. Do you know it? No. And you? I think I have seen it mentioned somewhere. Shall we buy it? The memorandum says that it is much wanted, and the librarian recommends it. There is no immediate decision, and meanwhile a member produces a dozen volumes which he has found on a bookseller's counter, all in good condition and very cheap. If the librarian were present, he might say something about them; for he knows that there is nothing in them which the library does not already contain in a better form. But they can be had

—twelve volumes—for only a trifle more than the cost of the volume first proposed; and therefore the earnest scholar, who has come to a full stop in his researches for want of a particular volume, must turn his attention to something else, in order that the catalogue may gain a page, and every sixpence find its numerical equivalent in the year's accounts.

Sometimes, too, it happens that an officer is going to Europe, and this is too good an opportunity to be lost. When he reaches London, there are a great many things to see; and when he comes to Paris, he finds that the language is somewhat in his way; and accordingly he goes to a bookseller, tells him that he has a certain sum to spend and wishes to show as much as he can for it. The bookseller is very happy to serve him; the commission comes just in time to save the contents of some of his back shelves from the auction room; and the library gains a large accession, which fills an empty alcove, and swells the sum total of the catalogue.

Ridiculous as this may appear, everyone who knows any thing about the history of our college libraries, knows that there are very few of them of which it is not literally true. The first mistake lies in excluding the librarian from his appropriate place in the committee; for, if he is qualified for his position, he ought to know more about books than any member of it possibly can;—the next, in doing by a kind of haphazard what can only be well done by system, judiciously devised and rigorously adhered to.

That a library committee is necessary for the proper management of a library, nobody will deny; and it is equally evident that the committee ought to consist of members of the faculty and board. Add to these the librarian, by virtue of his office, and you have the best administrative body that you can devise. Let the librarian be required to draw up a definite plan for the gradual and systematic enlargement of the library, and you will have a sure guide before you. Let each member of the faculty be required to prepare from year to year a list of books for his own department, with the understanding that, within certain fixed limits of expenditure, those books will be bought. Carry this out for five years, and then compare the progress of your collection—not by the standard of volumes, but of classes—with ten years of the helter-skelter system that has prevailed so generally, and you will see that libraries, like other institutions, can only be built up by system.

The librarian should be a scholar in his habits and tastes, sympathizing and acting with men of letters, to whose body

he properly belongs. No man has it more constantly in his power to exert a healthy influence upon literature in all its ramifications. He should be ever ready with words of encouragement and counsel for the student, of generous and enlarged sympathy for the scholar. He should be able to point out the books that you may need for any particular inquiry, and assist you in your choice of editions. An indication from him at the right moment may often set a beginner on tracks that will lead him to great results; and the peculiar knowledge that it is his duty to possess may save the experienced scholar many a long hour of fruitless labor. It was in the library of Modena that Muratori prepared those volumes which have made his name, although a hundred years have passed over it, a hallowed word for the student of Italian history. It was from the same spot that Tiraboschi sent forth, volume by volume, his matchless history of Italian literature. It was the sight of the treasures of which he became the guardian, as librarian of the Faculty of Advocates, that suggested to Hume the idea of his *History of England*.

Shall we ever be able to associate names like these with the libraries of America? We want a history of England; for of all that have been written, there is none that meets the requisitions of an American republican. We want a history of English literature; for England herself has none; and how happily and honorably might a life be spent in writing it! We want a history of France; there is none, in the language, that deserves the name. We want a history of Italy; the record of great actions that we might imitate, and great errors that we should shun. And if we would meet these and the other manifold wants of our literature, we must have great libraries like the Astor, which in the true spirit of democracy, shall enable every man that has the talent and the industry, to work his way to those heights of literary renown which, without them, so many can only gaze at in sorrow and bitterness of heart.

We had intended to have made the third work on our list, the Catalogue of the Egyptian Museum, the text of some remarks on this important branch of study. But we have scarcely the space left to bear our testimony to the honorable efforts that have been made to secure it for our city. One would think that the importance of this was too evident to require the support either of rhetoric or of demonstration; that everybody would rejoice to see these records of a civilization that has passed away, coming thus from their

birth-place on the Nile, to repeat their solemn lessons on the banks of the Hudson.

And it was with this feeling that we grouped together the different works which have formed the text of our article. We believe firmly in the great destinies of this great city of ours. We do not believe that so many human beings have been brought together from so many parts of the earth without the direct agency of an overruling Providence. What the full purpose of that Providence may be, we cannot pretend to say; but surely no man can err in believing it to be connected with new and higher forms of development. We would therefore gather around us all great and good influences to enlighten and cheer us in our way. We would listen with reverence to the past. We would meet our fellow laborers in the present, with hearty sympathies and a generous rivalry. And with our hearts kindly and gratefully alive to all that has been done, and all that is doing, we would go boldly forward in the pathway of destiny and of duty.

THE PROSE WORKS OF N. P. WILLIS.

MR. Willis, from his college days up to the present time, has steadily and with a single eye devoted himself to the pursuit of letters. With the exception of some teeming and prolific novelists, he has perhaps written as much as any one of equal age; although this fact, we admit, involves no praise. But he has been on the whole fortunate, and his popularity, which has been great, is by no means on the wane. He possesses a knack of getting the ear of the reading public, who like to hear things said exactly in the way in which he says them; and he has already, by words in season, built up the reputation of a score of people as securely, at least for the time being, as his own. He has usually minded his own business, and gone straight ahead in his literary career, without any apparent regard either of praise or blame, of appreciation or neglect or dislike; but sometimes, in the disturbances of relations and harsh crises, evolved in the life of every decided man of letters and man of the world, he has retaliated with a tart and bitter repartee, as if he had squeezed his gall into his inkstand. We are sorry that these brackish founts are found to gush up into the bosom of sweet waters.

Mr. Willis's works have been printed in all variety of style, from the quarto form of the "Mirror," in which his thoughts used to be reflected, to the hot-pressed triple volumes of the London publishers,—in bulky, double-columned, cheap editions for the million, and in shapes adapted for the well-selected library. They have, singly and separately as they appeared, passed through the ordeal of criticism; but as they are now being collected and published in a revised edition, and he may be supposed to approach his acme, it seems to be a proper time to take a review of what he has done, and anticipate, as correctly as we can, that inevitable and true verdict accorded to each man's works, after sufficient time has elapsed to estimate their merits. He began his career as a poet at a very early age, when he wandered as a sophomore, with a Virgil or a Horace beneath his arm, under the noble elms which embower so many academic halls in the goodly city of New Haven; and the first intoxicating breath of popular applause reached him before his beard was well grown. He had evidently not outlived his early religious impressions, which perhaps borrowed their peculiar hue from the modes of thought there in vogue, and it will be doing no injustice to his later and maturer works, to declare that his juvenile poems, and especially his Scripture pieces, will endure as long as any, and longer than most. They are fraught with a freshness, a delicacy, a tenderness and tearful pathos, and commend themselves to the heart and taste no less by their soothing and religious tone, than by their poetic grace and the limpid purity of their numbers.

But afterward the author, in the natural turn which his destiny took, mixed much in the vapid world, which gives a hue to all which he has since written, and never recovered the rosy flush and color of his unsophisticated days. He in a great measure relinquished the lyre; whereas we think, that if like Tennyson, he had wholly devoted himself to his vocation as a poet, he would have made a cunning goldsmith, and wrought out many fine works which would be more enduring than the best filagree of prose. Those who can find time, however, to gratify their predilections in this way, are few. A healthy inspiration is caught at choice and rare intervals. The man plods among the stern prosaic realities of life; and the youth alone can summon strength or courage for an occasional journey to the clear air of the mountain-top. Mr. Willis is, however, an original prose-writer. Of this department of his labors we propose to speak.

A word at the outstart, about the strained and affected

titles which he has lately taken a notion to affix to some of his books. "Pencilings by the Way," is sufficiently fanciful, expressive of his design, and not to be objected to. "Letters from Under a Bridge," is arch and curious. "Life Here and There," and "People I have Met," are so-so titles. "Hurry-Graphs" is bad; but "Fun Jottings, or Laughs I have taken a Pen To," is so guilty and abominable as to merit some severe retribution. The author should at least be warned not to commit the like offence again, for fear of hurting the feelings of his constituents. So, you will often see a choice case of well-packed delicacies carelessly daubed with an outside inscription, which indicates but affects not the quality of the wares within. But this differs from a case filled with literary *morceaux*—from a book, for instance, bound in boards; for people are very much inclined to open it and to take a taste, as they are struck at the first glance with the label. Eccentricities may sometimes be permitted in a favorite, and do him no personal damage; but the example is bad and contagious; and as Mr. Willis numbers a good many followers, we shall no doubt, in course of time, be favored with all kinds of "Graphs" and all kinds of "Jottings." Enough on this point.

The books before us, with the exception of two volumes of *Travels*, a "Summer Cruise in the Mediterranean," and "Pencilings by the Way," consist of lively sketches. "Pencilings by the Way," indeed, first brought the author into general notice, having found its way easily across the Atlantic, been eagerly seized by a London publisher, and made the subject of a rasping criticism in the London Quarterly, under the auspices of Lockhart. To this Mr. Willis retorted in a subsequent edition; and this preface, as it now stands, forms the most piquant sauce of the entertainment. The attack had not reference to the intrinsic and literary merits of the work, but arraigned the author himself, with the high tone of an *arbiter elegantiarum*, for a violation of the code of decency and of delicate proprieties, understood by common consent by those who are admitted into the charmed circle of elegant and aristocratic society. True it is that the rites of hospitality are sacred, and he who is unable to appreciate its gentle and refined spirit is unworthy to be admitted a second time. Private households, who are fond of keeping quiet, do not like to have their domestic matters exposed by a chance visitor whom they have treated well. It does not mitigate the offence if he speak only in terms of laudation, and in his heart means to confer a great favor, and to be very compli-

mentary, so long as he subjects those who wish to be let alone, to the outrage of notoriety. This rule should be better understood by certain foreign tourists, who have visited these shores, and who have not hesitated, in the headlong propensity which they all have to scribble a book, to make the public of two continents acquainted with any private friends by whom they have been received. If they do not adopt a different course hereafter, they will be permitted to reside in taverns, while a spirit of distrust and exclusion will spring up among well-disposed people toward any foreigner who may be supposed to have a lead-pencil in his pocket, especially when those who have already come with good credentials, have violated their trust. The book of travels in America, by Miss Frederica Bremer, is a flagrant example of this kind; for any one who has read it, however casually, might call to mind many passages wherein private people are introduced, and personalities (of a favorable kind, it is true) are indulged in. We should have least expected such an offence from a woman whose refined works had hitherto won all suffrages, or that she should have so violated what must be the Swedish code of manners. Having particularly read the works of all English and foreign travellers, who have recorded their impressions of America, we can safely say that we have found in them, almost without exception, worse violations than those of the mere decencies of private hospitality, a downright absence of gratitude, and a want of moral sense. Two wrongs will not make a right, and the flagrant examples, which Mr. Willis adduces, would not justify any dereliction on his part. We have therefore perused his "Pencillings by the Way" a second time, after an interval of many years, in order to determine the amount of his transgression, and whether his somewhat pungent vindication of himself were what the aforesaid Quarterly, some years ago, declared it to be, "a tempest in a tea-pot."

We hold it to be no harm to make public allusion, so long as it be just, to public characters. Whatever concerns them is of interest to the public, which has been the means of their elevation, and which has a right to be gratified. Both history and biography would lose their zest if deprived of the details which their lives afford; while, however, they have a right to be shielded, like private men, as they sit around their private hearths, in all which regards the sanctities of their families. We say that we have looked through the book, consisting of five hundred and twelve pages, and do not find much in it to justify the indignation of the Quarterly. Lady Blessington

was not the woman to be offended with men's notice; and with the exception of the manner in which this distinguished lady is brought out, his book appears to us to be free from improper allusions. It treats of public people and of public things. Considering it simply, however, on its literary merits, we must say that it is one of the most attractive books of travel which has been written for many years. Though going over an oft-beaten ground, the author, in the capacity of a tourist, has an eye which always selects objects which are most worthy of observation, and presents them under such an aspect as will be most likely to interest the reader.

A large portion of his works already printed consists of descriptive letters from different parts of the world, as he has had much opportunity to travel; and, no matter under what circumstances he apparently sits down, or how soon the postman is about to blow his horn, he seems to write with a well-nibbed pen. As we observed of his early poems, so also we may remark of this one of his earliest prose works: we consider it equal, if not superior, to any subsequent attempts in the same line. The keen and vivid feelings of youth impart a smack and relish to his description of scenes which have often been described before, and make you willing to visit, perhaps for the hundredth time, the galleries of the Louvre, the gardens of Versailles, the crater of Vesuvius, and the deserted theatres of Herculaneum and Pompeii. He is far from being a stale narrator, and from the first page to the last the fascination of the style permits you to feel no weariness. The common incidents which occur on a sea voyage usually occupy, as a matter of course, the foreground in every book of travels, nor is there any variation from this obvious necessity in this instance. Nevertheless, you go with the author without being *sea sick*, as you heartily are with the monotony of repeated voyages,—not that the sky, the wave, the ship, or Mother Carey's chickens, offer any novelty; but the charm lies in the power of the writer. What, for instance, can be finer than his description of the sea?

Looking over the leeward quarter, I saw stretching up from the keel, what I can only describe as a hill of dazzling blue, thirty or forty feet in real altitude, but sloped so far away that the white crest seemed to me a cloud, and the space between a sky of the most wonderful beauty and brightness. A moment more, and the crest burst over with a splendid volume of foam; the sun struck through the thinner part of the swell in a line of vivid emerald; and the whole mass swept under us, the brig rising and riding on the summit with the buoyancy and grace of a bird. The single view of the ocean which I got at that moment will be impressed upon my mind forever. Nothing that I ever saw on land, at all compares with it for splendor. No sunset, no lake scene of hill and water, no fall, not even Niagara, no glen or mountain gap,

ever approached it. The waves had had no time to knock down, as the sailors phrase it, and it was a storm at sea without the hurricane and rain. I looked off to the horizon, and the long, majestic swells were heaving into the sky upon its distant limit; and between it and my eye lay a radius of twelve miles, an immense plain flashing with green and blue and white, and changing place and color so rapidly as to be almost painful to the sight. I stood holding by the taffrail an hour, gazing on it with childish delight and wonder. The spray had broken over me repeatedly, and as we shipped half a sea at the scuppers at every roll, I was standing half the time up to my knees in water; but the warm wind on my forehead, after a week's confinement to my berth, and the excessive beauty lavished upon my sight, were so delicious, that I forgot all, and it was only in compliance with the captain's repeated suggestion, that I changed my position. I do not hesitate to say, that the formation, progress, and final burst of a sea wave, in a bright sun, is the most gorgeously beautiful sight under heaven. I must describe it like a jeweller to you, or I can never convey my impressions.

First of all, a quarter of a mile away to windward, your eye is caught by an uncommonly high wave rushing right upon your track, and heaping up slowly and constantly as it comes, as if some huge animal were ploughing his path, steadily and powerfully, beneath the surface. Its 'ground,' as a painter would say, is of a deep indigo, clear and smooth as enamel, its front curved inward, like a shell, and turned over at the summit with a crest of foam, flashing and changing perpetually in the sunshine, like the sudden burst of a million of "unsunned diamonds;" and right through its bosom, as the sea falls off, or the angle of refraction changes, there runs a shifting band of the most vivid green, that you would take to have been the cestus of Venus as she rose from the sea, it is so supernaturally translucent and beautiful. As it nears you, it looks in shape like the prow of Cleopatra's barge, as they paint it in the old pictures; but its colors, and the grace and majesty of its march, and its murmur, like the low tones of an organ, deep and full (and, to my ear, ten times as articulate and solemn), almost startle you into the belief that it is a sentient being, risen, glorious and breathing, from the ocean. As it reaches the ship, she rises gradually, for there is apparently an under wave driven before it, which prepares her for its power; and, as it touches the quarter, the whole magnificent wall breaks down beneath you with a deafening surge, and, a volume of foam issues from its bosom, green and blue and white, as if it had been a mighty casket in which the whole wealth of the sea, crysoprane and emerald and brilliant spars, had been heaped and lavished at a throw. This is the 'tenth wave;' and for four or five minutes the sea will be smooth about you, and the sparkling and dying foam falls into the wake, and may be seen, like a white path, stretching away over the swells behind, till you are tired of gazing at it. Then comes another from the same direction, and with the same shape and motion; and so on, till the sun sets, or your eyes are blinded and your brain giddy with splendor.

This is a brilliant description, a picture in words more suggestive and vivid than any painter could convey upon the canvas. The more hackneyed is the theme, the greater is the tact and talent of the artist who can make it interesting. A man of no ability can arrest the attention, if he has the good fortune to alight upon something which is entirely new. No credit, however, can attach to himself. We know of no writer more happy in his pictures of landscapes and of natural scenery than Willis. The constantly shifting lights and shadows have not melted into new shapes until he has daguerre-

otyped upon his page the splendid scene, with the minutest pencilling. He is the one of all others to make me in love with the glories of an Italian sunset, with the sweetness of embosomed lakes, with the grandeur of mountains, the repose of valleys, and with the picturesqueness of cascades and waterfalls. Passing thence, he is not a whit inferior in the romantic details of artificial splendor, and the associations which cluster around old towns and cities, their architectural glory, and the moving, variegated forms and groupings which make the life of the proud capitals of Europe. He fills the mind of the reader with a contagious pleasure, by the youthful and lively experience of one to whom all things were novel, whom satiety had not wearied, and who is not yet rejoiced heartily to arrive at a place where nothing is to be seen. His sketches adhere to the memory, and may be at any time re-read with pleasure. Of all the lucubrations of tourists, which are yearly issued from the press, very many are but a repetition of the dry details of the guide books; others may have attached to them some momentary interest; while few retain their place as books of the library. Since Johnson's tour to the Hebrides, few works of the kind can be classed as standards. The rapid modes of travelling, drive even the tourist for pleasure away from the by-nooks and corners. They compel him to leap over wide intervals, where he sees nothing, and, as a matter of necessity, to find the shortest distance between two given points. Had our author with greater boldness penetrated to the less luxurious parts of the earth, and roughed it a little in the bush with savages, had he journeyed with Huc to Thibet and Tartary, with Bayard Taylor to Mosul, and with the Landors to the suburbs of Timbuctoo, we can answer for it that his accounts would have been minute and piquant, though, perhaps, his style might not be so well adapted to such subjects as it is to the description of artificial modes and living. The public really longs for some appetizing book of travels into unexplored regions, something which will feed the curiosity with a good meal. This want has been occasionally gratified, within a few years, by Stephens's explorations into Indian cities, by Layard's researches at Nineveh, by Bayard Taylor's wanderings, and by the romancing work of Herman Melville. O that the walls of Canton and Nankin might be battered down, that they would let us into Japan, that the Mountains of the Moon might be ascended, that we might know something of regal government in the heart of Africa! When shall we be relieved from the painful necessity of travelling over the old

dusty roads, and be enabled to scamper over some new highway of the nations? Where in the world shall we now go to be out of the world? Where shall we find more lofty mountains, deeper seas, more arid deserts, more fantastic people, queerer beasts, rarer birds, more nondescript fishes? When shall old things pass away, and all things become new?

"A Summer Cruise in the Mediterranean, on board an American Frigate," conducts the reader to places almost as much beaten, in the present facilities which are afforded, as those mentioned in "Pencilings by the Way." But it shows the same hand: its delineations are equally sharp, and its pictures equally inviting. It is a most readable book, alike fresh and unhackneyed on the beaten routes, and diffuses through all its pages the same healthful appreciation, and intense enjoyment. Its experiences form "one of the most delicious episodes in a long period of foreign travel,"—at the time when it was written "felt to be a dream, so exempt was it from the interrupting and qualifying drawbacks of happiness in common and working life; but now, after an interval of many years, seeming indeed like a dream, and one so full of unmingled pleasure, that its telling almost wants the contrast of a sadness." It is this freshness of feeling and description which makes this work a well-matched companion of "Pencilings by the Way;" for we repeat that he who has any thing to write about England, France, Spain, Italy, Greece, Turkey, or even Egypt (for the Nile, the Cataracts, and the Pyramids, are now common ground), will get an audience not from what he has to say, but from the original manner in which he is expected to say it.

"Rural Letters" is another of the more polished performances of Mr. Willis. This volume comprises "Letters from under a Bridge," "Open air Musings," &c., and was indited, during a period of comparative leisure and repose, from Glen Mary, a pet residence of his own, christened by himself, and situate, if we mistake not, in the storied and romantic valley of Wyoming. Here he writes about streams, fields, groves, birds, fishes, and the "upholstery of sunsets."

"What a coverlet of glory," says he, "the day-god draws about him for his repose! I should like curtains of that burnt crimson. If I have a passion in the world, it is for that royal trade, upholstery; and so thought George the Fourth, and so thinks Sultan Mahmoud, who with his own henna-tipped fingers, assisted by his assembled harem, arranges every fold of drapery, in the seraglio. If poetry fail, I'll try the profession some day *en grand*; and meantime let me go out and study one of the three hundred and sixty-five varieties of couch drapery in the West."

Of "Forest Sculpture" he discourseth in a like mood as about the "upholstery of sunsets."

Did you ever try your hand, dear Doctor, at this forest sculpture! It sounds easy enough to trim out a wood; and so it is, if the object is merely to produce butternuts, or shade grazing cattle. But to thin and trim and cut down judiciously, changing a "wild and warped slip of wilderness" into a chaste and studious grove, is not done without much study of the spot, let alone a taste for the sylvan. There are all the many effects of the day's light to be observed—how morning throws her shadows, and what protection there is from noon, and where is flung open an aisle to let in the welcome radiance of sunset. There is a view of water to be let through, perhaps at the expense of trees otherwise ornamental, or an object to hide by shrubbery which is in the way of an avenue. I have lived here as long as this year's grasshoppers, and am constantly finding out something which should have a bearing on the disposition of grounds, or the *sculpture* (permit the word) of my wood and forest. I am sorry to finish "the Omega" without your counsel and taste; but there is a wood on the hill which I will keep, like a cold pie, till you come to us, and we will shoulder our axes and carve it into likelihood together.

To the new occupant of Glen Mary, on his retirement from those domains, he writes pleasantly:—

First of all, sir, let me plead for the old trees of Glen Mary. Ah! those friendly old trees! The cottage stands belted in with them—a thousand visible from the door—and with stems and branches worthy of the great Valley of the Susquehanna. For how much music, played without thanks, am I indebted to those leaf organs of changing tones! For how many whisperings of thought breathed like oracles in my ear! For how many new shapes of beauty moulded in the leaves by the wind! For how much companionship, solace, and welcome! Steadfast and constant is the countenance of such friends. God be praised for their staid welcome and sweet fidelity! If I love them better than some things human, it is no fault of ambitiousness in the trees. They stand where they did. But in recoiling from mankind, one may find them the next kindest things, and be glad of dumb friendship. Spare those old trees, gentle sir.

In the smooth walk which encircles the meadow, betwixt that solitary Olympian sugar maple and the margin of the river, dwells a portly and venerable toad, who (if I may venture to bequeath you, my friends), must be commended to your kindly consideration. Though a squatter, he was noticed in our first rambles along the stream, five years since, for his ready civility in yielding the way; not hurriedly, however, nor with an obsequiousness unbecoming a republican, but deliberately and just enough, sitting quietly on the grass till our passing by gave him room again on the warm and trodden ground. Punctually, after the April cleansing of the walk, this "jewelled" *habitué*, from his indifferent lodgings hard by, emerges to take his pleasure in the sun; and there, at any time when a gentleman is likely to be abroad, you may find him patient on his *os coccygis*, or vaulting to his asylum of high grass. This year, he shows, I am grieved to remark, an ominous obesity, like to render him obnoxious to the female eye; and with the trimness of his shape has departed much of that measured alacrity which first won our regard. He presumes a little on your allowance for old age; and with this pardonable weakness growing upon him, it seems but right that his position and standing should be tenderly made known to any new comer on the premises. In the cutting of the next grass, slice me not up my fat friend, sir! nor set your cane down heedlessly in this modest domain; he is "mine ancient," and I would fain do him a good turn with you.

For my farm-spoiled family of squirrels, sir, I claim nothing but immunity from powder and shot. They require coaxing to come on the same side of the tree with you; and, though saucy to me, I observe that they commence acquaintance invariably with a safe mistrust. One or two of them have suf-

fered, it is true, from too hasty a confidence in my greyhound, Maido; but the beauty of the gay fellow was a trap against which nature had furnished them with no warning instinct (a fact, sir, which would prettily point a moral). The large hickory on the edge of the lawn and the black walnut over the shoulder of the flower garden, have been, through my dynasty, sanctuaries inviolate for squirrels. I pray you, sir, let them not be "reformed out" under your administration.

Of our feathered connection and friends, we are most bound to a pair of phebe-birds and a merry bob-o-link, the first occupying the top of the young maple near the door of the cottage, and the latter executing his bravuros upon the stump of elder bushes in the meadow; though, in common with many a gay-plumaged gallant like himself, his whereabouts after dark is a mystery. He comes every year, from his rice plantation in Florida, to pass the summer at Glen Mary. Pray, keep him safe from percussion caps; and let no urchin, with a long pole, poke down our trusting Phebes,—annuals in the same tree for three summers. There are humming birds, too, which we have complimented and looked sweet upon, but they cannot be identified from morning to morning. And there is a golden oriole, who sings through May on a dog-wood tree by the brook side; but he has fought shy of our crumbs and coaxing;—and, let him go! We are mates for his betters, with all his gold livery. With these reservations, I commend the birds to your friendship and kind keeping.

And now, sir, I have nothing else to ask, save only your watchfulness over the small work reserved from this purchase of seclusion and loveliness.

In the shady depths of the small glen above you, among the wild flowers and music—the music of the brook babbling over rocky steps—is a spot sacred to love and memory. Keep it inviolate; and as much of the happiness of Glen Mary as we can leave behind, stay with you for recompense!

In this rural retirement, where Mr. Willis was destined to remain but a short time, the poetic spirit again revives, as will be testified by the following among other outpourings:

THE INVOLUNTARY PRAYER OF HAPPINESS.

I have enough, O God! my heart to-night
Runs over with its fullness of content;
And as I look out on the fragrant stars,
And from the beauty of the night take in
My priceless portion—yet myself no more
Than in the universe a grain of sand—
I feel His glory who could make a world,
Yet, in the lost depths of the wilderness,
Leave not a flower imperfect!

Rich, though poor!

My low-roofed cottage is this hour a heaven:
Music is in it—and the song she sings,
That sweet-voiced wife of mine, arrests the ear,
Of my young child awake upon her knee;
And, with his calm eye on his master's face,
My noble hound lies couchant; and all here—
All in this little home, yet boundless heaven—
Are, in such love as I have power to give,
Blesséd to overflowing!

God! who gavest

Into my guiding hand this wanderer,
To lead her through a world whose darkling paths
I tread with steps so faltering—leave not me,
To bring her to the gates of heaven alone!

I feel my feebleness. Let *these* stay on,
The angels who now visit her in dreams!
Bid them be near her pillow, till in death
The closed eyes look upon thy face once more!
And let the light and music which the world
Borrows of heaven, and which her infant sense
Hails with sweet recognition be to her
A voice to call her upward, and a lamp
To lead her unto Thee!

Mr. Willis is perhaps most distinguished as a writer of light, brilliant, and dashing sketches, contributed to the magazines. His collected papers of this kind amount to three thick volumes. Notwithstanding their apparent absence of hard work, they have no doubt been carefully eliminated. In style they are original, artistic, and follow no previous model. They are a revival of the Essay, only in a new form. This species of composition is by no means destined to die out. In its dry form of a short moral treatise, it is not much appreciated. The multitude of imitators who sought to form themselves upon the standard of the Spectator, the Rambler, and the Guardian, are indeed out of date, but the essay in some shape or other will always be popular, when any are found who have the ability to illustrate what they "put a pen to" briefly and in a unique way. "Brown's Day with the Mimpsons" is nothing more than an essay in the shape of a brief tale or sketch to illustrate the folly of pretension. Poe's papers contributed to magazines, while remarkable and striking as you read them at wide intervals, become distasteful as you peruse them one after another in a book. They are, moreover, repulsive in conception, all alike, an aggregation of horrors, dream after dream; while those of Willis are pleasant and enticing, though more so in like manner when read separately. They were admirable in their places in a magazine. They show a nice tact in picking out as if with a pair of nippers the elusive words which are amassed in the vocabularies and putting them where they are wanted, with a curious felicity; of making the most out of little; in short, of gently sustaining the attention by the captivation of their style. Taken altogether, it must be acknowledged that they are for pastime, and are not calculated to leave behind them any very grave impressions. The character of them may be inferred from their titles, many of which are singular enough. "Larks in Vacation," "Meena Dimity," "Mrs. Passable Trott," "The Spirit Love of Ione S—," "The Widow by Brevet," "Tom Fane and I," "The Inlet of Peach Blossoms," "The Belle of the Belfry," "Count Potts' Strategy," "Envy the Twentieth,"

"Born to love Pigs and Chickens." They are marked by many graces and some affectations. He is fond of describing dress and personal characteristics, of which his account of Miss Margaret Piffit is an example. "Her cheeks were like two sound apples; her waist was as round as a stove-pipe; her shoulders had two dimples just at the back that looked as if they defied punching to make them any deeper; *her eyes looked as if they were just made*, they were so bright and new; her voice sounded like C sharp in a new piano; and her teeth were like a fresh break in a cocoa-nut. She was inexorably, unabatedly, desperately healthy." This sounds Dickensish, but in apt comparisons of this kind we can vouch for it that he is anterior to Dickens, to whom he bears no general resemblance. He has that one merit that his style is his own. There are elements in all his sketches which if combined in one well-compacted design might make a sparkling novel, and Mr. Willis would better have consulted his own fame had he seized upon the retirement of five years afforded him at Glen Mary, to have wrought out some works of more enduring character, where that which seems light and flippant when we have too much of it, and liable like loose leaves to be blown away, might have been securely bound up in some design much safer than board covers. The mere collection and collocation of papers which have served the purposes of ephemeral magazines, into books and volumes may enhance their chance for time—but not for eternity. There is an opportunity for Mr. Willis to do at Idlewild, what he has neglected to accomplish at Glen Mary. He has seen enough of the world to afford him ample material; let him combine the qualities which sparkle along his works so that they may flash in one setting. This is good advice; but it is to be observed that those who bind themselves down to the craving demands of the periodical press, soon jog along like patient horses in the traces, and forego the ambition and aspiration of authors. It is a matter of necessity. You may alternate manual with brain labor to advantage, as Burns wrote all the more sweetly when he had returned to his cottage and wiped off the sweat of his brow; but you may not with equal certainty relieve one literary burden with another. Newspapers cherish the first tender offshoots of poets, but afterward bury them in their leaves. We do not remember an instance where they do not soon peremptorily decline singing when requested to do so. Pegasus gives a few kicks, and dies. Some men, indeed, stop working when the pressure is taken off, as clocks stop ticking when the weights are removed. But it is not

with such leaden weights as we have mentioned that the poet will be kept on tick. When will Mr. Willis have ready for the press that long-promised novel in two volumes called "Penelope," giving an account of the woman who had so many lovers?—Had he not been numbered among the "press-ditti" he would not have been guilty of such sinful words which are thickly strewn through his "Hurry-Graphs," and which will require a long period of solemn reflection and repentance at Idlewild. He must not forget to make his hair strokes, to dot his eyes, cross his t's, to be careful of his dashes, and above all things to put a stop to such practices. It would be better to run some of the Home Journal metal into bullet moulds, clip over an aspiring gray eagle as it is trespassing upon his air-territory over the bounds of Idlewild, pluck a feather, nib it to a sharp point, and go to work at Penelope.

WINE AND THE WINE TRADE.*

Speech of Benjamin Oliveira, Esq. M. P. in the House of Commons, Feb. 14, 1854, in support of a resolution for a reduction of the duties on Foreign Wines. London: 1854.

It has ever been found, that a wine-drinking people present the most favorable specimens of humanity, whether physical or moral. By the term *wine-drinking*, however, we do not mean what is vulgarly understood as *getting drunk* with wine;—God forbid! but we mean the habitual and temperate use of wine, as a beverage; not its bacchanalian abuse for intoxication. Wine is one of God's gracious gifts to man—designed, as we have it on the authority of Holy Writ, "to make him a cheerful countenance,"—that is, to animate, to exhilarate, to gladden him. And when we read of wine making such sad havoc with poor human nature as that which the drunkard's case too often exhibits, nine times out of ten it is not wine at all, but ardent spirit, that has done the mischief; or, should it really be the juice of the grape, it has been the indulgence of it to a degree of beastly

* I beg the readers of the Quarterly not to be alarmed by what teetotalers would call the audacity of this article. I have permitted it to be addressed to my thinking countrymen, not for the reason that I am in favor of a foreign wine trade; but I have long wished that the temperance party would expend their force in ridding us of the dreadfully adulterated drinks by which the lower classes are poisoned, instead of wearying the more intelligent by their homilies and tirades about teetotalism. But I would have differed from the learned gentleman who prepared the paper, by recommending home production; as we have much soil which would be favorable to the production of the grape, and already manufacture excellent wines in Ohio and other States. Nor would I recommend anything but cold water, as an ordinary beverage.—[Ed.]

excess which rarely occurs where wine is the general beverage, even for purposes of conviviality. When we are told, for instance, of that which—Addison, we think it is, says—“heightens indifference into love, and love into jealousy, and jealousy into madness,—often turns the good-natured man into an idiot, and the choleric into an assassin,—gives bitterness to resentment, makes vanity insupportable, and displays every little spot of the soul in its utmost deformity,”—it is rarely wine that thus fearfully operates, but alcohol; that (we do not conceal it) which wine contains, and which is its essence and its life, but which, taken as wine, very seldom if ever produces any such sad effects. There is the greatest difference between wine and spirits in that, and in almost every other respect. The one is that which “strengtheneth man’s heart,” refreshes and cheers him; the other is that “strong drink” which “is raging,” and of which it is said that “who-soever is deceived thereby is not wise.” When Cassio exclaims, “O, that men should put an enemy in their mouths, to steal away their brains,” it was that “invisible *spirit* of wine,” he meant—that which is taken, not so much in the form of wine itself, as of *alcoholic spirit*, and the substitution of wine for which has always been found so salutary, both as respects health and morals. That alcoholic spirit—taken (as in any other form than that of wine it undoubtedly is) as *alcohol*—weakens and contracts the animal fibre; and hence the nervous energy of different organs is generally destroyed. The use of such ardent spirit, by stimulating the brain, and producing a determination of blood to the head, is considered to be a principal cause of apoplexy and sudden deaths in this country. But it does far more, and far worse than this. It demoralizes, it degrades man, it destroys his reputation, it blasts his character, it ruins his soul. It is a vice which deadens the conscience and prostrates the reason of a man, thereby exposing him to the inroads of almost every immorality. Wine, on the contrary, to quote the words of the present Chancellor of the Exchequer of England, used in a senatorial discussion on the subject in hand, is “one of the great gifts of Providence to man; and, considering what a place it occupies among the means of subsistence, considering how many useful and wholesome ends it subserves in connection with his physical temperament, considering the manner in which it might be used as a competing article with alcoholic spirit, it were most desirable to place it within the reach of all classes.”

This is the characteristic which wine almost invariably bore in former times—especially when society was moral and refined. Thus, Plutarch, in his *Sympasiacks*, or Table Con-

versations, says that one Lamprias, a man eminent for his learning, and a philosopher, disputed best and unraveled the difficulties of philosophy with most success, when he was at supper well warmed with wine; and we know that these table entertainments were part of the education of those times, their discourses being commonly the canvassing and solution of some question, either philosophical or philological, always instructive, and usually pleasant; for "the cups went round with the debate, and men were merry and wise together, according to the proverb."

It is the sotting and revelling with drinks, which makes them so pernicious. Yet even then, it is that which is emphatically what Solomon calls "strong drink"—that is, spirit—not that, or rarely ever that, which as wine is gently and wholesomely exhilarating, by which the mischief is done. It is the night revel of those who abuse God's gifts, which turns it all to vice. But where wine is made the ordinary beverage, and the use of ardent spirit is thereby superseded, the nocturnal debauch is but rarely indulged. And hence Tom Brown so gaily and innocently sings—

"Wine, wine in the morning,
Makes us frolic and gay,
That like eagles we soar
In the pride of the day:
Gouty sots of the night
Only find a decay.

'Tis the sun ripens the grape
And to drinking gives light;
We imitate him,
When by noon we're at height:
They steal wine who take it
When he's out of sight.

Boys, fill all the glasses,
Fill them up now he shines;
The higher he rises,
The more he refines;
For wine and wit fall
As their maker declines."

But surely nothing of all this could be said or sung of *spirit*: only to *wine* will such sober sense apply. It is the day, the day, in which the use of wine is commended. "They that are drunken, are drunken in the night." We want to see the generous gift of wine made use of as the beverage of the day, —not altogether literally so, as exclusively, in matter of fact, its time of enjoyment; but that in our use of it we may, at least, not shrink from the light of day. "Men love darkness," says the holy Apostle, "rather than light, because their deeds are evil." But the proper enjoyment of wine is no evil

deed—*ergo*, there is not the motive for any such unhappy preference. The drinking of ardent spirit is a very different thing. The indulgence in that propensity is certainly an evil deed; and its votaries may well love darkness rather than light for their orgies.

But we may rest our case upon still higher ground. Wine, as we have seen, was designed not only to *enliven*, but *strengthen* man's heart. The sanitary reasons for promoting the use of wine are of the strongest kind. So, also, are the moral and social. And a movement is going on in England for the reduction of the duties on wines, which is stimulated, mainly, by such considerations. The Member of the Imperial Parliament whose speech we have taken as the text of this article, has adduced some forcible testimonies in support of these views, and to enforce his arguments. He quotes, for instance, the opinion of the late Mr. Porter, whose statistical researches and computations, as set forth in his "Progress of the Nation," and other productions, have established his reputation as one of high authority, not only in England, but all throughout Europe, and even in America. And his testimony is conveyed in these few words:

"I have very little hesitation in giving it as my opinion, that to introduce the consumption of wines to the great mass of the people of this country, would prove a great moral blessing."

Another well-qualified opinion adduced is that of Mr. Laurie, who has declared:

"The reduction of duty on wine would tend to make the people more moral, and would be equally productive to the revenue."

And in order to exhibit the direful effects of encouraging the use of ardent alcoholic liquor in preference to wine, he introduces the following striking passage from an admirable work of Dr. M'Cormac on Moral and Sanitary Economy:

"The yearly tally for strong drinks in England and Ireland, allowing for the employment of alcohol in the arts, amounts to fifty millions sterling, and, if tobacco be added, to fifty-seven millions, all to secure a fleeting and too often most ruinous enjoyment. In a paper in *Chambers's Journal*, 'Industrial Glasgow in 1850,' it is affirmed that a million sterling is there annually expended in beastly excesses, half the week's earnings going towards the profligate enjoyments of a single night, while squalid wives and wretched children are left alike bereft of comforts and of necessities. The household use of ales and wines in Britain and Ireland dates from

remote antiquity, till ill-considered, nay, heartless imposts, constrained the people to abandon them, and betake themselves to concentrated and consequently demoralizing drinks, giving countenance to a vice that lays prostrate the soul of man, and exposes him to the inroads of almost every immorality."

Now, no testimony could well be more conclusive than this; and it is confirmed by the contrast of the state of things it bears witness to, with that which generally prevails on the Continent of Europe, where wines are produced, and universally consumed by the people. Mr. Oliveira gives his own evidence to this remarkable fact; and it is the evidence, be it remembered, of one who has not only paid great attention to the subject in *theory*, but has made it his business to look closely into it practically. He says,—

"My own experience, which extends over very many years, has led me to observe that you scarcely witness any symptoms of intoxication amongst the lower orders of these countries; and when Englishmen of the same class go to these countries, they form the exception. This is strikingly the case with British seamen, when they land in foreign parts where wines are cheap. In the large manufacturing towns of France, I was informed on a recent tour, that the working classes drank wines in moderation—that drunkenness and spirit-drinking were scarcely known. Referring to the great uses and benefits derived from wines in a sanitary point of view, it is impossible to enumerate the immense number of advantages to the human frame which this great production of Providence yields to man. In the course of my inquiries throughout this and other countries, I find one universal opinion amongst gentlemen of the medical and surgical professions, that the use of wine, whether as a general supporter of the system, as a tonic, as a restorative after sickness, or to fortify and strengthen the constitution, may be considered as the safest, the most efficacious, and the most beneficial in its results; and it is a remarkable circumstance, that in the course of a pretty active communication with those learned professions, both personal and by correspondence, I have met with universal support; numbering as I do amongst my general committee a list of distinguished names, which shows the lively, disinterested, and practical interest which that learned body take in the question; all the more valuable, that it is free from the most remote suspicion of interest or prejudice."

The authorities he adduces are varied; and ancient as well as modern. Pliny, for example, who says—

"Vino aluntur vires sanguis, calorque hominum."

The eminent chemist, Liebig, is quoted with forcible effect, when he declares,—

“Spirits, by their action on the nerves, enable a man to make up the deficient power at the expense of his body. He draws, so to speak, a bill on his health, which must always be renewed, because for want of means he cannot take it up. He consumes his capital instead of his interest, and the result is the inevitable bankruptcy of the body. Wine, as a restorative, as a means of refreshment when the powers of life are exhausted, of giving animation and energy where man has to struggle with days of sorrow; as a means of correction and compensation when misproportion occurs in nutrition, and the organism is deranged in its operations; and as a means of protection against transient organic disturbance,—wine is surpassed by no product of nature or of art. The nobler wines of the Rhine, and many of those of Bordeaux, are distinguished above all others by producing a minimum of injurious after-effects. In no part of Germany do the apothecaries’ establishments bring so low a price as in the rich cities on the Rhine; for the wine is the universal medicine for the healthy as well as the sick; it is considered as milk for the aged. The commercial value of wine is directly proportioned to its immediate effects, and inversely proportioned to its disagreeable after-effects.”

Coming home, he gives the opinion, to a similar effect, of the senior surgeon of Middlesex Hospital, thus:

“The senior surgeon of Middlesex Hospital said, ‘Every one experienced in the medical treatment of the sick, knows the great value of wine properly administered. Its healing effects are more marked in them than in the rich. In many lingering illnesses, when the stomach will scarcely tolerate food or medicine, we rely principally on wine for preserving the life of the patient. In a hospital, the wine merchant’s bill is always a serious item of expense. In the Middlesex Hospital the average daily number of patients is 250; the average annual consumption of wine is two pipes. Speaking for myself, were wine cheaper I should prescribe it more frequently than I do, in lieu of porter or spirits.’”

Testimony like this is not to be gainsayed or resisted. It is that of scientific and experienced men, who speak of what they know, and testify of what they have seen.

Apart from our English senator’s evidences, we may adduce an entirely independent testimony, which we happen to have at hand—that of an English tourist in Belgium (where wine is enormously drunk), who thus describes the winding-

up of a public *fete* at Brussels:—"I was anxious to see the effect of all this gaiety as the evening wore on. There was an illumination at the Hotel de Ville, and some other places, as well as a display of fire-works in the Park. These drew together large assemblages of the people, of both sexes; but, though it was after nightfall, too, *all remained peaceful and orderly*. So late as eleven o'clock, I wandered alone through the lower parts of the city, where, if at all, one might expect to find a *fete-day* in noisy if not tumultuous revelry. *But all was quiet and well-conducted*. The Grand Place is full of second-rate *cafés* and hotels, and they were all lighted up, and full of company. Music and dancing prevailed all around. I had the curiosity to enter several of the public rooms of these places. One of them was the Hotel de Caroussel, which by its very name would seem to invite a holiday-people to carouse; but there was nothing whatever to complain of. *All was harmony—all was order. Not a single instance of inebriety met my observation*: not the slightest disposition to be discourteous was shewn towards me. On the contrary, I was received on all hands with the greatest civility and respect; and so far from being regarded as an intruder into the circles of a people with whom I could not pretend to hold much converse, I was almost welcomed to their happy and humble coteries, and actually embarrassed by their hospitality and kindness."* Now, only contrast this, in imagination, with what would undoubtedly have prevailed had *spirit*, instead of *wine*, been in use on such an occasion. Why, suppose here in New York, so far from being able to say that "all was harmony—all was order"—that "not a single instance of inebriety met my observation"—it would all have been discord, all disorder—all a revolting scene of drunkenness and rowdiness.

Nor is this the only instance which we find on the same authority. Speaking of another festive occasion at Brussels, he says:—"All around the doors of the *cafés*, under graceful awnings, were seated groups of holiday-folks, *drinking wine*, eating ices, smoking cigars, and playing dominoes. Yet, though all this gaiety was going on, there was not the slightest disorder: the people were cheerful and animated, and appeared to enjoy the day exceedingly, without the slightest tendency to riot, or rudeness of any kind." Certainly this could never be said of a spirit-drinking people. Our "tip-ples," "juleps," and "cocktails," produce, it must be confessed, very different results from those. But we have it on

* A Glance of Belgium and the Rhine: London.

the same authority—and it is that of a close observer of men and manners—that, speaking generally of the inhabitants of that European capital, who are most decidedly a wine-drinking population, “A better-conducted people than the citizens of Brussels, it would be difficult to find: they exhibit much of the refinement of continental cities, with the *sobriety* and quiet of a rural population,”—a practical testimony in support of our case, which is worth a thousand arguments.

But let us now proceed to consider the subject in a business point of view. It will admit of no question, in the first place, that the wine trade would be vastly increased by lower duties. An augmented consumption must necessarily create a greater trade. In England, it is calculated that there would, in a very short time, be six times as much consumed as there is at present, were the duty reduced to one shilling. That is to say, that while the annual consumption is now some five millions of gallons, it would soon amount to thirty millions of gallons. Such is the calculation of well-informed, practical men, who have given their attention to the subject. And the same rule—or, at any rate, one not very different—would apply to the United States. Well—this necessarily large increase in the import of wines, would conduce to a proportionately large one in our exports to the countries whence wines are imported. Take, for instance, France. It has been ascertained that France would be able, in a short time, to meet an increased demand for her wines to almost any amount. It has also been ascertained, that France is quite inclined to reciprocate the trade of other countries. The admitted annual produce of wines in that country is at present about nine hundred millions of gallons; and it is capable, we repeat, of a large augmentation, as the demand might require it. The wines of France are of infinite variety—they are suited for every taste, and every clime; most of them can be afforded at a cheap rate. And of this produce, it is believed, she would be glad, more and more, to make an exchange for the products of those other countries to which it might be exported in augmented quantities. It is stated on no questionable authority, that the government of the Emperor of the French is not unwilling to reduce its tariff, as regards the importation of foreign goods. It has done so already on certain British products—coal and iron, more especially; and upon American products also—upon one, at any rate, and that a staple one—our raw cotton. And the system is likely to be extensively carried out. “I am privileged to say,” Mr. Oliveira declared to the British House of Commons, “from

conversations I had with M. Drouyn de Lhuys, French Minister for Foreign Affairs, M. Ducos, Minister of Marine, and M. Magne, Minister of Commerce and Public Works, that the policy of the French Government is that of progress in the sense of free trade, and that their commercial views are those of strict reciprocity and mutual reductions as regards Great Britain. The same sentiments were conveyed to me by the French Minister, Count Walewski." If, then, there is to be reciprocity with Great Britain, why not also with the United States? There is nothing in the one case, which will not equally apply to the other. We can consume French products, as well as the British; and France can consume ours as readily as those of Britain. But then we, too, must set them the example of a reduced tariff, so as to promote free and copious consumption. We must show them that we wish to be better customers for their wines; and *they* will doubtless soon show *us* that they are willing and ready to reciprocate the favor.

France, however, is but one wine-growing country among several, with which we might extend our commercial intercourse; while the process, let it never be forgotten, would powerfully react upon the health and morals of our people. There is Germany, which produces exquisite wines, and with which it would be quite practicable to push a greatly augmented trade. The German wines are well adapted for increased consumption among us. Their characteristic merits are, the fine grapy flavor they possess, their great salubrity and purity, and their freedom from spirit and other admixtures. Now, Germany is a country consuming a vast amount of imports: she takes now some millions sterling a-year of British goods, of various kinds, and immense quantities of British Colonial produce,—more, it is calculated, than any other country of Continental Europe. Surely the United States may, too, share advantageously in the cultivation of so important a field; and there can be no doubt that a most effectual way of doing so would be to increase, by lower duties, our consumption of its wines, as its great staple product.

Then there are Spain and Portugal. Both these countries present important openings for commercial enterprise. Through the introduction of railways, and the more frequent intercourse with nations more in advance of them in the progress of the times, they are gradually improving in the knowledge of the principles of commerce; and vastly extended facilities for the consumption of our products, at no very distant day, may reasonably be anticipated in both kingdoms; while it is already

ascertained, we understand, that the proceedings of Great Britain, with reference to this question of their wines, is so interesting and important, both as to agriculture and commerce, that it has awakened a feeling which is adding greatly to the energies of the party of progress and enlightenment, commercial and moral, in that rich and fertile Peninsula.

But the question has been started of the capabilities of the several wine-growing countries of Europe to supply such an increased consumption as is contemplated in this movement. Great Britain herself, it appears, would require something like twenty-three millions of gallons in addition to what she now obtains from all parts of the world, in order to make good her loss of revenue by the proposed reduction of duties.

But France alone, it has been shewn, could do all that is wanted in this respect, in the course of a very few years. The present admitted actual produce of wine in that country is about 900,000,000 gallons annually. And as the whole of the south of France is one vast vineyard, capable of any extension of produce, it is confidently calculated that her resources are illimitable. In the "*Carte Speciale Topographique et Statistique des Vignobles de la France*," of Le Gendre Decluy (1852), which is considered to be very careful, as it is very minute, in its details, we find as many as between three and four hundred different wines are specified—all the produce of French vineyards. In a Committee of the British Parliament on the subject, in 1852, the French Baron, Clausil de Clerant gave evidence to the effect, that France could increase her production of wine five-fold in a short time. He also shewed how varied were the characters of her wines. "My own experience of France," he stated, "has been very considerable, and I have met with wines of every sort, light as well as full-bodied; in short, wines for every palate, and at very cheap rates." In some instances, wine can be had at a few sous a bottle, the quality of which, as a summer beverage, is far from despicable.

And here, for a moment, let us digress from the point more immediately under consideration to quote an interesting account (happily introduced by Mr. Oliveira in his speech), which Gibbon gives (in his "*Decline and Fall*") of the progress of the vine in France. "In the time of Homer," he says "the vine grew wild in the island of Sicily, and most probably in the adjacent Continent, but it was not improved by the skill, nor did it afford a liquor grateful to the taste, of the savage inhabitants. A thousand years afterwards, Italy could boast that of the fourscore most generous celebrated wines, more than two-

thirds were produced from her soil. The blessing was soon communicated to the Narbonense Province of Gaul; but so intense was the cold to the north of the Cevennes, that, in the time of Strabo it was thought impossible to ripen the grapes in those parts of Gaul. This difficulty, however, was gradually vanquished; and there is some reason to believe that the vineyards of Burgundy are as old as the age of the Antonines." So that France has had the capabilities of her soil and clime pretty well tested, as respects the growth of wine; and there need be no fear of these capabilities failing her in any time to come.

Germany's resources are quite equal to those of France. It is ascertained that there are nearly 400,000 Prussian acres of land devoted to the cultivation of the wine in the German States, producing, on the average of years, above forty-five millions of gallons of wine a-year, mostly white wine. Yet, this is nothing as compared with the produce of the Austrian Empire, including Hungary, which is stated in official records to amount to about 500 millions of gallons annually; and it is worthy of especial regard, as respects the consumption of these wines, that while there is indisputable testimony to the fact of their production being capable of almost indefinite augmentation, the markets of the several states are remarkably adapted to the reception of our exports. An eminent mercantile firm at Cologne, writing to England on the subject of a reduction of the wine duties, says,—

"Within the last few years, we have observed that there is a growing taste in England for the lighter wines. Deficient vintage since 1846, coupled with the high duties on your side, has been a bar to their general consumption; and as, in the case of a reduction in the duty, an increased demand would naturally spring up, more particularly for the cheaper class of wines, we certainly cannot otherwise than generally approve of your endeavors to get the duty reduced, having no doubt that with an increased predilection for light wines in your country the consumption would increase more than threefold, and steadily go on increasing, provided the trade on this side continue to supply good and sound wines, free from any acidity whatever, *and at cheap rates*. The annual produce, on an average, is such along the banks of the Rhine, the Moselle, and in Rhenish Bavaria (Palatinate), that we consider we might be able to supply any, *even tenfold increased demand from your side*, provided we have a fair average vintage every three years. We believe we take the lowest estimate, if we calculate that whatever the Zollverein takes from England in the shape of

raw produce, manufactured and other goods, would amount in value to perhaps twenty times more than what the Zollverein sends over to England; so that, independent of the rather unfavorable circumstances under which, at the present moment, a reduction in the duty on our wines might be effected, so far as regards your revenue, we consider that some little allowance ought to be made by the English government in favor of wines and other articles which have been hitherto subjected to such a high duty. Now follow the names of the goods—cottons, coffee, cocoa, cutch, Gambia and other tanning materials; gum, hides, indigo, and sundry other dry goods; palm oil, cocoanut oil, spices, rice, rum, saltpetre, raw sugar, linseed oil, train oil, and herrings from the English and Scotch fisheries. Add to which the numberless manufactured goods, of which we will also name a few, as twist, cotton goods, machines, iron and steel wares, &c.”

Two things, then, of as vast importance to us as to the English, are here brought out—the capability of the German States to supply an increased consumption of their wines, and the demand in their markets for many of those products with which *we* could so advantageously supply them. As respects certain manufactured goods, there is no doubt that, at present, England would have the preference; but with raw produce and the like, of the several kinds above enumerated, and with many more we could name, the United States could completely cut out England.

Then, with regard to Spain and Portugal, although the data we have to go upon may be less definite and less reliable, yet no one at all acquainted with the soil and climate of those countries, can doubt their capabilities for a vastly extended yield of their staple products. One of the witnesses before the Wine Committee of the British Parliament said, that “whereas about 120,000 pipes of sherry were annually produced, yet that large districts of that part of Spain now devoted to grain, would produce wine;” adding, that “if English taste were directed to natural wines, Spain alone could supply that country with hundreds of thousands of butts of beautiful, choice wines which are not known in its market.” Another witness, the partner in a Lisbon firm, stated, “There can be no doubt that vines would be planted in proportion to any increase of demand, for wines and plantations of late years have been very considerable.” And, in corroboration of these opinions, we may adduce the testimony of Signor Silva de Cunha, who, in a recent essay on Portugal, shews that although “the ordinary vintage of Portugal and the ad-

jacent islands may be estimated at 600,000 pipes of first-class wines, and of 400,000 pipes of inferior quality, making in all 1,000,000 pipes as the annual produce of Portugal and its islands; yet in Portugal, in 100 parts, 30 only are cultivated, leaving much for increased produce." Again, in a trade circular from a London wine-importing house, it is observed:—"The present average production of wines in Spain and Portugal amounts to about six millions of butts. Allowing two-thirds of this for their own consumption, and supposing the consumption of this country to increase tenfold its present amount, which is not unlikely, there would still be a surplus sufficient to meet any increased demand, independent of the facilities presented by Spain and Portugal for any extension of vine planting, which begins to produce about the third year, on boundless tracts of rich land in the vicinity of even the most populous wine-producing districts, with a congenial climate, which would soon raise the production equal to any call upon its immense natural resources." The next consideration in this case, as in the others, of a reciprocal trade, must be equally satisfactory when we bear in mind that, in proportion as they developed their resources, and obtained thereby the means of an increased consumption of our produce in exchange, would our commercial intercourse with them be progressively and profitably increased.

The isles of the Mediterranean, too, are capable, it will be found, of extensive and advantageous cultivation in this respect. The following testimony, for instance, is incidentally given in Napier's work on the Ionian Islands:—"The produce of Cephalonia is a strong, dry wine, called vino lasso, or wine of stone, from the love of stony ground evinced by the plant. However, the muscadel, which makes a sweet wine, like Constantia, loves a rich soil; but the vino de lasso is the best among the dry wines. *If the vine was well cultivated, and the wine properly made, I believe it would be equal to Madeira.* The Cephalonians have a great variety of grapes, produced, probably, from the diversity of soils, and the variety of climates existing at different heights on the mountains. It is to be regretted that some speculator, versed in the mode of making wine in Madeira or France, does not settle in Cephalonia. There can be no doubt that he would succeed. The Marsala of Sicily is not to be compared to the wines of Cephalonia." And he adds, immediately afterwards, this important piece of information,—"*A bottle of wine costs one penny.*" This statement of the low prices of Sicilian wines is confirmed, we find, by the communication of an eminent

house at Naples and Palermo, who state,—“The common qualities in good seasons, consumed by the lower classes, out of the cask, cost them *one penny to twopence the English quart*. Better qualities, for better classes, 8d. to 1s. per bottle, such as red Capri, as well as white Lachrimas and Calabrian wines. From Sicily, however, a good deal of Marsala is sent prepared purposely for the English market, and costs 15*l.* to 20*l.* per pipe on board ship.” So that it is obvious, wines of all qualities and prices could be procured from that quarter; and we may add our own testimony, from some acquaintance with them in their native country, that most of the kinds are good—some of them excellent, and well adapted for consumption in America.

The following enumeration is given by Mr. Oliveira of the quantities of wine produced in the several countries we have been referring to, according to present cultivation:—

	Galls.		Pipes.
Germany and Austria . . .	545,041,666	equal to . . .	5,450,416
France	900,000,000	„	9,000,000
Spain and Portugal	600,000,000	„	6,000,000
Italy and Greece (say) . . .	100,000,000	„	1,000,000
	2,145,041,666		21,450,416

Thus nearly twenty-one and a half millions of *pipes* of various wines are now produced for the general consumption of the world. It is, therefore, already an immense commercial interest—involving an imposing amount of capital, and educating an enormous extent of commerce. But it is evident that there is room for its almost boundless augmentation, and with an universal advantage, in which America might be a participator to a large amount.

The question of revenue, we are aware, must be considered in this country, as well as in England. But there they confidently calculate that a large reduction of duties would, by increasing the consumption, produce quite as much revenue as at present—if not more; and we can see no reason why it should not be the case here also. The wine duties in England now yield about a million and three-quarters pounds sterling. The duty is five shillings and sixpence (British) the imperial gallon. Little more than twenty years ago, it was *thirteen shillings* and *ninepence* the imperial gallon on French and Rhenish, and nine shillings and three halfpence on Spanish and Portuguese wines. But the duties were equalized, and lowered to the sum we have just mentioned—five shillings and sixpence. Mr. Oliveira's proposition is to reduce it to *one*

shilling the imperial gallon. And one of the eminent wine authorities, whose evidence he brought forward, has declared that, *in his confident opinion, were the duty reduced to this sum, in ten years it would produce six millions, instead of a million and three quarters*—so vastly would the consumption of wine be thereby increased. There is a remarkable fact recorded by the celebrated English statist, Mr. Porter, in his “Progress of the Nation,” on the subject of the wine duties in that country, which goes to confirm, by implication at least, this view of the case,—viz. that when, about a century and a half ago, the duties were much lower, the average consumption of wine was at the rate of an imperial gallon to each individual; whereas now it is at the rate of but one fourth that quantity. The same high authority declared, before the Wine Committee of the British Parliament,—“I have very little doubt on my own mind but that the present high rate of duty on wine has had a prejudicial effect upon the revenue; and my reason for that opinion is this, that with the increasing population of the country, and with the wealth of the country increasing beyond the proportion of that increased population, the consumption of wine has not increased; on the contrary, it has very considerably diminished. In the year 1801, the consumption of wine per head, taking the whole population together in the United Kingdom, was 0.431 gallon; and in the year 1851, that consumption had diminished to 0.230 gallon, making a decrease in the consumption per head equal to 48 per cent. I find that each individual in 1801 contributed to the revenue, by means of his consumption of wine, the sum of 2s. 8½d. I find, also, that in 1851 each individual contributed to that revenue the sum of 1s. 3½d., making a difference of 52 per cent.” Another competent judge (Mr. Forrester), gave it as his opinion, that “with a one-shilling duty, the consumption would increase seven-fold. “Mr. Tuké, a gentleman of fiscal experience, expressed his conviction that, under a low duty, “there would be an uninterrupted demand from the middle classes,” by which the revenue would recover itself in three years.

Now, the circumstance, we repeat, of the use of wine instead of spirits being so conducive to sounder health and a better state of morals, is certainly one which ought to weigh heavily in favor of keeping down duties which have the effect of making wine dear, and thereby curtailing its consumption. But when it is evident that, as respects revenue even, there would be no disadvantage, the case is an irresistible one.

Nor is it to be supposed that wine is not equally well

adapted to the people of America, as it is to those of Europe. Our neighbors in Canada, it appears, find it suits them admirably; and they are consuming it liberally, with acknowledged advantage. The Montreal Weekly Herald, of the first week of last September, gives one curious and most conclusive fact respecting the consumption of wine in Canada. It is briefly this:—"Perhaps the most remarkable article in our catalogue, however, is wine.—Annual British consumption of wine per head, $2\frac{1}{2}$ pints. Annual Canadian consumption of wine per head, 5 pints." Thus, Canada consumes twice as much wine as Great Britain, in proportion to its population. And this is, doubtless, to be mainly attributed to the comparative cheapness of wine there, owing to the low Colonial duties, which makes it accessible—as would be the case with us—to all classes of the people. There are wines calculated for all climes, for all constitutions. This is one of the peculiar recommendations of wine.

The moderate use of wine would appear happily adapted, indeed, to the American character. It would appear eminently suited alike to refresh it in its energies, and to support it under its cares. An excited, as well as an exhausted mind may be benefitted by its balms. As Iago says,—and better and more worthy authorities have confirmed it,—“Wine is a good familiar creature, *if it be well used*.” Every thing, of course, depends upon that. But we cannot for the life of us see, why it should not be as well used in America as it is in Europe. We need its comforts here, as well as they do there; and we may enjoy its convivialities with as high a zest, and as much within the bounds of moderation too. “The first glass for myself,” as Sir William Temple says, “the second for my friends, the third for good humor, and the fourth for mine enemies,”—we can indulge, not only with impunity, but with advantage, in all that sort of thing; and, having got through it, know where to stop as well as they. There are wines too, of which it may be said, in the inviting words of sober and immortal John Milton,—

“One sip of this
Will bathe the drooping spirits in delight
Beyond the bliss of dreams. *Be wise and taste!*”

And surely we may “be wise and taste”—surely, we may have our drooping spirits bathed in delight, as well as they,—a delight that is all the more delightful because it is innocuous, springing, as it does, from that which Heaven gave to man, to make him a cheerful countenance, and to gladden his heart.

Yet, is it, after all, upon more utilitarian grounds, that the subject, in connection with the circumstances we have before alluded to, chiefly commends itself to the attention of our public men, and our men of business. It is preëminently a practical question; and it is one that belongs, immediately and emphatically, to our age, as an age of progress. Whatever we may have said of it sentimentally, we have said by the way. It is a question of health, of morals, and of commerce; and it is so at once practically, forcibly, and importantly. And it is in this hope that, as such, it may be taken up and discussed, that we have ventured to throw out these few hints concerning it.

CONTEMPORARY LITERATURE OF THE LAST THREE MONTHS.

BIOGRAPHY.

THE reputation of Hugh Miller, as a writer on geology, and a popular contributor to the periodical press, has awakened sufficient curiosity in his career to warrant the publication of an autobiography during the life of the author. In most cases, this would be a hazardous experiment. Few persons can afford to have the truth told about them while they live. Nor are there many, who might be prompted by vanity and self-conceit to undertake a work of this kind, the record of whose history would possess the requisite significance and interest to challenge any considerable degree of the public attention.

Mr. Miller, however, will be fully borne out by the popular verdict, in ascribing more than ordinary value to the narrative of his early training and development. Born in the humbler ranks of society, he was endowed with a remarkable share of natural energy and resolution, which has enabled him to exchange the position of a working mechanic for a distinguished station in the field of letters.

My Schools and School-masters. An Autobiography, by HUGH MILLER. Boston: Gould & Lincoln.

He has been indebted for his advancement to none of the tricks and stratagems of literary adventurers; his prosperity has not been the result of false pretences; he has not been inflated into an artificial importance by patronage; his success cannot be called a happy accident; but, on the contrary, it is a signal evidence that force of principle, energy of purpose, and integrity of character, sometimes meet with even an appropriate secular reward.

The ancestors of Hugh Miller were sea-faring people, on the coast of Scotland, where he was born in the year 1802. His father perished at sea, about five years after the birth of the subject of this memoir. The family was left in restricted circumstances. The young boy was kept at a dame's school, where he soon spelt his way through the Shorter Catechism, the Proverbs, and the New Testament, and at length was promoted to a seat in the highest form as a member of the Bible Class. He first experienced the pleasure of finding out for himself the meaning of a printed page while engaged on the charming Bible narrative of Joseph and his brethren. From that moment, reading became one of the most fascinating of his amusements. After devouring, with childish eagerness, the stories and parables of Sacred History, he began to collect a library in a box of birch bark, about nine inches square. Among other immortal works, this contained Jack the Giant Killer, Jack and the Bean Stalk, the Yellow Dwarf, Blue Beard, Sinbad the Sailor, Beauty and the Beast, and Aladdin and the Wonderful Lamp. Hugh congratulates himself that, in his boyish days, "the intolerable nuisances, the useful knowledge books, had not yet arisen, like tenebrous stars, on the educational horizon, to darken the world and shed their blighting influence on the opening intellect of the youthhood;" and so he passed on from the rudimental works that first kindled his susceptible imagination, to more important books, but which he found to be "quite as nice for children" as any of the others. The *Iliad* and *Odyssey*, which he read about this time, in Pope's translation, were decided by the young critic to be master-pieces. "I saw," says he, "that no other writer could cast a javelin with half the force of Homer. The missiles went whizzing athwart his pages, and I could see the momentary gleam of the steel, ere it buried itself deep in brass and bull-hide." The *Pilgrim's Progress* came next; then *Robinson Crusoe*, *Gulliver's Travels*, *Ambrose on Angels*, the *Adventures of Philip Quarl*, besides a great variety of voyages and

adventures, part real and part fictitious, which he found in a miscellaneous collection of books made by his father. Of the works of fact and incident which it contained, those of the voyagers were his especial favorites. He eagerly perused the narratives of Anson, Drake, Raleigh, Dampier, and Rogers; they filled his mind with glowing visions of foreign lands; he wished that he might grow up to be a sailor, and see coral islands and burning mountains, and hunt wild beasts, and fight battles.

In due time, the boy was transferred to the parish school, where his omnivorous taste for reading had still more ample means of gratification. Here he commenced the study of the Latin language. But this he found dry and uninteresting, to the last degree. He could perceive no charms, not even common sense, in the rudiments over which he was doomed to pore. As a relief to this disagreeable drudgery, he took up the vocation of story telling to his school-fellows. He soon obtained great celebrity in this new function. His comrades would hang upon his lips, as he related from memory the exploits of William Wallace, and to diversify the scene, made use of all the available stock of fact and fiction with which his mind was stored. But as materials for his narratives fell short, he was obliged to have recourse to invention. His first attempts at original production, in this way, were altogether successful. For hours together, he would dole out to his listening companions, long, extemporaneous biographies, concocted on the spur of the moment, and no doubt filled with all sorts of sins against taste and probability, but which proved, with his not very fastidious audiences, the most decided success. The heroes of his tale were usually warriors like Wallace, and voyagers like Gulliver, and dwellers in desolate islands like Robinson Crusoe; and were often sent to seek shelter in huge deserted castles, with terrible trap-doors, and secret passages, like those described in blood-red colors by Mrs. Radcliffe. But he had the good-nature, for the most part, to bring his plots to a happy issue. After a promiscuous carnage of giants and wild beasts, and frightful conflicts with magicians and savages, the long-suffering victims would succeed in disintombing hidden treasures to an enormous amount, or in laying open gold mines surpassing in wealth the placers of California, while they would pass a luxurious old age, like that of Sinbad the Sailor, at peace with all mankind, in the midst of confectionary and fruits.

During his attendance on the parish school, Hugh took

his first lessons in the science in which he has since attained such distinguished eminence. Here, however, he was his own master, and the instruction he received was not within the precincts of the "noisy mansion." The shores of Cromarty, his native village, are strewn with water-rolled fragments of the primary rocks, derived chiefly from the west during the ages of the boulder change. He soon became interested in sauntering over these pebble-beds, and in learning to distinguish their numerous components. Adopting a nomenclature of his own, he formed into a simple system the various mineralogical specimens which everywhere strewn the beach. One morning, he discovered among the rubbish of a dark antiquated room in the house, an old fashioned hammer, which had belonged to some ancestor of the family, more than a hundred years before. With this sturdy, uncouth implement, he went about, breaking into all manner of stones, with great perseverance and success. Among these, he occasionally found a bit of genuine garnet, not bigger indeed than the head of a pin, but sufficient to remind him of the heaps of gems in Aladdin's cavern, or of Sinbad's valley of diamonds.

Under the guidance of an old uncle, who pursued the occupation of a crab and lobster fisher in the waters of the Frith, in addition to his regular mechanical employments, young Hugh was initiated into the mysteries of ichthyology, and other branches of natural history, for all of which he displayed a peculiar aptitude, at an early age. His uncle was a man of hard Scottish sense, an indefatigable explorer, addicted to original thought and observation, with a rich fund of scientific facts, though without the appropriate terms for their description. His influence over his nephew was of the most salutary kind. He taught him his own power of independent observation, besides furnishing him with interesting and valuable results of his own experience.

Enlivened by a remarkable variety of adventures, the school-boy days of the future savant passed rapidly by; he stood on the verge of early manhood, with no prospect before him but that of labor, restraint, and deprivation. He saw the necessity of toiling from morning to night, week in and week out, for coarse food and homely raiment. The view was not a little repulsive to his excitable fancy; but there was no escape. Accordingly, he decided to learn the trade of a mason, attracted by the leisure of the winter holidays, and hoping to find compensation for the toils of one half the year, in the amusements of the other. He resolved that

labor should not wield over him a rod entirely black, but one like Jacob's peeled wands, chequered white and black alternately. His nearest relatives were greatly vexed at his decision. They wanted him to prepare for one of the learned professions, offering to aid him in going through college, though the labor of their hands was their only wealth. But with all his love of learning, he was unwilling to accede to their proposals. None of the professions presented any charm to his imagination. He found in himself no inclination either to law or medicine, and was destitute of the religious tendencies which would fit him for the Church. His friends at length consented that he should make trial of a life of manual labor, and he engaged as an apprentice for three years to the husband of one of his maternal aunts; of him, he was to learn the trade of a mason, and with a suit of strong moleskin clothes and a pair of heavy hob-nailed shoes, he was sent out, one fine spring morning, to take his first lesson in a sandstone quarry. He soon began to suffer some of the evils of excessive toil. Though he had arrived at the age of seventeen, he was still seven inches short of his ultimate stature; his frame was slim, and loosely knit together; he became affected with wandering pains in the joints, and an oppressive feeling about the chest, as if crushed by some great weight. He was also visited by frequent fits of great depression of spirits; his absence of mind was so extreme, that he seemed like one walking in his sleep. Still, his lot was not without its alleviations. His business in the quarry stimulated his interest in geology. Laboring in the open air, he was alive to the soothing and exhilarating influences of nature. The beauties of the surrounding scenery were a source of perpetual enjoyment, and gave alternate repose and excitement to the poetic mind of the youthful spectator.

The first attempts of the dreamy novice at his trade promised but a slight degree of success. He was awkward and impracticable. His employer gave him no encouragement. But of a sudden, his mechanical skill was developed. He obtained a mastery over the mallet, and called forth both astonishment and admiration by his prowess. He found his life of toil, however, exposed to peculiar temptation. The practice of drinking ardent spirits was universal among the workmen. Usquebaugh was happiness doled out by the glass, and sold by the gill. He soon learned to regard the excitements of the dram-shop as high luxuries. But, it was not long before he came to a sense of his danger. An overdose of usquebaugh, on occasion of laying the corner-stone of a new

building, proved too much for him, and he discovered, on going home to his books after the party broke up, that the letters on the page of a favorite author danced before his eyes, and that he could no longer master the sense. He was conscious of the degradation of his position. From that hour, he determined never again to sacrifice his capacity for intellectual enjoyment to the indulgence of the senses. He kept his resolution, and though not adopting the principles of total abstinence, he often wrought as an operative mason for a twelvemonth together, without tasting of half a dozen glasses of intoxicating liquor.

Pursuing the labors of his chosen calling with the characteristic energy of his temperament—increasing his acquaintance both with books and with the world—and neglecting no opportunity to gain information in his favorite science, Hugh Miller quietly passed through the years of his novitiate, apparently without the slightest anticipation of his destiny to a distinguished intellectual career. Towards the close of the period assigned for his apprenticeship, his health began to experience the insalubrious effects of his occupation. Few stone masons in Scotland attain the age of forty-five years. His lungs became seriously affected, and the stealthy symptoms of consumption made their appearance. He learned to look upon the prospect of early death without dismay. Contemplating, with intense love, the beautiful scenery which surrounds his native town, he loved it the more from the pensive consciousness that his eye might soon close upon it forever. At length, however, his constitution threw off the malady, and he began to experience the exquisite enjoyment of the convalescent.

After working for some time as a journeyman mason, during which period he constantly indulged his passion for composition both in prose and verse, he at length ventured on the publication of a small volume of poems. This encountered the usual fate of the productions of unfledged authorship. It was regarded as the legitimate prey of conceited critics, who fell upon the unhappy writer with the characteristic asperity of the craft. Still, there were not wanting some kindly readers who recognized the merit of the young poet. A favorable review from an accomplished editor in Edinburgh was a source of no small encouragement to the aspiring journeyman mason. His poems, also, made him several warm friends in different circles of society. Among these, was the venerable Principal Baird, a name well known in Scottish letters and philanthropy. He advised the young adventurer in the field



of literature, to quit the North for Edinburgh, promising to afford him every facility for success, and even went so far as to invite him to become a member of his own family, until he should have made a fair trial in the capital. But with the native discretion of the canny Scotchman, he decided to decline the proposal, and trust rather to remunerative employment in working at his trade. He thought, moreover, that he could not enjoy equal opportunities for the cultivation of natural science in a large town, as when plying his mechanical labors in the rural districts of the country.

Though devoted to manual toil, the intellectual craftsman could not but attract attention from the most intelligent and refined persons in the higher walks of life. He frequented the best society in his native town, was courted by people of wealth and cultivation, but was never seduced by their flatteries to neglect the duties of his calling, nor to assume pretensions at variance with the innate modesty of his character. While working on the monuments in the church-yard—a branch of his vocation in which he especially excelled—he was accustomed to receive many visitors, who were attracted to the place by interest in his conversation. The minister of Cromarty would stand beside him for hours together, discussing every sort of subject, from the misdeeds of the Moderate Divines to the views of Isaac Taylor on the corruptions of Christianity, or the possibilities of the future state. Strangers, too, would occasionally make their appearance, desirous of being introduced to the natural curiosities of the district, and more especially its geology; and in this way, mallet in hand, the enterprising Hugh would often have the opportunity of engaging in scientific discussions with men of high position and celebrity. He had, sometimes, also a different, but not less interesting class of visitors. The society of Cromarty included a small but very choice circle of accomplished intellectual ladies—not members, in any respect, of the blue-stocking sisterhood, but well-informed, sensible women, whose acquaintance with the best productions of literature by no means disqualified them for their proper duties as wives and daughters. The whole class was included within Hugh's circle of acquaintance. He used to meet them at delightful tea-parties, and sometimes stole a day from his work to conduct them through the picturesque burn of Ealtrie, or the wild scenes of the Cromarty Hill, or to the fossil deposits of the Lias or old Red Sandstone. Their evening walks would frequently terminate in the place of his labor with the chisel, in the old chapel of St. Regulus, or in the parish burying-ground, near a sweet-

wooded dell known as the Ladies' Walk—closing the toils of the day with a conversation on the last literary novelty, or on some recent discovery among the geological remains of the vicinity.

We are now prepared for a bit of romance in the history of our auto-biographer. He was visited one evening by a female friend, who was accompanied by two ladies, whom he had not seen before—one of them a charming blonde, just entering upon her nineteenth year, but whose small and airy figure and waxen clearness of complexion, gave her the appearance of a beautiful child rather than a grown woman. She seemed to take no notice of the ungainly, dust-besprinkled mechanic in his shirt sleeves, and with a leathern apron; but it afterwards transpired that she made some excuse to gain a nearer look of the person, who had been pointed out to her by some such distinguished name as the Cromarty poet. A few evenings after, he met the same young lady under circumstances a little more favorable to sentiment and romance. Just as the sun was sinking, he was sauntering along one of his favorite walks on the Hill—a tree-skirted glade—enjoying the delightful prospect of the enchanting shores and waters of the Cromarty Frith, when he unexpectedly found himself in her presence. She was sauntering through the wood as leisurely as himself—now and then dipping into a volume in her hand, which had not, however, in the least, the look of a novel, and which proved to be an elaborate essay on Causation. They passed each other, however, without any sign of recognition. As she disappeared, with a quickened pace, from his sight, she reminded him that her presence was in harmony with the picturesque forest and the gorgeous sunset—furnishing a most appropriate figure for a lovely scene. Soon after, he began to meet her at the “æsthetic teas” which he loved to frequent. She proved to be the daughter of a respectable widow lady, who had come to reside at Cromarty, had received a superior education, and at once made good her claims to a place in the highest intellectual circles. Our accomplished mason soon found that she had a turn even for the severer walks of literature, and had formed a habit of composition in the style of the best English models. Her natural shyness rapidly wore away under the attractions of Hugh's intelligent conversation, and they became great friends. He was nearly ten years her senior, had read many more books, and was well qualified to be her intellectual counsellor. She visited him, after some maidenly scruples had been resolved by the sanction of her friends, while working in the church-

yard, and soon became one of his most constant guests. They conversed together on literature, philosophy, and science, always, however, avoiding one subject, namely; "that mysterious affection," as Mr. Miller quaintly expresses it, "which sometimes springs up between persons of opposite sexes, when thrown much together." Love formed the one solitary subject which, from some curious contingency, invariably escaped them. The imperturbable Hugh was not one of the sort of people who fell in love at first sight. He had even made up his mind to live a bachelor life. Still he was not altogether as obdurate as the rocks of his favorite science. In spite of his tough, sinewy Scottish heart, he sometimes indulged in ideal visions. For fourteen or fifteen years, as he tells us, with his inimitable naïveté, "he had often fancied in his solitary walks a female companion by his side, with whom he exchanged many a thought and gave expression to many a feeling, and whose understanding was as vigorous as her taste was faultless and her feelings exquisite." But these visions at length faded into thin air, in the presence of his new-found friend. He had no hope that the feeling would be mutual. He had never prided himself on his good looks. Though in point of strength and activity, he was conscious of his superiority to his fellows, in his personal appearance he felt that he was below the average make. With this lack of faith in his own charms, while he admitted that "Beauty" had made a conquest of the "Beast," he had not the slightest expectation that the Beast would in turn make a conquest of Beauty. His young friend had several admirers, all younger and better dressed than the stalwart mason, and with better prospects in life; but, at last, matters came round; the young people discovered that they were mutually in love; and a conditional engagement took place. It was settled that they should remain three years more in Scotland on the existing terms, and if during that time no suitable field of exertion should open at home, that they should quit the country for America, and share together in a strange land whatever fate might have in store. Nearly two of the three years passed by, and he was still an operative mason. Bright prospects, at last, arose. Upon the establishment of a branch of the Bank of Scotland in his native place, he was offered the situation of accountant. When he received this appointment, he had been working as a mason for fifteen years, including the term of his apprenticeship; he was without experience in financial or mercantile affairs; he had arrived at the thirty-second year of his age; but he determined to make himself master of his new profes-

sion ; and thus, resolution and energy carried the day. Meantime his work on the legendary history of Scotland was issued from the press. It met with a favorable reception both from the public and the critics. At length the seasons passed by : his term of probation for the hand of his intended came to a close ; and, after a courtship of some five anxious years, Hugh Miller became the happiest of men in the possession of his bride.

With marriage came new cares, demanding new foresight. His wife continued to teach a few pupils, as she had heretofore done, but the united earnings of the household scarcely exceeded a hundred pounds per annum ; and he began to cast about for additional resources. After a time, he attempted to turn his leisure hours to some account by writing for the periodicals. His geological researches, however, were not abandoned, the fruits of which attracted the attention of eminent scientific men. The autobiography is brought to a close with the removal of the author to Edinburgh, where he had been induced to take charge of *The Witness* newspaper, and from which point his celebrity in the literary and scientific world may be said to have commenced.

It will be seen from the space we have devoted to this volume, that we regard it as one of special value and significance. We think it is one of the most truly instructive works which have recently been reproduced from the British press. It shows the means by which a self-taught man arose from the obscurity of a mechanical employment to no inconsiderable eminence in the world of science. Hugh Miller was born with a good share of native ability ; acute, sagacious, patient of mental toil, with iron perseverance, cautious, deliberate, and plodding, like the generality of his race ; much addicted to common sense views of things, with no slight touch in his composition of common-place ; a keen observer, but a poor poet, as is proved by his wretched attempts at rhyme in this volume ; without a particle of the subtle fire of genius ; but with great integrity of purpose, simplicity of disposition, and a thirst for excellence. He is not one of those who are great by nature, but he has had greatness thrust upon him. He was fortunate in the accident of his birth, in a locality which presented such valuable materials to his passion for scientific investigation. He was fortunate in making several opportunity and interesting discoveries, which have enrolled his name among the successful cultivators of modern science. Had he been an American instead of a Scotchman, he would have met with fewer obstacles to the gratification of his lauda-

ble ambition. The transition from one sphere of life to another would have been accomplished with far more facility. With the same thirst for intellectual pursuits, he would not have persisted in drudging away so many of his best years in a mechanical occupation. His experience affords, by contrast, a striking illustration of the influence of free political institutions in the development of talent. With the genuine mental ability, which cannot be denied to him, and a little more of the faculty of pushing ahead, indigenous on American soil, the honest stone mason would probably have been in this country a successful schoolmaster, a popular stump-orator, a member of Congress, and perhaps a candidate for the Presidency, before arriving at the age when his ambition was crowned by attaining the editorship of an Edinburgh newspaper.

IN this series of biographical sketches, by an accomplished and pleasing writer, we have a specimen of a class of works that are admirably adapted to promote the diffusion of knowledge, and the education of the people. Without aspiring to the dignity of profound and original research, to the elucidation of comprehensive systems of thought, or to the graces of an imaginative and poetic style, they aim to make well-known truths still more familiar to the masses; to present the facts of history in an attractive light; to bring down the discoveries of science to a level with the common mind; in short, to apply the various resources of literature to the progress of universal culture. This volume is a favorable example of the species of books we allude to. It bears intrinsic marks of having been prepared with conscientious diligence. There is no appearance of superficiality or carelessness in its contents. The style is lucid, forcible, and lively. It often exhibits the delicate lights and shades that betray feminine quickness of perception. Among the "Stars of the New World" whom it worthily commemorates, we find the names of Columbus, Vespuccius, Sir Walter Raleigh, Henry Hudson, Captain John Smith, Captain Miles Standish, Lady Arabella Johnson, and others. The plan of the work strikes us as eminently judicious, and it is carried out in a manner that speaks well both for the skill and the assiduity of the writer.

Morning Stars of the New
World. By H. F. PARKER.
James C. Derby.

TRAVELS.

OF several books of travels which have made their appearance during the past three months, the admirable volumes of *Personal Narrative of Explorations and Incidents in Texas, New Mexico, California, Sonora, and Chihuahua.* By JOHN RUSSELL BARTLETT. D. Appleton & Co. Mr. Commissioner Bartlett fairly bear away the palm. They open a mine of important information in regard to various districts of the frontier country, which have hitherto been but imperfectly explored, but which, in their relations with the United States, are every day increasing in consequence and in interest.

Mr. Bartlett was appointed by President Taylor to the office of Commissioner for the survey of the boundary between the United States and Mexico, in pursuance of the provisions of the treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo, Feb. 2, 1848. He received his letter of appointment in June, 1850, and immediately set to work to organize a party for the accomplishment of the survey, and to procure the necessary outfit for the service. Twenty-five wagons were contracted for in Newark, N. J., including ambulances or spring carriages for the transportation of surveying and astronomical instruments, and for other purposes. Four iron boats, with their equipments, were constructed for the whole party; camp equipage, harness, saddles and bridles, pack saddles, mechanics' tools, fire-arms, were purchased at New York. On the 3d of August, a detachment of the commission sailed from New York for New Orleans and Indianola, Texas. This party, including officers and men, numbered one hundred and five persons, and took provisions for six months. A military escort of eighty-five United States soldiers accompanied the commission. On the 13th of August, the remainder of the commission, including Mr. Bartlett and several other officers, embarked for Havana. From that city they sailed to New Orleans, which they reached on the 23d of August, and after remaining there for a couple of days, embarked for Indianola. Arriving at that city on the 31st, they found the other members of the commission, and immediately engaged in preparations for their journey into the interior. The work was full of difficulty, requiring far more ample arrangements than had been anticipated. The twenty-five wagons brought out were found insufficient to transport the property of the commission. They would do little more than carry the instruments, tents, personal baggage, and camp equipage. One hundred horses and mules had been previously purchased, but they were quite

inadequate for the wants of the party. With these deficiencies, it was decided to proceed to San Antonio, and there complete the outfit for the longer march across the prairies and deserts to El Paso del Norte. The first process was to break the mules, few of which had ever been in harness before. This was done by making them draw logs about for a few days, when they became docile, and could be harnessed to the wagons with safety. The mechanics, meantime, were busy in their various duties. All things being at length ready, Mr. Bartlett, with a part of the commission, started for Victoria on the 5th of September. Here they were delayed for a couple of weeks, and at length took up the line of march for San Antonio, at which city they arrived on the 27th. This was the last place at which supplies could be procured for their long journey of seven hundred miles. After many embarrassments and delays in starting the train, Mr. Bartlett decided to proceed in advance with a small party, leaving the main body to join him at El Paso at a subsequent period. The 10th of October was appointed for the commencement of the journey, but it was not until late in the afternoon that the party was ready to move. The train consisted of six wagons, each drawn by five mules, and a Rockaway carriage drawn by four for the special use of the Commissioner. This was a spacious vehicle, with close sides and windows, capable of being turned, at short notice, into a sleeping place, for which purpose it was used during the whole journey. It was also so liberally stocked with fire-arms, that it might have been called an armory. Bristling with weapons of death, it presented a formidable appearance to any Mexican brigand who might wish to approach it too closely. It also carried a spy-glass, barometer, lantern, and a variety of tools and other articles, which were put in constant requisition on the road. The party generally were mounted on horses or mules; every man was well armed; the officers with Colt's revolvers and a rifle; the mechanics, laborers, cooks, and servants with rifles; the teamsters with pistols or rifles. The train seldom moved faster than a walk. Starting at seven o'clock in the morning, it would make about twenty miles by two o'clock, when the animals were turned out to graze until nightfall.

Nothing of special importance occurred on the route, until reaching the Guadalupe River, on the third day, the party arrived at the log-houses of a small German colony. Among these, the Commissioner was surprised to find one occupied by a gentleman of learning and taste, with a choice library of scientific books around him. His collection was rich in

chemistry and mineralogy, and in other departments of natural science, as well as in history, voyages, and travels; it would have done no discredit to an Atlantic city. His humble cabin was graced with several pictures, including copies from Murillo. This lodge in the wilderness was in the rudest style. It had neither floor nor glass windows. The daylight seemed to come chiefly through the crevices of the logs. The furniture was as primitive as the dwelling. It consisted of a plank table, chairs covered with deer-skin, and a rough platform, on which was spread a bed filled with corn-husks, but destitute of bed-clothes. The walls were covered with books, except one spot; on this were arranged twelve rifles and fowling-pieces of various kinds, with other paraphernalia of a sportsman; while several stately antlers, jutting out from the logs in various places, showed that no powder had been wasted. For want of closets and drawers, these antlers served to hang clothes on. Mr. Bartlett was received by the owner with signal urbanity. He was a person of intelligence, and of a social disposition. The colony had been established for about two years, and was in a highly flourishing condition. Several other German settlements were met with on the way, which showed the pleasing union of primitive simplicity with cultivated tastes.

At length, after a difficult and perilous journey, the mountains of El Paso became visible on the 13th of November, and soon the stars and stripes of the United States flag were seen curling in the breeze, at the military station of El Paso del Norte. The whole route had been accomplished in thirty-three days, including a detention of six days on the way,—a distance of about 635 miles.

In regard to the general character of the route, Mr. Bartlett observes that from Indianola to San Antonio there is an excellent road, with wood, water, and grass in abundance, for the greater part of the way. The soil has great agricultural capacities. From San Antonio to Fredericksburgh, the road is stony for a considerable distance; the remainder is smooth; and the soil excellent. On the great table land of Texas, there is little rain and a poor soil. On leaving the head waters of the Concho, nature assumes a new aspect. Here trees and shrubs disappear, except the thorny chapparal of the deserts. The water-courses all cease, nor does any stream intervene before reaching the Rio Grande. At the head waters, those of the Concho, begins that vast desert region, which, with no interruption but a narrow valley along the Rio Grande, and lesser ones near the smaller streams, extends

over a space of about a thousand miles, and is wholly unfit for agriculture. Destitute of forests, except in the depths and gorges of the higher mountains or on their summits, it is a barren, desolate waste, and can never be rendered useful for man or beast, except as a public highway.

We will not follow Mr. Bartlett any further in his various tours and explorations, undertaken in pursuance of the purposes of his mission. He travels from El Paso to the Copper Mines in the Rocky Mountains, near the Rio Gila, makes numerous excursions in Sonora and California, and visits different Mexican provinces, embracing an extent of nearly five thousand miles by land. His volumes contain a mass of information in regard to the aboriginal tribes, various branches of natural history, and the general position and character of the localities which he visited. The style of his work is a model of descriptive writing. Simple, unambitious, quiet, and in racy, idiomatic terms, it presents a lucid and animated narrative of the exciting incidents which diversified his journeys, as well as of the scientific facts which it comes in his way to mention. The account of the technical operations, for the survey of the boundary, is given in as intelligible a manner as was admitted by the subject, and will be found of interest by the general as well as the professional reader.

ON a theme which has been copiously treated by the delightful pen of Washington Irving, a new publication at first blush must be regarded as a superfluity. There is, however, a natural freshness and fervor in this simple narrative, which at once awakens a prepossession in favor of the writer. We follow him through his minute descriptions of incidents within his own experience, as we listen to the conversation of a warm-hearted, unaffected, and intelligent traveller. Mr. Franchere is a French Canadian, who accompanied the early expeditions to the North West Coast, under the direction of John Jacob Astor; evidently a man of acute observation and vigorous understanding; he writes with a remarkable air of verisimilitude; and his statements throw light on many points of the portion of American colonial history to which it is devoted.

WITH the exception of frequent allusions to private, personal feelings, in which the majority of readers cannot be expected to take any interest, and which are always out of

Narrative of a Voyage to the Northwest Coast of America, in the years 1811, 1812, 1813, and 1814. By GABRIEL FRANCHERE. Translated and Edited by G. V. HUNTINGTON. Redfield.

place in descriptive composition, this volume is an admirable record of adventures, and will serve to increase the reputa-

Melbourne and the Chin-
cha Islands. By GEORGE
W. PECK. Charles
Scribner.

tion of its author as a lively, forcible, and graphic writer. Mr. Peck has been a favorite contributor to several American periodicals. He has the command of a natural and effective style. He is

sometimes extravagant, but never dull. With a keen eye for the ludicrous he combines a love of contemplation, which, however, he often indulges to excess, running off into a vein of pensive sentiment. His forte is decidedly narrative. He tells a story well. No comic feature escapes him, in describing a scene or an incident. He has a sturdy common-sense, too, which is by no means an inconvenient element in union with his other qualities.

The volume now brought out, is devoted to an account of Melbourne as seen by the writer in 1853, together with copious sketches of Lima and the Chincha Islands. His details on the great agricultural products of these islands, contain much novel information. To many readers, they will form the most valuable portion of the book, although more amusement is doubtless to be found in his racy sketches of society and manners in Melbourne and Lima. The islands, at present, are under the administration of a Hungarian adventurer, styling himself Kossuth, who, getting sick of farming with Ujhazy's colony in Iowa, entered the Peruvian service, and at length obtained the post of Governor of the Chinchas. Mr. Peck found an odd fish in this functionary. He was soldier-like in appearance, with big, red moustaches, a formidable expression of countenance, and full of life, and display, and shrewdness, and oaths, and broken English. His palace is a large, flat-roofed shanty, constructed of rough boards, canes, and coarse rush matting. It has two apartments, one of them a store-room, and the other the bed-chamber and dining-room of Governor Kossuth and his aids. It contains three or four cot beds, an old table and working-desk, and is decorated with a few newspapers, colored lithographs, and old German plans of the battles of Frederick the Great. Over Kossuth's couch, are some cheap, single-barrel pistols: the floor is guano. Here Kossuth sits in state, arranging the loading of cargoes, deciding on the turn of the captains, who are waiting his nod, and not without bribes.

The Chincha islands are covered with guano. It lies in the form of high, smooth, rounded hills, following the inequalities of the underlying rock. That it is produced by birds

and seals, there can be no doubt. Every part of it abounds with the remains of them. Eggs, and wing-bones of birds, and canine teeth of sea-lions, changed to ammonia, are cut out where the guano is deepest, a hundred and fifty feet below the surface. Buried in the guano, also at great depths, are fragments of granite, not water-worn, but freshly fractured, like fragments thrown off in blasting and chipping. There is nothing to prevent the supposition, that the whole deposit may have been formed long since the building of the Pyramids of the Nile, except the granite fragments and the water-worn valleys. These are a puzzler, for which our tourist cannot satisfactorily account.

Mr. Peck makes several striking statements in regard to the hardships and oppressions endured by the Chinese laborers, who are employed in digging guano. They are subject to a system of the worst kind of slavery. Brought to Peru by English ships, from the free ports of China, they are transferred by contract to the Peruvian Government, which exercises over them a perfectly despotic authority. Their labor is severe and damaging; they have no intervals of rest; no protection in the laws; no power to obtain the pittance promised for their toil; most of them go nearly naked; none have more clothing than suffices to cover them; they live and feed like dogs; are exposed constantly to the lash of hideous black drivers, a race forming a link between men and devils; there are no women among them; no sound of recreation; nothing to alleviate their desperate toil. They are surrounded by free men; they have been free themselves; they were not born in slavery; but they are in fact slaves, without protection, rights, or privileges—mere beasts of burden, chained to the crushing car of Mammon.

Leaving the Chinchas, with their guano, their Chinese serfs, and their hot business competition, Mr. Peck passed some time in the capital of Peru, the peculiar customs of which he delineates with a free pen, occasionally, perhaps, a little overstepping the bounds of propriety in his high-colored pictures.

ALTHOUGH a posthumous work of its lamented author, and published without the advantage of revision by his severe critical taste, this volume is by no means discreditable to his reputation, and will receive a warm greeting from his numerous friends. It is devoted to a record of his impressions of Greece and a portion of Turkey, and is

Greece and the Golden
Horn. By STEPHEN
OLIN. J. C. Derby.

marked by the scrupulous fidelity of statement, the intelligent comments, and the lucidity of expression which favorably distinguish all of Dr. Olin's descriptive works.

WRITTEN by a daughter of the celebrated William and Mary Howitt, this volume consists of letters to her friends at home during a temporary residence at Munich, for the purpose of artistic study. They record the beautiful and happy experiences which the writer deems to belong to a peculiarly poetical chapter in the life of a woman studying Art. She went to Munich in the year 1850, accompanied by a female friend who shared her studies and her enthusiasm. Succeeding in becoming a pupil of the celebrated Kaulbach, she devoted herself to the attainment of excellence in her chosen pursuit, and at the same time faithfully recorded her varied experiences and impressions in letters that are now gathered into a volume. Her descriptions are lively, indeed, often exuberant with an excess of delight, but on the whole, afford many interesting notices of Art and artists in Munich. The fragmentary character of the work, with its too great impulsiveness of feeling, is the chief drawback to the pleasure with which we have perused the greater portion of its contents.

IN this work, we have another collection of American sketches, which in the hands of several previous writers have attained such a deserved popularity with all classes of readers. The tour, of which this volume is a record, extended through a part of the region in the northern counties of this State, that includes some of the wildest and most romantic natural scenery of which our country can boast. Living several weeks in the woods, along the streams, and on the lakes of that magnificent locality, the author during that time scarcely saw the face of a white man, and enjoyed in their full perfection, the sylvan charms of the "forest primeval." He is a keen sportsman, a sagacious observer, and a graphic writer. His book will prove highly attractive to summer adventurers in pursuit of recreation, beautiful scenery, and cool weather; nor will it be read with much less unction by those who are "in populous cities pent" during the dog-days, reminding them as it does, by forcible contrast, of breezy hill-sides, luxuriant wildernesses, and the tread of the stately deer in their native woods.

Hills, Lakes, and Forest Streams, by S. H. HAMMOND. J. C. Derby.

PHILOSOPHY.

ALTHOUGH the profound study of philosophy has become almost a reminiscence, in the heat and pressure of political and commercial interests, there will not be wanting readers to welcome and enjoy the admirable summary given in this volume by M. Cousin of his philosophical principles. There is no work, in the interests of pure speculation, which more fully embodies the fruits of the great intellectual movement of the last half-century; and we are glad, on this account, to find it in a translation which may be regarded as a fair, though not by any means a perfectly adequate reproduction of the original. M. Cousin protests against identifying his system of doctrine with the method of Eclecticism. Not that he repudiates the name which has been attached to his philosophy. Eclecticism, he admits, is dear to him, as it is the light of the history of philosophy; but the source of that light is elsewhere. The doctrine which is claimed for his own by Cousin, is spiritualism—that philosophy which began with Socrates and Plato, which the Gospel has spread abroad in the world, which Descartes put under the severe forms of modern genius, which in the seventeenth century was one of the springs of the glory and strength of France, which perished with the national greatness in the eighteenth century, which at the commencement of the present century was reëstablished in public instruction by M. Royer Collard, in literature by Chateaubriand and Madame de Stael, and in art by M. Quatremere de Quincy. The characteristic of this system is the supremacy of the spirit over the senses. It teaches the spirituality of the human soul, the law of moral obligation, the dignity of justice, and the beauty of virtue; while beyond the limits of this world it reveals a God, the author and type of humanity, who having created man in his own image, will not abandon him in the mysterious development of his destiny. This philosophy is the natural ally of every good cause. It sustains religious sentiment—it is the noblest inspiration of Art, poetry, and literature—it is the advocate of political justice, of social progress, of the highest culture and elevation of humanity.

The three great elements of the spiritual philosophy, the Good, the Beautiful, and the True, are unfolded in this volume in a systematic form. In the course of its discussions, the leading questions of modern speculation are fully considered.

Lectures on the True, the Beautiful, and the Good. By M. VICTOR COUSIN. Translated by O. W. WRIGHT. D. Appleton & Co.

Whatever value may be attached by the competent thinker to the peculiar reasonings and conclusions of M. Cousin himself, no one can deny the eminent significance of his work as a contribution to the history of philosophy in modern times. In our opinion, this is its chief importance. It contains little, if anything, that is positively original. Cousin is not a creator in the realms of thought. But its singularly lucid statements of central principles, its acute analyses of celebrated systems, and its masterly illustrations of abstract conceptions, render it one of the most truly serviceable books that can be placed in the hands of the philosophical student. We apprehend even, that Cousin often fails to perceive the comprehensive applications of his own ideas; with all his apparent reach of thought, he is deficient in breadth; and his career is often thwarted by a native intellectual timidity; but then he puts the student on the right track, opens to his gaze the most inviting prospects, quickens his mind by frequent suggestions, though he does not communicate an exhaustive theory, and arms him with a method that is fruitful of consequences in the discovery of truth.

As regards the positive contents of M. Cousin's own system, it is sufficient to observe, that in accordance with Reid and Kant, or at least with the spirit of their teachings, he considers reason as the faculty of the True, the Beautiful, and the Good. At first, reason is enveloped in the exercise of the senses—then it ascends to universal and necessary ideas—and finally rises to the contemplation of their principle, in a Being infinite, and at the same time real and substantial, whose existence it conceives, but whose nature it cannot penetrate nor comprehend. The only means by which we can approach the Being of beings, is by a divine intermediary—by the study and love of the True, the contemplation and reproduction of the Beautiful, and the practice of the Good. At the same time, sentiment is as truly an innate feature of humanity as reason. The nobility of sentiment makes the nobility of thought. Enthusiasm is the principle of great works as well as of great actions. Man is as great by the heart as by reason. It is the love of the Beautiful in itself, which inspires the immortal master-pieces of art. In order to give life to the canvas, to the marble, to speech, the artist or orator must glow with a rich and warm vitality. It is the heart mingled with logic, that makes true eloquence. It is the heart mingled with imagination that makes true poetry. The religious system of M. Cousin is no less simple than his theory of ethics and art. From sentiment, it borrows a personal God, and

from reason, a necessary, eternal, infinite God. It neither absorbs God in the world, nor the world in God, but places before humanity for its worship and love, a God who is both absolute unity and unity multiplied, supreme intelligence and supreme truth, sovereign justice, and sovereign goodness.

We do not believe that the lover of complete, symmetrical theories will be fully satisfied with what Cousin regards as his expositions of absolute truth; but as a useful breakwater against the prevailing flood of materialism, their importance can scarcely be too highly estimated; while at the same time, they afford a wholesome induction into the sphere of the Ideal.

FICTION.

A QUIET story of New England life in the years gone by, is related in this volume, which is reprinted from *Putnam's*

Wensley. A Story Without a Moral. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.

Magazine, without the name of the author. Without the excitements of a "thrilling plot," or of high-colored descriptive scenes, it wins upon the interest of the reader by its fine delineations of character, and a certain demure humor which pervades its pages.

The interior of a country parsonage, to which a wild Cambridge student has been exiled for a breathing spell from scholastic pranks, suggests the materials of the story; and they are wrought up with an unpretending skill that is rare in these days of ostentatious writing.

AMONG the younger class of American writers, Mr. Shelton has acquired a sound and brilliant reputation for the

Crystalline; Or the Heiress of Fall Down Castle. A Romance. By F. W. SHELTON. Charles Scribner.

graphic vigor of his pen, his sweet, salient wit, his command of the pathetic, and the perennial spirit of tender humanity, which softens his boldest dashes after the humorous. His writings are all animated by a genuine love of moral

beauty—with nothing like Phariseism or mawkish sentiment—they appeal to the better feelings of our nature, and touch the heart while they charm the imagination. "Crystalline" is founded on the ancient legend of the Thieving Magpie, but it shows that it has passed through the mint of the writer's mind, and has all the freshness and lustre of originality. The volume closes with another brief domestic story, admirably told, entitled "Clarence."

MISCELLANEOUS.

THIS is a novelty in American literature. It is reproduced from an elaborate work by a Professor in the University of Norway, intended to present a complete view of the Popular Life of the Northmen in Heathendom. The contents of this volume are devoted to an exposition of their religious system, which is set forth with clearness, and in an attractive style. Several valuable introductory chapters on Scandinavian literature have been added by the translator, who is to be congratulated on his successful foray into a field of letters, which has hitherto been almost unexplored by American students.

The Religion of the Northmen. By RUDOLPH KEYSER. Translated by BARCLAY PENNOCK. Charles B. Norton.

THE important contributions of the Superintendent of Common Schools in Connecticut to the cause of education are here brought out in a new edition. The first-named work contains the result of observations made during an extensive tour in Europe, on two different occasions, sustained by a great variety of original documents. Its value as an educational treatise can scarcely be overestimated. The second work cannot fail to gain attention from judicious teachers and School Committees.

1. National Education in Europe. 2. School Architecture. By HENRY BARNARD. Charles B. Norton.

JUST PUBLISHED, A General Index to Periodical Literature,

BY
W. F. POOLE, A. B.

LIBRARIAN OF THE BOSTON MERCANTILE ASSOCIATION,

*Being a complete Key to the Contents of the following, among other
Series of Standard Periodicals.*

Edinburgh Review,	Democratic Review,	Walsh's American Review,
London Quarterly Review,	American Monthly Review,	American Eclectic,
Foreign Quarterly Review,	Mass. Quarterly Review,	Eclectic Museum,
Westminster Review,	Brownson's Quarterly Review,	Eclectic Magazine,
North British Review,	Southern Literary Messenger,	Bibliotheca Sacra
British Quarterly Review,	Southern Literary Journal,	Christian Examiner,
Retropective Review,	American Literary Magazine,	Christian Disciple,
Monthly Review,	Littell's Living Age,	Christian Review,
Foreign Review,	Museum of For. Literature,	New Englander,
Edinburgh Monthly Review,	American Journal of Science,	Methodist Quarterly Review,
Pamphleteer,	Hunt's Merchant's Magazine,	Princeton Review,
Blackwood's Magazine,	Dellow's Comm. Review,	American Biblical Repository,
Fraser's Magazine,	Knickerbocker Magazine,	Church Review,
Dublin University Magazine,	New England Magazine,	American Quarterly Observer,
North American Review,	Analgetic Magazine,	Lit. and Theological Review,
American Quarterly Review,	Niles's Register,	Mon. and Quar. Chr. Spectator,
New York Review,	United States Lit. Gazette,	Spirit of the Pilgrims,
Southern Review,	Carey's American Museum,	Lord's Theological Review,
American (Whig) Review,	American Almanac,	

Each of these volumes—some fifteen hundred in number—has been carefully indexed by an examination of each article, and reference has been made, *under the subject of which the article treats*. The whole is arranged alphabetically, so that by turning to any subject the periodical, the volume, and the page where it has been discussed, can be immediately ascertained.

An important feature of the work has been to give, with the reference to an article, *the name of the writer*. This was an undertaking attended with no little difficulty; yet the work will contain the names of the authors of many thousand articles that were contributed anonymously to the leading Reviews and Magazines, and in several series—one of which is the North American Review—the writer's name of every article will be given.

The Index is brought down to January, 1852, and is an indispensable book of reference to every student and literary man. Complete in 1 vol. 8vo., of about 600 pages. \$6.

Orders for the above work should be sent in at once to the publisher,

C. B. NORTON,

71 Chambers st. (Irving House),

NEW YORK.

THE
NEW YORK QUARTERLY.

This Work is designed to supply America with that class of literature which the best British journals have for a long time afforded England. It will treat of such subjects as are of interest to every member of the country, as those subjects are conceived of by our enlightened statesmen and able scholars.

It will be its constant endeavor to foster a noble nationality in Literature and Art; and we are convinced that a well-conducted Quarterly can do much to infuse into the popular mind those high and just views of education which are essential to the development of our institutions.

As powerful as our commercial nationality has already become, so powerful shall it be the object of this work to render our nationality in letters and art. Every subject suited to advance the American mind, every theory calculated to have a wide bearing on the future destinies of our prosperous country, shall herein find ample space for discussion.

We invite the statesmen who would promote a noble endeavor to diffuse knowledge of a superior order among the citizens of our common country—divines, who would see our people developed in mind, that they may rationally conceive of highest truths—scholars, who would extend a broader and more genuine culture—to contribute to our liberal pages.

The Review will be strictly composed of original productions, and each number will contain a brief sketch of contemporary literature, and a scientific summary, recapitulating the most important discoveries throughout the world during the quarter.

3
TERMS.—\$3 per Annum, single copies.

THE
NEW YORK
QUARTERLY,

DEVOTED TO
SCIENCE, PHILOSOPHY, AND LITERATURE.

VOL III.—No. 3.

OCTOBER, 1854.

NEW YORK:
PUBLISHER, D. D. WINANT,
APPLETON BUILDINGS, Nos. 346 & 348 BROADWAY.
LONDON: TRUBNER & CO.

Valuable Theological Works,

PUBLISHED AND FOR SALE BY

W. F. DRAPER.

ANDOVER, Mass.

BIBLIOTHECA SACRA AND AMERICAN BIBLICAL REPOSITORY.

Terms, \$3,00 per annum in advance. A few complete sets at reduced prices.

HISTORICAL DEVELOPMENT OF SPECULATIVE PHILOSOPHY,

FROM KANT TO HEGEL. From the German of Dr. H. M. Chalybäus.

1 vol. 12mo. \$1,25.

COMMENTARY ON THE EPISTLE TO THE ROMANS. By Prof. M.

Stuart. Third edition. 1 vol. 8vo. \$2,25.

OUTLINES OF SYSTEMATIC RHETORIC. From the German of Dr.

Francis Theremin, by W. G. T. Shedd, Professor at Andover. New edition.

75 cents.

VENEMA'S INSTITUTES OF THEOLOGY. Translated by Rev. A. W.

Brown, Edinburgh. 8vo. pp. 532. Fine edition. \$1,50.

RUSSELL'S PULPIT ELOCUTION, comprising Remarks on the Effect of

Manner in Public Discourse; the Elements of Elocution applied to the

Reading of the Scriptures, Hymns and Sermons; with Observations on

the Principles of Gesture; and a Selection of Exercises in Reading and

Speaking. With an Introduction by Prof. E. A. Park and Rev. E. N. Kirk.

12mo, pp. 413. Second edition. Price, \$1,00.

EDWARDS'S CELEBRATED TREATISE ON THE WILL. 12mo. pp.

432. \$1,00.

ERSKINE ON THE INTERNAL EVIDENCE FOR THE TRUTH OF

REVEALED RELIGION. Third American, from the fifth enlarged Edinburgh

edition. 16mo, pp. 139. 50 cents.

PROF. PARK'S DISCOURSE AT THE FUNERAL OF PROF. STUART.

20 cents.

PROF. PARK'S DISCOURSE AT THE FUNERAL OF PROF. ED-

WARDS. 20 cents.

THE ANGEL OVER THE RIGHT SHOULDER. By the author of "Sunny

Side." New edition. Ninth thousand. Paper, 12 cents; Cloth, 20 cents.

C O N T E N T S

OF

No. III.

<u>ARTICLE</u>	<u>PAGE</u>
<u>I. ABOLITIONISM IN AMERICA, ...</u>	<u>315</u>
<u>II. THE CHURCH IN RUSSIA, ...</u>	<u>332</u>
<u>III. SPARTA AND THE DORIANS, ...</u>	<u>355</u>
<u>IV. MEMOIRS OF ABERNETHY, ...</u>	<u>389</u>
<u>V. PAULI'S ENGLAND, ...</u>	<u>407</u>
<u>VI. GIULIA GRISI, ...</u>	<u>431</u>
<u>VII. UNITY OF THE WORLD—MAN'S PLACE IN THE CREATION, ...</u>	<u>435</u>
<u>VIII. CONTEMPORARY LITERATURE OF THE LAST THREE MONTHS.</u>	
<u>1. History of the United States. By GEORGE BANCROFT. Vol. VI. Boston: Chas. C. Little & James Brown, ...</u>	<u>468</u>
<u>2. Sketches of the Lives and Judicial Services of the Chief Justices of the Supreme Court of the United States. By GEO. VAN SANTVOORD. Chas. Scribner, ...</u>	<u>478</u>
<u>3. Fifty Years in both Hemispheres. By VINCENT NOLTE. Translated from the German. Redfield, ...</u>	<u>479</u>

THE
NEW-YORK QUARTERLY.

OCTOBER, 1854.

ABOLITIONISM IN AMERICA.

As a nation we are leagued in a peculiar manner with an interest which conflicts in the bosom of the common country. Though Washington declared "that it was among his first wishes to see some plan adopted by which slavery may be abolished by law;" and John Adams said, that "consenting to slavery is a sacrilegious breach of trust;" though John Jay organized the Abolition Society of New-York, of which Alexander Hamilton was a member, and Jefferson, Henry, and Pinckney were other names on the list of then-called Abolitionists; in their time the spirit of the controversy was untried. Now the case is widely different, when the whole South are filled with disgust at the proceedings of modern Abolitionists, rendering disgraceful the name the fathers of the country assumed, disgracing all who hold honorable wishes to benefit the African, tempting many to deny their healthy sentiments, lest the justly enraged South brand them with a fanatic's disgrace.

While the great names above cited held their sentiments, bargains were enforced by the South. John Rutledge said, If the Convention thinks North-Carolina, South-Carolina, and Georgia will ever agree to the Federal Constitution, unless their right to import slaves is untouched, the expectation is vain; and thus Congress were restrained until 1808 from the prohibition of the foreign slave-trade. I found, says Luther Martin, that the eastern members, notwithstanding their aversion to slavery, were very willing to indulge the Southern States at least with a temporary liberty to prosecute the slave-trade, provided the Southern States would, in their turn, gratify them by laying no restriction on navigation acts.

If the wise fathers whom Abolitionism quotes, thought it so

desirable to form the Union as to admit so grievous a feature as slavery within its protection, is that Union, cemented by so many years of unexampled prosperity, of so little value to us as to be foregone rather than still compromise the difficulty in which our wise fathers were lenient? For one, I can but believe that much of our present troubles spring from the indiscretion of the Abolitionists. The last fugitive-slave act, but for their ill-digested scheme, would never have been demanded, the Nebraska bill never have been presented, and slavery, instead of affecting to occupy the territories and raising its front over our future, would have receded from the sands of the Middle States, and unanimity and harmony prevailed between the benefactors of the North and the conservatives of the South, in devising means by the aids of wise providences to free the slaves.

When we impartially review the past, and see the ends so far receding from the means as yet employed in this question, we are at a loss to see what Abolitionism has gained. Were we asked to define the term, we fear we should find it too much like most words ending in *ism*, a term applied to a certain or uncertain movement, the aims of which, and means of accomplishing ends have not been defined. The party which is meant throughout this paper wished to have slavery in the United States abolished; but in what way history will be puzzled to learn from their proceedings. They declared it immoral, unchristian, by every withering and merciless denunciation. In their charity for the slave, they were impelled to hunt the master with the savagery of a bloodhound. They incited the slave against his master; they induced him to run away; they stole him; they advocated amalgamation.

As in all partisan movements, so in this, there were wise and good men who had defined in their own minds the wish to free the slave from bondage, and the country from slavery, yet who were not ready to live with the blacks on terms of equality, or to incite the slave against his master; who would bring about their object by colonization, yet they had not settled definitively the means of its accomplishment.

Free-Soilism has for its object to prevent the spread of slavery in the United States. This may be dated back to the early history of the Confederation, though it did not receive its name until a much later period. On all these questions, as on Temperance and Free-Masonry, old parties have been divided and new ones formed, again to be subdivided and sundered.

Wilberforce, in England, made his voice heard in opposition to the African slave-trade; England abolished slavery within

her own dominions; America nobly denounced the slave traffic; Massachusetts, in her colonial laws, refused to sanction inherited servitude. By wise legislation the New-England States abolished the laws which in any way sanctioned slavery in their borders. We have done all that England has, while she has not outraged all history in any abolition Quixotism.

For the mother country to abolish slavery in her colonies is widely different from the attempts of sovereign States to abolish it in States as sovereign as themselves. For England to abolish it in her own dominions was widely different from our interferences with institutions which our Constitution protects. We have done little at colonization compared with England, nor have her examples always afforded flattering precedents.

Much would I say, but I would speak with my readers, not write to them; for then I could speak to them in a manner I can not on paper. I should not be in fear of that neglect of a press that praises for a price, or of that of a press-ridden people who dare receive nothing unless it has been praised by its sapient tongue. Eclecticism is seldom admired save by those genuine thinkers who can tell that a patch is red if it chance to be found among those labelled blue. Partisans are forestalled by principles, and ignore the existence of every thing not within their prescribed pale. Parties cling to their cause espoused as though they had foresworn a blindness to the merits of every other. The press of the nineteenth century, in our Republic, pays a splendid tribute to our people by following instead of leading public opinion; so, if it call up blushes by its neglect, or damn by faint praise, it is understood that if the intelligent public or the British press have commended, they have not heard of it. Thus we are made to feel proud of our citizenship, and content with obscurity, where notoriety is the offspring of sycophancy, reputation scarcely held by a better or worse tenure.

I would have my countrymen think for themselves, judge for themselves. They may not with safety depend on the judgment of writers of any class. Few of our most far-sighted men write at all, or at least it is with difficulty they are induced to write. The case in our own is different from what it was in former times when learning was confined to the cloister, and there were no or few means of inter-communication between different countries. I would see America a nation of right-thinking people, not governed by sentiments of foreigners, who are almost of necessity ignorant of the life-springs of our institutions; no followers of quacks in science or literature. I would have them value literature at its just rate, not blind devotees.

subscribing to every pretension it may urge, however preposterous. Nor would I be understood to undervalue letters. If I seem for a moment to do so, it is because I value most highly manliness of thought and sentiment. What are the springs whence science and literature draw their nutriment? Where but from the universe spread before our eyes to-day, as of old it was before the Chaldeans in the heavens, the Greeks in beauty, Cuvier in the animal kingdom, the apostles and prophets in heavenly regions, open to-day to devout searchers after truth? With such associations, letters are honored in serving mankind as aids to understand the universe in which we are placed; so are many names through all time honored, ancient as well as modern. In former times books were serious things to profit the reader and draw reverence on the head of the author. In this nineteenth century, in times of wide-spread intelligence, convenient travel, and general diffusion of knowledge, conversation has assumed a dignity which in those was reserved for books. In those, to teach through the means of the press was considered sacred, becoming a priestly office; in these, the wildest speculator is, possibly, no more interested in gain than publishers are, barely more than many authors. But this alone would not invalidate the usefulness of modern books. Think not I speak without authority. I could startle you with narrating an instance told me by one of the largest publishing houses in America, of requesting an author to re-write an account of his stay on a certain mission. In vain it was replied, the account is true. The publisher had the—call it what you please—to send the author away with his manuscript with directions to make it saleable, and the author, the craven dishonesty, in compliance with the request, to return it, manufactured to order. Think how we must lessen our reverence for types when public sentiment is so lenient as to have given birth to one such instance, setting aside the almost universal mercantile spirit of publishers, and the sycophancy of too many writers. A true history, a pure poem, an honest biography, if the subject be worthy of one; a chaste narrative, noble sentiments, pure logic, all science, all statistics, are to be revered, and an immortality of gratitude is the noble author's just reward; while infamy no less durable should attend all authors and publishers who belittle public sentiment, pervert the reason of the public, instill insidious thoughts, encourage depraved tastes. To think rightly is noble; to think wrongly may not be culpable in the individual, but devilish in its effects. If Sydney Smith intended a witticism in asking who reads an American book, certainly no successor of his will ever ask who writes one. I would see

noble authors revered, but I would no longer see book-making mania fostered by penny-a-liner paragraph-writers, abusers of policies who have not the mind to comprehend their utility, perverters of facts regarding existing states of things between our own and foreign governments—Jack Ketches, who fancy no one sees behind the scenes—ranters, who wag their tongues in vociferation to tell you they have coined their brains into logic. Still, I would say nothing but what would cause you more to reverence those who, induced by love of truth, impelled by poverty, it may be, to work those noble mines of intellect which often lie buried beneath a weight of prosperity—indignant at all falsehood and false pretension—see what a people need, and spare neither time nor labor to exert themselves in their service; or those who are impelled to speak out what labors within them. If such are authors, and such in past times they were, who and what are they who have never thought of what was needed, or much less of what they were competent to give, but impelled by a grosser vanity than ever Narcissus pined to a shadow for, load their admirers with a provender as useless for nutriment as their own shallow reason to serve the purpose of logic?

We would have the press, that true exponent of popular opinion, wield an influence for noble ends by examining both sides of a question, and becoming a medium of truth to a widespread, great, active, onward, and upward people. In its history, yet to be written, see to it that in her impartial scales, filibustering, spiritualism, witchcraft, have not been fostered at its door. What a story would not a truthful history of the press present! What revolutionary germs fostered! What fruitless agitations! What noble appeals! What ignorance and what knowledge contribute to its influence! The fulcrum that moves the popular will, sends out hordes to the mines, to new territories, infuses a love of liberty and learning, builds up demagogues and quacks, fosters vicious literature, praises for a price, teaches the people to love the beautiful, the noble, spreads terror among the minority. Fortune's minion gives a push to the declining, drowns the drowning. Its heart in the pockets of the rich, its lip on the dear interests of the people. A monster of vice and virtue, a Babel representing every interest. The wisdom of the nation must choose between its agitations. To them all things return, argue in what circle we may; the good sense of the people, their honesty, their integrity, must set all right. No censorship but this, no leaven. They take cognizance of Abolitionism, Mormonism, Spiritualism and their exponents—thought by their editors or those who pay them, quintessences of wisdom—and the rolls of

the Sybils of isms are consigned to oblivion. Yet the people, like childhood, are facile to impressions of good or evil, and need to hear voices from the calm heart of contemplative wisdom, or the oracles of false prophets prevail. We must have these voices through pamphlets, books, and the daily press. The times call for them. The country's interests demand them. This is our faith in the people. As surely as the soul has an echo for melody, a response for beauty, so surely is there an echo in the people's hearts for the clear calm voice of wisdom.

Our country is rich in genuine philanthropy; rich in wealth, that is lavished with beneficent prodigality; rich in large-thoughted men, in wide-spread intelligence; rich in mechanical skill, in manufacture, and merchandise; rich and prosperous in those things which depend on individual labor exerted on behalf of self and kindred; while our multiplicity of interests, the sugar growing South, the extensive commerce of the Middle States, the manufactures of the North, the agriculture extending throughout our domain, our variety of country and climate, render strong and almost violent motives necessary to concentrate the interest of all interests in one; so that none but an enthusiast would look among us for the patriotism of the small states of antiquity. On the same principles our plentifulness of demagogues may be accounted for, and our dearth of great statesmen. Among so many interests it is difficult for the representative to bring his immediate constituents' interests into consistency with the public weal. Here many reflections come up respecting the consideration due from one interest to that of another, binding all in bond of common country. As each State delegates a portion of its sovereignty to the general government, so must our growing and conflicting interests forego something of the concrete for the aggregate. A wide-spread people like ours, made up of all the nations of the globe, holding lands under every zone, rife with every species of intelligence, interested in every subject of industry and art, science and philosophy, are seldom a people of intense nationality. Not wanting in it for the reason that high art is divested of it being above time and clime, but because in ordinary times diverse sectional interests and monopolies conflict and preponderate. Let the soil on which our houses are founded, the laws to which through centuries our forefathers have become attached, our public institutions, our existence as a people be endangered, and a Demosthenes has only to go through the exordium of his philippic to rouse the slumbering people. But our homes, our penates are not in danger; the lion-hearted people may calmly pursue their toils; the breeze

from Nebraska that ruffled the wave, shook in the shoulder of the sail, has blown itself to tranquillity, and a wiser people are beginning to learn that as often as they invoke a certain dark spirit, signs of dire portent disturb the political horizon.

But while I write, many of the fine spirits of the land are gathered at Saratoga in contemplation of the repeal of the Nebraska bill. I will not assume to speak of the future, but looking as I do on the movement with an inherited love of country, yet with no lack of good will toward the enslaved African—looking on the beneficent interest felt for him as one thing, and a constant agitation of the slave question in such a manner as to mark distinct lines between Northern and Southern interests, a course against which, we are so wisely cautioned by Washington, as wholly another, I am vexed what to say of the matter. I feel that we are placed toward the South in relations similar to an individual who has so conducted himself as to have lost the confidence of those with whom he has dealings, and having demanded what he was not entitled to, or what he was, in a manner to which he had no right, must perchance submit to irascibility when he in a proper manner demands his own. Had we no concern in the past conduct of the abolitionists, our case would be different. However true it may be that those worthy people who now head the opposition to the Nebraska bill never had any part in the movements of the now-called fanatical Abolitionists of the past, the South can with difficulty be made to feel it. Certain it is, that this that I now write comes nearer an attempt to disapprove of their course, than any thing I have seen from a Northern pen. And our silence has been construed against us. Free-soilers may well feel that to prevent the introduction of slavery in the territories, a thing decided to be constitutional by many of the expounders of its great principles, through deliberate acts of legislation, is far different from, and not for a moment to be confounded with, any attempts at illegal interference with the municipal regulations of sister States, or any ill-digested schemes in opposition to their constitutional rights. It is so. If you disclaim the latter, disclaim it openly, that the South may see that you are not to be confounded in its disrespect with abolitionists of the past. Still we have given the advantage. We at the North are responsible for the abolition movement. The South so hold us, and if it be in their power, will make us rue it. If we could look on supinely and see the abolitionists interfering in an unlicensed manner with the interests of the South, they can dispute by inches their territorial claims, and they will. The abolition question is with us no longer a question of humanity. It is a state question. The North

have been led on by a subservient press or encouraged by its silence. Their movement either had no head, or was like the beast in fable, hundred-headed. I would not be unjust toward their pretensions. But if horrible crimes have ever been perpetrated in the false name of religion, I believe that the clear history of Northern abolitionism would reveal a hydra fanaticism in the blessed garb of heavenly humanity, as clearly as damnable hypocrisy was ever found beneath a Jesuit's cowl in the name of meek religion. Nor would I in my remarks on letters and the press, be thought to undervalue the nobility of one or the true position of the other; but if law in the time of Jeffries was ever made subservient to the interests of the king, letters, in form of books, pamphlets, and newspapers in this abolition movement have subserved the people's caprices. Could a party have existed at the North so reckless as the Abolitionists are now become to appear, and no voice be raised against it? Could the Roman Catholics, in the reign of her surnamed the Bloody, murder the innocent by thousands, and think it religion? Could law, in the corrupt times of the English High Court of Chancery, the Star-Chamber, whose rays of justice were seldom revealed through the cloud of prejudice that filled it, have been quoted in contradistinction to all precedent?

As regards the spread of slavery, it is become a question of preponderating interests. It is not for the interest of the North to have slaves; it is not its wish to have any slavery in the country. Let us show to the South that we see the error in the past unwarranted movements of the Abolitionists, and that we can assume a quiescence and break up the agitation mania, by allowing the mists of agitation to pass off and the whole subject to be contemplated in its true light. To assume a power which we have not is to lose that which we have. In vain we agitate muddy waters—mediums of oblique vision turn the subject more awry. Let there be quiet, calm measurement of medium and force and wise direction. See how far the Abolitionists have put back our cause. See, beneath many a winter's agitation in Congress, how much nearer we are to the pearl. See if it do not recede while we unwittingly beat the empty wave. See how far legislation has become in the national Congress to be a personal matter, so that prejudice leaps from the man and not from the principle or the measure proposed. See how far a committal is prejudicial to impartiality. We are committed against the Nebraska Bill—we are committed for Cuba—committed for or against almost every subject of national interest—receiving our prejudices from one source or another, it may be, or our judgments from deliberation. Why for ever battle about what can only be gained by

wisdom? I hope that the seeds are already sown by the hand of a divine Providence that shall spring up and bear noble fruit, even the bread of liberty to every toil-spent American laborer. But if I read the times aright, that plant will best grow amid the valleys' quiet, watered by benignity, not ambition; by philanthropy, not strifes and bickerings. Will there be any rest after this repeal? Can we effect it? And what have we done when we do? Will we harp on violated compacts? Shall we set a safe precedent by looking behind a law of Congress to take advantage of circumstances in which it was passed? Are we to neglect the present who claim our beneficence? the degraded free negro—the ignorant hordes of German, Irish, emigrants of all classes, the incubus of our country, unless a mighty beneficence more noble than the ill-digested, questionable plan relating to the South be exercised in instructing them in our laws and duties—the incubus of our country, if we persist in overlooking their desperate plight in favor of the Greeks of our fancy.

We would not tolerate any Southern interference in our interests—have any rivers shut up from our manufacturing interests; but having become members of the common Union which guarantees slave institutions, we allow the South no rest, but they must have the one theme dinned in their ears, and hear our brags because we are by circumstances placed a half a century in advance of them in getting rid of slavery, it having been no longer for the interest of our purse or the good of our reputation for philanthropy to retain the institution.

Would we have the slave free?—he is none of ours. Would we benefit the Northern negro?—he is ours. Would we enact laws for South-Carolina? Would we not change the Constitution of England? Would we free all the negroes South? Would we not cause Russian serfdom to be done away with? Would we express with freedom what we think is for the interest of the country?—we are at liberty. Would we violate the sovereign right of the Southern States? Would we deserve ignominy of our country?—violate the principles of its union. Would we deserve the honor of all good men?—be constitutionally just. Would we have rid the South of Slavery?—what less could we have offered than to purchase their slaves; and, in addition to this, aid in devising means to supply free labor? Could we not find millions enough for this? Such conduct on our part might have induced the South to make up half the purse. This failing, we should have brought some scheme before Congress by which the whole country should be taxed to rid us of the slave. Any thing but the hair-brained, disgraceful course which history shows to have been taken. Are the South unwilling to act

at all in the matter? Do they insist on being let alone? Are they not sovereign as we? Was New-England backward in colonial times in vindicating its sovereignty, and now foremost to push her authority where it can be no more legitimately exercised than in Africa or the moon? Having purchased the slaves, what less could we have done than aided in making some disposition of them after their freedom, either in educating or colonizing them? We have done little that merits so well of history as the calm endeavors of Southern men to devise means by which the South could divest herself of this hated garment, without tearing its very flesh and vitals.

The State government can not take the property of citizens within its own limits unless under a compromise, much less can the general government take the property of the citizens of individual States. Still less can one section of the country dictate to another in matters of private property or municipal regulations. What, then, will we do? We must acknowledge that we have no right to dictate laws for the South. We must acknowledge that she has a right to regulate her municipal governments. If we attempted to incite the slave against the master, we certainly can not confess it without great shame.

It is legitimately deducible from history that wherever two races are thrown in juxtaposition with each other, so distinct in their conditions as not to inter-marry, the one or the other becomes actually or virtually enslaved. Such is the position which the African and Anglo-Saxon races sustain to each other in this country. They sustain it throughout the civilized world. The former can only live apart by themselves, or be in a state of bondage, or worse than bondage, among the whites. Is history false that we expect the African to surmount every obstacle, of which his being enslaved is the least? What is he when free, at least so far as regards becoming a peer of the Anglo-Saxon? I fear there would be more than a jest in the conclusion that stamped him non-descript. And there is much truth in the thought that he is continued in slavery not from the principles of slavery, but from the almost indelible circumstances of his condition. I can not unfold all his latent capabilities. I would gladly. But since there is much in these things at least to provoke reflection, and we are anxious to benefit him, being unable to procure his freedom, would we not do wisely to attempt the amelioration of his condition, first by showing our prudence in doing nothing to oblige the master to have a jealous eye over him, thereby tightening, instead of loosening his chain? Having gained the master's respect for our discretion, he may

be induced to listen to our wishes that he may become a pattern master by never exacting what he would not from a free laborer, never separating young children from parents, or husbands from wives, teaching them their duties in their present position—teaching them to think: such a course, wisely adopted half a century ago, and carried out, would have done much toward testing the capabilities of the race.

I know that colonisation has an attractive sound, but for the aged and middle-aged old customs and habits, affections, have endeared them to the soil where they were born. It would be hard to begin life anew in some strange island, and Africa, after so long a separation from it as the race have experienced, could not possess many attractions for them. In case of their choosing to remain in the country, are they of such disposition as to be counted on as faithful laborers, unless they are held in pretty considerable subjection? But I can pursue this no farther without trespassing on the grounds of mere speculation. If we cannot live with them on terms of equality, if they as a race do not wish to be colonized, what are we to do with them? Driven from every other resource, we are safe in the wish to have their masters take a kindly care of them, so holding the rein that they scarcely be conscious of it, so gradually educating them as to effect no violent change, until a dividing line between slave and free be reached, and a beneficent and all-wise Providence interpose in aiding man discreetly to rectify the wrongs of the African. Immigration may come in in aid of this.

Will the Abolitionists, seeing that their course does not appear to advantage as reviewed, say that if their efforts have been unsuccessful, their action has been in the main negative, consisting principally in expressions of their sentiments? There has been more than sentiment in the movement. They have given rise to mobs too numerous to be mentioned, tending to make us disrespected abroad, as being possessed of a weak government.

Under the old provision for delivering up fugitives from labor, in a case occurring at Boston near the close of the last century, the crowd opened a way for the fugitive, and thus the act failed to be executed. At the beginning of this century, a judge of the Supreme Court of Vermont refused to comply with the application, accompanied by documentary evidence, unless the master could show a bill of sale from the Almighty! Under the last Fugitive Slave Act, there has been disturbance every where. At Buffalo the fugitive was beaten by a log of wood, and trial commenced while the blood issued from the wound. At Syracuse he was rescued by a mob. At Boston

he was rescued by a mob. At Harrisburg he was shot. At Christiana the man in pursuit of him was shot.

Such instances induce us to the following reflections. Let us have no unconstitutional laws; let us send men to Congress who revere the Constitution and have acumen to interpret it, that the people be not tempted with two reasons for disobeying laws—their own repugnance and the unconstitutionality of the laws. Laws should never transgress the principles which restrict them, and especially they should not, where they are likely to be met with repugnance. If northern men in Congress feel that there is not power North to execute a law, it is a strong reason why it should not be passed. Laws in all well-directed governments command imperiously. Ignorance in law-givers is a fatal ignorance. Must the South be appeased by playing pass laws? If we at the North retain our national dignity, the South will commiserate our repugnance to the extension of slave institutions. There is something in all our natures that renders injudicious opposition fatal to our interests. It is useless to say the South will not coöperate with us in administering the government and building up our greatness. Southern gentlemen are men of honor, and as such should be dealt with. Let them see that we are not all to be suspected of that blackguardism which has too often prevailed in political questions. Let the North be worthy and not to be despised, and it will neither despise the South nor be treated with contempt by it.

As enthusiasm in the young, and a prevailing sentiment of reform, gives promise of a noble manhood, which, if properly developed and directed, will come to have its breadth and largeness tempered by a wise discretion, so may it not be with a people young in the experience of the genius and requirements of their institutions? Their yearnings and sympathies for humanity become tempered by wise experiences, which show that governments can not exercise the freedom of individuals in respect of those questions which, in being discussed, include many conflicting interests. Individuals may do all things in the way of philanthropy, while both history and experience prove that governments can do little.

The difficulties in this question are twofold. Slave-holding are inconsistently united under a common government with non-slaveholding States. A people in the land of freedom are branded with the indelible die of servitude by inferior caste. Principles are joined inconsistently, yet that junction has been taught to have been inevitable by every venerated voice of our country. Slavery and freedom are knotted together, and we bound to venerate the tie. What but compromise on compro-

mise, strife upon strife, could be expected to result from such a state? What will be, alas! we cannot predict. What will not, we feel too well. The slave-power is too great to be forced into any reluctant measure by any direct methods. The slaveholder is too spirited to submit to any course of conduct on our part, not sanctioned by our early history, and however disastrous might be the result of dissolution to either party, would dare it with its chances, rather than be driven to part with the institutions with which he entered the Union, and which still serve his requirements. The growth of free principles and philanthropy may work much. The slaveholder may so improve on the African's servitude as to render the negroes' condition more endurable; but, in all further agitations, let it not be forgotten, that the twofold difficulty lies back of the Constitution and in the caste of the African. What our fathers could not check in its germ will continue to be perilously tampered with in its maturity. Though Christian sentiments have advanced, slavery has a firmer foothold South now than it had at the time of the consolidation. In view of the following, so much personal feeling towards Southern gentlemen is unwarranted. We entered into the Union with them as their institutions now are. There are no means provided for dissolving it. It is unmanly to persecute them. What casuistry can torture the responsibility of slavery so as to make it rest upon our shoulders, unless Russian serfdom rests there too? The District of Columbia was a gift to the General Government from slave States. Our fault, if there be any, does not consist in not abolishing slavery in its boundaries, but in accepting the gift. But this is past. Nor has any thing occurred by which we are directly responsible for slavery in the territories. The Nebraska bill in abolition of the Compromise has only a negative bearing on the Territories. In every question of territory, the principle is still open. If by fair legislation, such as the Constitution points out, we can exclude slavery from the territories, we shall. If by such fair means we can not, why quarrel with the South? If under the Constitution a legitimate power has grown to be of greater consequence than was foreseen, are we to ask more than is to be expected from those whose interest it is to take advantage of it? If we were the South, and born in their circumstances, should we be more disinterested? Interests are ever the spirit of legitimate politics, while the personalities too frequently resorted to and fostered in this controversy, are little less than blackguardism. In all our reflections we recur to the inconsistency in uniting slave with free institutions. But this is our fate. Bravely, nobly, and manfully it must be struggled

with. We cannot undo influences at work before the consolidation, opposing its consummation, insidiously creeping in with its network, grown now to a tower of strength. Unless our statesmen and scholars are truly wise by the side of past history declaring the inability of republics and monarchies to exist in consolidation, will be written on our future story the endless disasters springing from a conflict of freedom with slavery. The subject is painful and we would gladly dismiss it, but we would have it looked upon less impassionedly, less through an English medium than it has been accustomed to be regarded. It is peculiarly American—new in the world's history. Slavery in England never had a common feature with it as a national question. Reflect upon it, my countrymen, and see that the counsel must be furnished by the exigency and not the past. Never was conservative philosophy more required than in this question.

It is customary to speak of slavery as a vexed question; yet when looked upon calmly, the mists hang about Abolitionism, and not slavery. The Abolition party have worked in the mist, seen through the mist, felt through the mist. American slavery is an institution peculiar to itself; springing from, or owing its existence to a people not conquered—not in the ordinary sense inferior, but throughout the civilized globe outcasts. Such is the stubborn fact; what grievous fate has wrought with them I know not. The institution with this germ for its basis—planted in our midst by causes foreign to our will—fastened upon us by the circumstances in which we sprang into national existence, by the movements and counter-movements of these mystics, from a plain matter of fact, to be dealt with by reason, has become of airy dimensions, bounded on no side, nor anywhere—headless, sideless—a monster—a butt for demagogues' archery and fanatics' terrors. It lowers over our mid-day, contrary to the custom of mists; threatens to swallow us, annihilate us, carry us captive, enslave us. But we are not enslaved. The African is. Liberate him! He is not my slave, and I cannot tear him from the South. He is shielded by that sacred Constitution which I am pledged to support. Where is all the soul of the movement, then? The strife is like a wilful child that struggles in its nurse's arms; I will, against I cannot.

Yet while the abolition movement deserves animadversion as regards its steps, its soul and spirit involves germs of greatness parallel with the great heart of humanity. The people, says Burke, are seldom wrong in their sentiments; nor are they wrong in their rebukes and dislikes of slavery. They may not be expected to be governed by the cautiousness which wise

and experienced heads would advocate. The people feel without regard to cause or consequence. No matter how slavery came among us—no matter what be the result of abolishing it, it is wrong, and can not be made right. We will express our sentiments; we will, if possible, they say, have none of it. They set a ball in motion—a firebrand, it may be—that alarms for a time, and perchance devastates; but its appearance is a signal of future direction from a wiser hand. All revolutions are born of them, consummated by conservatism. They are the soul and genius of a country, the heart and lungs, conservatists, the planning and executing head.

In politics, as in law, there are few abstract principles—circumstances make up the case. Though slavery be wrong, if I, of my own free will, enter into a solemn compact to respect your holding men in bondage, can I by any casuistry defend myself against the charge of meanness for doing all in my power to defeat the purpose of the compact? Can I compromise with an institution when it is to my advantage to do so, and dishonorably plot against it when I can receive no more benefits from those whose interest it is to continue it?

Beware how you foster slavery by unduly magnifying it, lest the nations abroad become to think us a restless and inefficient people, battling with a monster with one hand, and nourishing it with the other—pouring out great threats against the South, while all eyes see that we can neither stir hand nor foot to execute them; and, acknowledging this, flatter ourselves that our sentiments towards the African—noble because not circumscribed by interest—will penetrate the heart of interest. Our silent sentiments of thankfulness that circumstances have not placed us in a State where slave interests are fostered, our noble lives and forbearance, will plead tenfold more than brazen-tongued sufficiency. Whether there be Free-soilism, Colonization, or Abolitionism in any form, let its steps be guided by the Constitution. Though wise men framed that venerated instrument, wise men will long be needed to equal the demands of its widely-developing exigencies.

If all are aware that it is the true reading of the matter that Abolitionism of the past is condemned in history, and no one is now so mad as to attempt to revive its doctrines, or think to interfere in any way with slavery in the States, and that future legislation will be directed to the Territories, what will a constant agitation gain? Why not attend for a while to other interests, until some question arises in relation to territory which demands manly and humane action, guided by constitutional principles? We have no faith in these eternal agitations. There is no end to them. We are tired of them.

Beware how little of patriotism there is in them—how much partisanship—how much demagoguery—how much unwise philanthropy—how much useless array of section against section. First it was slavery in the States—slavery everywhere—slavery in the District of Columbia—slavery in the Territories. Now the cry is reduced to the Territories. Let us be freed once in a century from the fruitless agitation. We are not to forego our rights; but let us hear the last of compromise, and repeal, acts consuming the winter in being passed, the summer in creating mobs, again to be repealed and repassed.

Never act upon or think about American slavery without advice from the Constitution. As the Christian reveres his Bible, so should the statesman the Constitution. Be not deluded by foreigners. They can not comprehend the American slave question. Have you an unconstitutional act first to get rid of, and the Nebraska Bill to repeal—slavery in the District of Columbia to do away with? Though we indulge in no gloomy foreboding, continue to agitate the turbulent waters, outrage the exasperated South, still smarting under abolition libertinism, and disunion will begin to be canvassed with coolness; its advantages and disadvantages have already been subjects of comment by the press; and if there be no cessation to this perpetual agitation, they will become the theme of North and South, and foreigners will encourage the dissension, as they have continued to do since its introduction. In most domestic national quarrels the spoils are enjoyed by foreigners, who, from the first, have not ceased to have a vigilant eye to them, in case by any manœuvre things could be brought to open rupture. "Ithica wishes this, and the Atridæ would purchase it with great joy."

In view of former failures a new direction, it is said, has been silently given, more powerful for its silence, as the majestic workings of the ocean after the lightning and the cloud are past. The slaveholder, not the slave, in this new direction, claims our sympathies. Accident robbed the slave of his noble walk and free look to heaven, while down in the depths of his spirit, in dim image, slept the impress of manhood; circumstances, uncontrollable by the present slaveholder, have shaped his fate, cast his die, in the indelible hue of anti-republican caste. The South has no American people; slaves are not Americans. The castes of monarchies are not American. True nobility grows nowhere but on republican soil. Call the country what you may, there are no nobles save where there is the spirit of freedom.

The movement against slavery seems at present directed toward the master, with a view of impressing on the country and the world, the ignobleness of holding slave-property.

We at the North have borne their affected contempt of labor, while they have shared the name of gentle-born and refined. The world is now fain to acknowledge the nobility of toil, ignore that of indolence, if not to shadow it with dishonor. But circumstances uncontrollable have given the South this disadvantage in the progressive round of freedom and true estimate of dignity and worth. If we should thank God for one blessing more than another, it is not that we were born in a free country, but on free soil. In this expression of enlightened sentiment—the result of centuries of Christian progression—it is the design to bring the slaveholder to abandon his slaves by his being made to feel that his position is robbed of honorable caste in the eye of the Christianized world. Before, for the sake of humanity, it would work a direct liberation of the slave; defeated in this, it would now liberate the master from his slaves. But how will this be brought about? Do Southern gentlemen wish it? Set aside their disgust at all they have heard and borne from the North, and, we believe, in their souls they do. Yet, in looking at the movement impartially it seems a ball of contention, from which fearful workings may come rather than any possible good. Were the slave-power confined to an inconsiderable interest, it might do; but on the contrary, we are contending with a mighty power. Humanity, an indefinable thing to the eye of calculation—to the people a myrmidon of strength—is enlisted on one side; on the other, the sovereignties, the pursuits and customs, the properties and dear interests of the South. To enter on such a crusade, is a fearful enlistment to one who loves the Union.

A true statesman has no hobbies, knows no sectional interests, where his country is concerned; nor would we, in this question, know any interests but the interests of the Union. As blessings and curses often change guises, so may the waters be purified from sources unlooked for when all others fail. The attention of the nation, directed to some other important theme, might work well for apparently neglected interests. As man becomes far-sighted, many-sided, large-minded, by developing all that is within him, instead of dwelling on the cultivation of some particular quality; so a nation truly builds up its greatness by husbanding all its resources, bringing out all its forces, shaping all its means and aims to the end of a great destiny. It is our earnest hope that destinies in the hand of Providence will work out this palpable inconsistency in our government, and the South participate in the blessed view of waving fields, cultivated throughout its broad domain by willing and faithful laborers.

Though ere this takes place we foresee that the slave question, which began to be discussed in the earliest history of American politics, will afford many a fruitful theme of discussion, even though confined to its legitimate sphere—yet, though Southern schemes of acquisition of the islands of the sea suited to slave productions, schemes for territorial acquisition and slave-territories, and a thousand others arise, we do not despair. Any thing coming in a tangible form may be met with, but not these air-drawn sophisms of abolition phantasy. But whatever this luckless subject has bred, or has yet in store, we hold by these oracular words of the great patriot, with which we close our already lengthened article:—"It is of infinite moment that you should properly estimate the immense value of your national union to your collective and individual happiness; that you should cherish a cordial, habitual, and immovable attachment to it; accustoming yourself to think and speak of it as the palladium of your political safety and prosperity; watching for its preservation with jealous anxiety; discountenancing whatever may suggest even a suspicion that it can, in any event, be abandoned, and indignantly frowning upon the first dawning of any attempt to alienate any portion of our country from the rest, or to enfeeble the sacred ties which now link together the various parts."

THE CHURCH IN RUSSIA.

As the war between Russia and Turkey had its origin in the religious or church question, and, as but little is known of the doctrines, government, and worship of the Russian Church, in our country, the subject which we are now to consider is possessed of peculiar interest.

We have said that we know little, in this country, of the Russian Church. With almost every other form of religion, or irreligion, we are conversant. Books are written and re-written on the Roman Catholic religion, and on every form of Protestantism. Infidelity is discussed in pamphlets and magazines; Mohammedanism itself has had a host of critics; but of the Russian Church, embracing one fourth of the Christians of the world—occupying (at least in a branch of it) the very site where religion itself had its cradle, and its great Head his death—with so much of the deepest interest, in its later historical crises, and in its ritual and ceremonies, to the student

and the Christian, there is not, we believe, a single history of any size published in our country. We might go further and say that, even in England, it is only recent that the great Russian historian Mouravieff has been translated, and, so far as we are informed, Koramsin himself is even yet without an English translator. France has done something in putting before its citizens the religious aspects of the East, and it must be remembered that the chapters which are occasionally to be met with in England and this country on the Russian Church are generally borrowed from the French. Most of the little information, therefore, that is possessed on this subject, comes from Roman Catholic Paris.

What, then, it is very important to ask, is the nature and value of this information? Without in the least degree wishing to impeach the ability or sincerity of the writers referred to, and of whom Le Brun and Le Duc may be given as the representatives, we are compelled to say that it is all on one side, and that the most hostile side. It is a well-known fact of history, that for years the Church of Rome has had contests with the Eastern Orthodox Church, both in the Russian and Greek branches of it, and that there is the most intense aversion existing between the belligerents. Is it fair, then, to rely exclusively and confidently on either side when it gives an account of the other? Would we not feel compelled to qualify the statements of a Muscovite when he speaks of the Church of Rome? Would any Roman Catholic, in our midst, think it just that a Protestant should be relied on to characterize his faith? Or would a Protestant be willing to accept a picture of Protestantism as drawn by a Roman Catholic?

We must be fair and candid, accordingly, toward Russia; and if we wish really to know about its Church, and not to be put off with the prejudiced and one-sided statements of Roman Catholic or ultra Protestant writers, we must look not only to these, but also to others more favorable to Russia for the information.

We propose to give such a view, though a brief one, of the doctrines, government, and worship of this communion, premising this statement with the declaration that, in all essential respects, the Greek Orthodox Church and the Russian churches are but branches of the same communion, to be regarded as one, in the same sense that the Church of England and the Episcopal Church among us are one. On this subject a late Cambridge Fellow, who looks with a very censorious eye to the state of the Greek Church, remarks, that in tenets of faith, in the number and nature of the sacraments, in the use of the liturgies, and in rites of worship, the churches are identical.

He adds, however, that, since the reformations of Peter the Great, the Russian Church is free from many of the superstitions and antique ceremonies which disfigure the Greek.

The first remark to be made on the doctrines of the Russian Church is, that the Bible is held to be the source of all religious truth, and that during the time of Alexander, there was not a more zealous society for the distribution of the Scriptures than the Russian. Its supposed political tendencies led to its loss of imperial favor. The Russian Church, unlike the Churches of England and Rome, has but one of the three ancient creeds. But she considers that the second, the Constantinopolitan, (381 A.D.,) which she retains, is an explication of the first or Nicean, and the third, the Athanasian, is of Western origin. Yet she rejects as strongly as any other church the heresy of Nestorius.

All the six general councils are received, and, in addition, the second Nicean Synod, held A.D. 787, on the question of images. All the subsequent councils held by Rome to be general, and which imposed, as matters of faith, and to be held by every one, the doctrines which the opponents of the Church of Rome particularly object to, are disowned in this sense by Russia. The union established at the Florentine Council (A.D. 1439) between the East and the West, was rejected by the East. Her representatives had gone thither earnestly desirous (as the friends of Russia maintain) to get the aid of Europe against the Turks, then threatening Constantinople, but so great was the aversion toward the views of the Pope, that the delegates, on their return to the East, were made the subjects of derision, and their actions disavowed.

Moreover, the Russian Church maintains a liturgical form of worship, the liturgies of Basil and Chrysostom being chiefly in use; the former and the longer one during the Sundays of Lent, and on some other special occasions; the latter, ordinarily. These liturgies, as is always the case where they are used, have served not only for purposes of devotion, but also as a commentary and barrier for its doctrines; even to the extent of being a daily exposition of them to all the people assembled to worship.

But thus far we have only seen what might be called the positive and general elements of the Russian theology. Its negative aspects—its contrasts with modern phases of Christianity, hostile to its own—have not been seen. This, however, can also be exhibited, as there are documents bearing on this point, expressly discriminating between the dogmas of the Eastern Church and those of the Roman Catholic and Calvinistic bodies, with which the Eastern Church has come in collision. These documents,

therefore, will show, not only what this Church does profess, but also what she does not. Very singular, too, is it that the same work which was composed by a great Russian bishop, to meet the demands of his Church against the Roman Catholics (at the famous period of the uniate controversy in Little Russia, when so large a portion of its inhabitants were sorely persecuted by the King of Poland, and by the agents of Rome) is the very same which was produced and referred to to meet the efforts of the Calvinists, under the influence of Holland, to draw the Patriarch of Constantinople from his allegiance to the East. This work is the *orthodox* confession of Peter Mogila, afterward corrected by Meletius Syriga. It was composed about A.D. 1632, and altered 1643. At this period Claude and the Sorbonnists of Paris were waging their fierce warfare, and both were anxious to claim the Greeks as on their side. The occasion of the latter use of this document, when it so particularly bore on modern church questions was this: Cyril Lucar (of whom the ecclesiastical student needs little information) was found in communication with the Calvinists, particularly the Dutch Ambassador, Von Der Haga, whose religious books were read and highly commended by the Patriarch. At once, of course, the French agents began a counter conspiracy, to draw off the Patriarch from the influence of the *Reformed*. Cyril of Beræa, the successor in the see, condemns Cyril Lucar of Calvinism, the matter of the charge being a Confession, in eighteen articles, said to have been written by this Patriarch, and which the Dutch Ambassador, before alluded to, declared Cyril had affirmed to be his own, in the house of the French Ambassador, M. de Macheville. Cyril of Beræa was, however, himself afterward condemned; and among the charges brought against him was one for having falsely charged his predecessor.

Then followed the Synod of Jassy, (1643,) held under Parthenius, Patriarch of Constantinople, and which was convoked through the exertions of John, Hospodar of Moldavia. Here the before-mentioned Confession is spoken of as *attributed* to Cyril Lucar—for the object here was not so much to condemn Cyril as to condemn Calvinism—and is thoroughly reprobated. It was at this Synod, held to take cognizance of these disputes between the French and Dutch theologians, (for it was they in reality, and not the Greeks, who were making trouble,) that the Orthodox Confession of Peter Mogila, *corrected* under the direction of the Patriarch of Constantinople by Meletius Syriga, was used against the *Calvinists*.

It will be remembered that, while Archimandrite of the Pechersky Lavra, (*i. e.*, abbot of that monastery,) Peter

Mogila had drawn up this very Confession to withstand the *Jesuits*. So it served both purposes. The acts of this Synod were confirmed by four patriarchs, and by Peter Mogila himself, then promoted to be Metropolitan of Kieff.

It can not be doubted that, under the French influence, there are Latin scholasticisms in this Confession as then revised. Transubstantiation (both in name and explanation of the mode of the Divine Presence) is therein affirmed to be the doctrine of the Eastern Church. Moreover, this revised Confession was subsequently adopted in Russia, though hastily, and without, so far as we can see, a single thought of a committal to the doctrine on this subject, as ordinarily understood; for in Russia (as was also the case at Jassy) it is expressly stated that no attempt is made to *define* the *mode* of the Presence in the Eucharist.

But what places this matter in a still clearer light with regard to Russia is, that the Holy Governing Synod has lately published a catechism in which, while the word transubstantiation is still used, and a reference on this point is made to the *Orthodox Confession*, yet the *explanation* of the *mode* is *entirely omitted*. No evidence could be clearer to show that the Russian Church hereby intended to set forth simply the doctrine of the *real Presence*, and not that of transubstantiation, at least as understood.

In this connection we must not fail to say a word about the Synod of Jerusalem, (or Bethlehem,) held under Dositheus, patriarch of that see, in the year 1672. The same subject is discussed, the same term and explanation of transubstantiation are employed, with the same disclaimer of any design to explain, and, lastly, the same Calvinistic Confession of eighteen articles is condemned. But it is to be noted, that as the French influence was very strong in this Synod, the council sets forth at length its reasons for believing that this Confession was not composed by the Patriarch, Cyril Lucar, but was a forgery palmed upon him by the Calvinists. It gives extracts from Cyril's other writings to show that it could not be his. There is a probability, however, that it was his.

We have allowed the thread of this narrative of the actions of the Greeks, French, and Dutch, in reference to the Latinisms of the Orthodox Church of the East, to be as unbroken as possible. The reader will find in what we have said a general view, and be able to take in all the principal features of the case. We must, however, dwell for a moment longer on one part of the subject to which we have but briefly alluded—the connection of these parties with the case of Cyril Lucar—for it is important in almost every respect, as we infer from this

one case—the mind of the Church of Rome in such wily intrigues, both political and ecclesiastical, with the affairs of the East; the position and temper of the Greeks also, in permitting, and in their manner of permitting, such interference; and lastly, the general estimate we are to form of the whole testimony here afforded by the Greek Church, under such constraining circumstances, touching the doctrine under consideration, which was the special end that these intrigues had in view. The origin of the question in the East dates, not from any domestic disturbance, but from contests then raging with a violence that has but few parallels in the history of Western Europe. France, so long an arena of religious discord, must needs drag in the East to partake of the quarrel. The two parties were, of course, the Roman Catholics and the Huguenots.

The Jansenists of France had assumed a hostile position toward the Jesuits, chiefly on the subject of grace. Terrible was the conflict between them. It entered the court of the lofty monarch Louis XIV., who, goaded on by his famous confessors, La Chaise and Le Lellier, condescended to mingle in the struggle against the Port-Royalists. The odium brought against the St. Cyr and all who favored the tenets of that celebrated assembly, for their Augustinianism or Calvinism would very reasonably have urged the Jansenists, though not abating a jot or tittle of hostility to the Jesuits or to Molena, who wrote the semi-Pelagian work on grace, studiously, and even anxiously, to endeavor to free themselves from any suspicion of a sympathy with the Huguenots. Catholics they were and Catholics they would be, though spurned from the very footstool of the Pontiff, to whose authority they bowed with all the submission of the most thorough devotees. Nor did they question his infallibility. It was only to his impeccability that they demurred, his power to say what were facts as well as what were doctrines. The latter they would grant him, but the former they would not, and accordingly, when he attempted to say what doctrines Jansenius, Bishop of Ypres, in his work on Augustine, and Quesnel, in his work on the Scriptures, had maintained, they declared that such tenets, even if wrong, were, as matters of fact, not to be attributed to these writers. At the period of which we are writing, the younger Arnaud, one of the most illustrious defenders of Jansenism, together with Nicole, had published their *Perpetuity of the Faith of the Catholic Church, on the Subject of the Eucharist*. Claude, the earnest and undaunted champion of Protestantism, joined issue with them. Then came the proofs. To the East they went, each determined to bring proofs from this

venerable branch of the Church in their own favor. Each saw in the symbols of the Greek Church a confirmation of their own views, and each hastened with all the ardor of partisan theologians and backed by all the influence, personal, regal, and more than all pecuniary, which they could lay hold of, to gain bishops and priests to swell the long catalogues of affidavits on the question of the Eucharist.

It was then that the sore troubles of Cyril began. He was born in Candia, and after finishing his studies in Venice, he travelled into the reformed countries of Europe. There he saw and learned enough to give him the greatest aversion to the Church of Rome. Gaining the favor of Meletius Pegus, patriarch of Alexandria, who was also most bitterly opposed to Rome, he was ordained priest by this prelate, and afterward appointed the head of a monastery. He was sent with a letter from this patriarch to Poland, to prevent the union of that country with Rome, which some of the Uniates, backed by Sigismund, the king, had gone to Rome for the purpose of effecting, and Cyril narrowly escaped paying the penalty of his life for his opposition to the measure, (1581.) His persecutions here were trying, and the Jesuits say that he made a confession of faith in conformity with that of Rome. Then he was raised to the patriarchal see of Alexandria. Cyril was at Constantinople at the time of the death of the patriarch Neophytus, and was the victim of the intrigues and bribery for a successor. Cyril was recommended for the place, but gold gained over the Grand Seigneur whose confirmation was necessary, and an opponent was advanced to the see. Dying shortly after, Cyril was elevated to succeed him in 1621. At this event the Romanists were incensed. They resolved to ruin him by force or fraud. They attempted to persuade the Turks that Cyril was undermining their government and religion. At that time Sir Thomas Rowe was the English ambassador in Constantinople, acting in favor of Cyril, in conjunction with the Dutch ambassador, Von der Haga, while Count de Cesé was the French ambassador opposed to them. Cyril's intimacy with these ambassadors still further encouraged the Jesuits to get his deposition, and place in his stead Gregory, Bishop of Amasia, who had already submitted to Rome. Cyril excommunicated this pretender. This blow was but the more irritating, and now they accused Cyril, to the Vizer, of attempting to betray one of the Turkish Islands to the Duke of Florence. On this charge he was deposed and banished to Rhodes, and his rival advanced to the see, on the promise of paying £20,000. Urban VIII. is gratified with the success of his partisans and writes a gratulatory letter, using no very gentle terms towards Cyril. Not

to enter further into particulars, we may remark that Cyril was at last strangled by the Turks (1638) in consequence of the intrigues of the Romanists.

From such a brief sketch of the kind and extent of influence brought to bear upon the Greek Church at the time of Cyril, an opinion may be drawn of the worth of any thing which was accomplished by these efforts. Altogether it is an instructive chapter in history. The Romish error which crept in under such circumstances, is a mere excrescence on the body, a covering of mere parasitic growth. It may be removed at any time without destroying the character of the Church, which, like the Church of England, in former times, has been forced and inveigled into a temporary addition of foreign matter to her own indigenous summary of truth.

Another topic in reference to the doctrines of this Church which must be considered, is less involved in doubt than the question of the Eucharist. The famous difficulty, which, from of old, has ostensibly divided the eastern rite from the whole west, has been the *filioque* question: the procession of the spirit from the Father and the Son, as the western creeds maintain, but from the Father *only*, as the Greeks affirm. That this is merely a petty dispute, and moreover one which has not always been regarded, when a favorable hearing was had, as one of great importance, we think can easily be maintained.

In the first place, the denial in *words* that the Holy Spirit proceeds from the Son has not, by the acknowledgment of all parties, in the least degree led to any alteration by the Eastern Church of the great and real statement of the Trinity. That doctrine remains undisturbed. Whatever may or may not be the value of the view in regard to the procession, it does not and has not, as a matter of *fact*, had the least bearing on this ulterior statement; for they still believe that in the Godhead there are three persons and one God, and that the Spirit is of the same substance with the Father. It seems really to be only a matter in which the word *procession* appears to them to be an objectionable one, and this principally because it has not the sanction for its use of the greatest antiquity. Again, when the famous effort was made by the non-Jurors to bring about a union between themselves and the Eastern Church, (both in its Greek and Russian branches,) no mention whatever is at last made to *any* part of this question of the procession. There *was* a bar to the consummation of the desired union, but it was not this. It was on two points: the invocation of Saints and the veneration of relics; though even as regards these points there seemed to be no cause for separation, the two parties being almost entirely agreed. So that this question, as we

have said, is not historically of any great moment, as a question of division.

We should here state, as we have mentioned the subjects of invocation and veneration, that in regard to the first, the Eastern patriarchs, though using the direct form of address to the Saints in their devotional offices, would not consent to have this considered as an act of *Divine worship*, and that they placed so little value on it as a matter of principle that they were willing for the English to come into a union with them on the terms of their simply acknowledging an invocation of the Saints in their prayers, without using any direct addresses. So, too, in regard to the veneration question. They use pictures, but not *statues* or graven images. They insisted on a respect shown to them, representatively, not as an essential matter or test of orthodoxy, but as an ancient rule of the Church handed down to them by the second synod of Nicea. And it will, we think, generally be found to have been the case in all discussions with the Eastern Christians, except at the time of Cyril Lucar, that they deferred entirely to *authority* rather than *principle*, holding the past in such veneration as to incur the charge from their enemies of being a church *petrified*.

We would further state that as to the doctrine of *lay* baptism, as it is commonly called, the Eastern Church is divided. The Greeks baptize all, Roman Catholics and Lutherans, (for Lutherans and Calvinists they have used as synonymous terms,) who enter their fold; but the Russians have condemned these re-baptizations, though they hold that the Church of Rome has apostatized and fallen, though it has not always been found practicable to observe the rule, particularly when the Roman Catholics were giving too much trouble. In their own Church laymen baptize in cases of great danger.

A few other doctrines of the Church are here briefly mentioned.

We have spoken of the Trinity.

As to justification, the Church holds that a man is justified by faith, but that this faith is active, producing all good works.

In regard to the whole doctrine of redemption, there is no difference, or but little, from the English Church.

As to baptism, they hold, of course, to its highest spiritual efficacy. They administer it to children when they are eight days old; and, after having anointed their bodies and used the ancient form of expelling the evil spirit, then they *immerse* the infant three times, at each name of the Trinity, although pouring the water on the child is sometimes practised. If two children or more are to be baptized, fresh water is used for each one.

In confirming, which is done immediately after baptism, they use no imposition of hands, but simply the *sealing*, or anointing; and this is administered by the priest, not the bishop, although the consecration of the ointment must be performed by the bishop.

Of the Eucharist, we would remark, further than we have already done, that they entirely eschew the denial of the cup to the laity, as practised by the Church of Rome. In administering it, the consecrating priest first gives the bread and then the wine to those of the clerical order who are present, and then he administers it to the people in the following way: part of the consecrated bread is dipped or soaked in the wine, and with a spoon a portion of each is put in the mouth of the recipient. This precaution, no doubt, is to prevent an apparent irreverence which might be exhibited in any accidents during the administration. They also administer the Eucharist, in conformity to very ancient custom, to children. The laity are obliged to receive it four times a year. Generally the people do not communicate with the priest; yet they have the greatest desire to be witnesses, and they consider this part of worship to be the most important of all. When they do participate, they do so standing.

On the subject of purgatory, they firmly hold that the bodies of *all* who die are not united to their souls until the resurrection. Consequently, they hold that in the mean time the souls of *all* are in the intermediate state. Further, they maintain that there are but two places in this intermediate state for all who die, and not three, as held by the Church of Rome. The doctrine of purgatory, in the sense of penal suffering and purgation by fire, they utterly disclaim; nevertheless, some few, tinctured by the novelties of the Bethlehem Synod, go somewhat further on this point, and prayers are common both *to* the saints and *for* the wicked who have departed; although on this latter point some of the Greeks disclaim any thing more than a mere charitable practice, while others seem to have a taint of Origenism in their views.

On the subject of auricular confession, the Church disclaims any judicial act on the part of her priests, and any necessity to make an avowal of every sin in order to be pardoned; while some say the whole question of confession is a voluntary one left to the discretion of each individual: when, however, the confession is made in the presence of the priest, it is generally made to the invisible Angel of God rather than to the priest himself; and the various forms of absolution used on the occasion all imply this view of the subject. "God pardon thee through me his servant" may be considered as a model or test of these declarations.

As still further and especially connected with doctrines and practices in the Church of Rome, we may mention that the Russians refuse to celebrate the solemnities practised by the Church of Rome in honor of the Virgin Mary and of the saints; they administer the communion in leavened bread, and not unleavened, as is done in the Church of Rome, (for they maintain that leavened bread was used by our Saviour;) they assert that the consecration of the elements does not take place at the words insisted on by the Church of Rome, but after the invocation of the Spirit; they pay no homage to the sacrament of the Lord's Supper; they condemn in the strongest language the origin and sale of indulgences and dispensations; and, finally, they excommunicate the Pope and all Roman Catholic prelates on Holy Thursday or Ascension-day.

Before passing away from the consideration of the doctrines of the Russian Church, we would offer a few remarks in the way of a general review or summing up of their *status* among the creeds and other doctrinal formulas of other religious bodies. The Eastern Church, beyond any other religious body—Roman, Reformed, or ultra-Protestant—has held tenaciously to what has been handed down to them from of old, regarding itself, in the highest sense of the phrase, the witness and keeper of the sacred deposit; the only material exception to the rule being in the action of the Jerusalem Synod. But the addition made at this time of matter too clearly *Latin* in its complexion was made under the most violent state of excitement, and that political as well as religious, without full and candid discussion, and consequently without an apprehension of all that the additions then made involve in themselves and in their consequences. Further, these additions have been regarded only as national expositions of the truth, somewhat in the same way that the Augsburg Confession, the Heidelberg Catechism, and the Thirty-nine Articles—the symbolic books of the Lutheran, Calvinistic, and English communions—have been superinduced, and not as a formal and final conclusion of matters *de fide* binding on every one and everywhere on peril of salvation, and even less as the emanations of a body claiming in doctrine and fact to be the only infallible centre of union to all men throughout the world. It is in the power of that Church, at any time, to reform these provincial enactments, or to receive others to her communion as individuals or in a corporate capacity, without requiring them to subscribe to these novelties—a fact to which we have elsewhere referred. Moreover, the greatest practical errors which are charged against the Church of Rome as the consequences of her novel dogmas, are here disowned; and that not by one or two irresponsible parties, and in secret, but publicly and constantly.

And, finally, while we see every-
 and, perhaps more than anywhere
 a more refined deism taking the
 of the people, of revealed religion
 heart, manifested in neglect and
 her ordinances, in Russia we do
 stitution there is in some degree, an
 orders. But, in a great measur
 leading upward and onward t
 dreaded as much as a bald, bold intell
 be removed by education; but what but a broad
 ment can remove infidelity?

The next subject to be considered is that of the government
 of the Russian Church. To use language familiar to us, there
 is of course not a Parity, but an Episcopacy, universally preva-
 lent; although this Episcopacy has assumed the place in its
 chief officers of a Patriarchate, as distinguished from a Popery
 at Rome and an Archiepiscopacy at Canterbury. The reader
 of Roman history of the period of Justinian will be able to say
 which was then prevalent; for the question was then one of a
 civil as well as ecclesiastical nature, and too broadly marked to
 be overlooked or misunderstood. We must not, however,
 suppose that there is at present a Patriarch at Moscow, as
 there is at Constantinople, Alexandria, Antioch, and Jeru-
 salem; for the Holy Synod has taken his place, is the substi-
 tute with all the powers and privileges, and acknowledged as
 such by the other four Patriarchs, as we will explain. In 1587,
 Jeremiah, Patriarch of Constantinople, being in Russia, was
 prevailed upon to sanction the erection of a new—a fifth—
 Patriarchate at Moscow. The Russian Church was too large and
 important a body, as well as too remote from the throne of the
 Constantines, to justify a longer dependency. Such a subordinate
 position, and the consequent delays, expense, and uncertainties
 connected with going so far for the confirmation of their acts,
 could not longer be expected of the Russians.

When the Patriarch returned to his see, the question was
 laid before the other chief sees, and, in an Ecumenical Synod,
 they all sanctioned the plan for the creation of a new Patri-
 archate, to rank as fifth in dignity after Jerusalem, although in
 no sense, as without an entire independency, in so far as either
 of them could be independent of the others.

In the time of Peter the Great, (1721,) this form of head-
 ship of the Church, was changed into one which we will now
 explain; though, as we have said, it takes the place of the
 former patriarchs, and though it is acknowledged and styled as
 a *brother* by the other four chief sees. The whole question of

344

.an.
its
by

Constitution was discussed in a council held at St. Petersburg, and the regulation defining the powers of the Synod "was signed by all the bishops, archimandrites, and hegumens (abbots and priors) of the first rank in the kingdom."

Its title is "The Most Holy Governing Synod." To its care was committed the administration of the estates of the bishops and monasteries, (which had been much involved in confusion;) the election of bishops; the supreme right of jurisdiction over spiritual persons, except for capital offenses; all questions of heresy and schism, and marriage and divorce. The Metropolitan, Stephen, was made President of the Synod, and Theodosius, Archbishop of Novogorod, and Theophanes of Pskoff, were appointed Vice-Presidents. Others of the clergy were vested with various subordinate powers. At present this body consists of "eight members, of whom six are bishops, and two (the high-almoners of the army and fleet) are arch-priests, who may be said, in some sense, to represent the white (secular) clergy," besides the high-procurator, an enlightened nobleman, the Count Pratasoff. The officers are appointed by the Czar.

One who has been long resident in the country remarks, that the Synod "exercises its high functions to the benefit and prosperity of the Church it presides over, and to the general satisfaction, so far as I have been able to learn, both of the clergy and laity; and that it is stated on good authority, that the present Emperor never interferes with the election of bishops."

The Synod elects three persons, and the Czar generally consults with the Synod, through the high-procurator, which of these he should prefer to select.

This leads us to speak of the class from whom these bishops are taken, and to give such general remarks in relation to the clergy of Russia, as may give the reader a general idea of their government and condition.

There are two great divisions of the sacred order—the black and the white—corresponding to the regulars and seculars of the Church of Rome; the black being in monasteries, and the white in parishes. From the former only are the bishops taken, though a *white* may, by retiring into a lavra, after the death of his wife, enter the lists for promotion, and finally obtain an episcopate. The *whites*, while their wives are living, obtain none of the higher honors of the Church. We may remark further, that a priest, or *white*, must marry before his ordination. After that he can not marry again. But if he does so, then the custom is to consider the marriage binding, (and not unlawful and void, as the Church of Rome would con-

sider it,) and consequently the priest is reduced to a layman. If his wife (united to him before his ordination,) should subsequently die, then the priest retires to a monastery.

Before speaking further of the monastic institutions, which most properly come under the head we are now considering, we would state that the law of the Church (statute law, so to speak, for there is no common law in a church where the enactments of the *past* are every thing) is the *nomo-canon*, and that this canon-law regulates every church question in Russia, whether in the Holy Governing Synod, the lavra, or the parish. This code consists of the canons of the first four General Councils, to which Justinian gave the force of law, together with the additions made to this digest; first, by John the Scholastic, and then by the second Nicean Council, (which made 142 fresh canons of its own;) and then by Photius, who reëdited the *Nomo-canon*, and added thereto the canons of two Constantinople synods of his own, together with the Scholia of Zonaras, Austin, and Balsamon.

Peter the Great saw how great, even politically, the power was which was exercised by the bishops and a part of the clergy, by means of the great wealth of the monastery estates, and he determined to diminish this influence. He proposed to merge the property of the Church into that of the state, and to appropriate a certain portion for the maintenance of the Church. His death prevented him from carrying out this purpose; and it was not until the time of Catherine II., (the mother of the present Czar,) that this scheme was realized. She named a commission, both clerical and lay, who finally resolved to take the church property, to which 900,000 male serfs were attached, giving it in charge to the College of Economy, and requiring the serfs to pay contributions in money to keep up the churches and their ornaments. In this way the salaries of the clergy, and the funds for the monasteries, and the foundation and support of twenty-eight Spiritual Schools, with six thousand scholars, were to be provided. The monasteries and the white clergy were thus relieved of much trouble in regard to pecuniary matters—the former being no longer obliged to quarrel for the collection of their dues, and the latter being no longer required to contribute to the support of their clerical superiors.

As to the bishops, originally all Russia was but one archiepiscopal or metropolitan see. Since 1589, the title metropolitan has been purely nominal, being given to certain bishops who are not superior to the bishops with the title simple, in their own dioceses; and all of them being in dependence on the Synod. In the year 1830, there were forty diocesan bishops,

with five vicar-bishops, besides the four dioceses of Georgia. The four principal sees are those of Kieff, Moscow, Novogorod, and St. Petersburg. Since that time the number of dioceses has been increased to sixty-one.

The greatest revenue of a metropolitan, derived from all sources—except the gifts they may receive from people of affluence—varies from 25,000 to 30,000 roubles, (perhaps \$18,000 to \$22,000;) that of a bishop of the first class, from 15,000 to 18,000 rubles; and of the lowest class, or vicar-bishops, from 5000 to 6000. Out of these receipts the bishops are obliged to maintain, or at least, almost entirely to maintain, certain functionaries attached to their sees. These functionaries, which are of the monastic state, are the purveyor, the confessor, the priest-monks, the deacon-monks, the keepers of furniture, and the simple monks, besides secretaries and servants. At the last accounts, there were thirty-nine consistories, (ruling elders, or standing committees, we might call them;) and each of these maintains various functionaries, such as secretaries and transcribers, and to each of whom a small stipend is allowed.

All the monasteries and parishes are placed under the eyes of inspectors, or district-deans, who see that all moves on rightly. They report all causes to the consistory and bishop. There were two hundred and ninety-two deans, who employed as assistants fourteen hundred and sixty persons. The functions of these consistories are partly judicial and partly administrative. They decide upon questions of ecclesiastical discipline, such as marriage and discipline, and have a control over the deans. The decisions of each of these bodies, however, require confirmation from their bishop; but the more weighty questions, as those of divorce, belong to the Synod. The bishop presents them for confirmation, at the same time giving his opinion of the case; and the final decision of the Synod is conveyed back to the bishop, and by him to the dean.

Of the monasteries, the three principal have the titles of Lavras. They are at Kieff, Moscow, and St. Petersburg. Of the rest, some depend immediately upon the Synod, and are called Stauropegial, and others depend on their diocesan bishops. The heads or Archimandrites of the Lavras are always metropolitans. In these, there are three hundred and thirteen monks. There are twenty-six monasteries of the first class, (beside the three Lavras,) and they contain about six hundred monks. In the time of Peter the Great, (when a great check was given to the prosperity of these houses,) the number of monasteries for men was seven hundred and thirty-two, and the number of monks in them seven thousand six

hundred and thirty-nine; the number of convents for women was two hundred and twenty-one, and the number of nuns in them four thousand seven hundred and eighty-three. At present this number is reduced to three hundred and eighty-four monasteries, and one hundred and eight convents, containing six thousand five hundred and eighteen monks, and forty-one thousand and seventy nuns, including novices and probationers.

Our remarks on these two points have been extended to such a length, that we must now close them; not, however, without expressing the hope that even the outline or salient points of the doctrine and government of this Church which we have given, may have been of interest to the reader, and may perhaps have corrected impressions derived from those whose want of information or prejudice may have unintentionally done these questions great injustice.

Let us now pass to a consideration of the worship or ceremonial of this Church, a subject which of itself, is of the most interesting character to almost every one, but to the thoughtful Christian is mostly interesting as an outward sign, exhibiting that which is of more importance—the tenets and views of which such worship is the exponent.

Nor should it be forgotten that in speaking of these ceremonies, we are speaking of the oldest Christian Church in the world; for the first Church was at Jerusalem, with whose Greek doctrines and customs the Russian Church is almost entirely identified; and of one which has in the most remarkable degree been preserved from all changes, whether of radical reformations or of momentous perversions. This reflection will enable us to form a better estimate of this worship. Russia has omitted and added many things affecting her religious position, yet they have been fewer than those which have befallen any other religious communion in existence.

The first point to which I will allude, is the church building, of which a brief account must be given. The churches of Russia are built either in the form of a cross or nearly in that of a square. The material of construction is usually brick or wood, and many of them are profusely ornamented. All of them have a dome over them, which is surmounted by a cross, and sometimes this cross is immediately above a crescent, to symbolize the victory which the Russians gained over the Tartars, who (before their expulsion from the country by the Grand Duke Ivan Basilowick) had turned many of the Russian churches into mosques and adorned their domes with the crescent. The cross now is victorious. Some of the churches have the whole domes entirely gilt, but others are

covered with iron painted white, or with the favorite Russian color, green.

Over the doors of the church hangs the picture of the saint to whom the church is dedicated, and to which the people bow their heads. Contrary to the customs of the Greeks, (who are, perhaps, overruled in this matter by their subjection to the Turks,) the Russians use bells on their churches, and these are chimed for a longer or shorter period in accordance with the dignity of the day.

The general division of the interior of the church is, after the porch, the seat for the bishop or abbot; the places where the singers stand, usually divided into two choruses; the chancel with the screen on which are hung pictures, and, in this chancel, the holy table with four small columns supporting a canopy from which a dove is suspended, (and which is never called an altar, as this term in the Russian rubrics corresponds with our word chancel,) and finally the holy throne where the bishop alone is permitted to sit. We have used some of these terms in order to make the subject better understood by the reader than if we had retained the peculiarly Russian phrases. There are sometimes three altars, (to use our term,) but the Eucharist is never celebrated from more than one at the same time. The churches stand east and west. The congregation generally stand during the worship, without the luxury of using seats, though kneeling is resorted to on special occasions. Their convenience, however, is sometimes so far consulted that churches are built of two stories, in the lower of which, as it is not so lofty, a greater degree of heat can be had.

These churches sometimes have almost a fabulous wealth in silver and gold canopies, or vestments and mitres. One ruby alone, employed as an ornament, is valued at about \$4000; one mitre at about \$40,000; one vestment, for an Easter occasion, (the greater part of the expense of which was defrayed by the Empress Elizabeth,) was valued at but little less than \$60,000. Other instances might be given of a like extraordinary character. But in such matters only is the Church rich; for in pictorial ornaments (as is the case with the Greeks) there is a great poverty, the pencil in this country having produced the most worthless pieces. Perhaps their religious prejudices have had something to do with such miserable paintings.

The vestments of the clergy are passed over, as we suppose the subject is not one to interest the reader as much as some other matters that are to be noticed. It may, however, be mentioned that the white clergy, or parish-priests, do not necessarily dress in white, but in any colors they prefer. The black

clergy always wear black. The services of the Church are very long, and it would consume too much time to enter at large into all the details of the subject. A few remarks may be enough. One of their church-books prescribes the hymns to be used on every saints'-day, (and each day in the year is appropriated to a saint,) and another has the tone or chant which is to be used, some of them being very gay, and others the reverse; other books contain the ordinary service during various parts of the day; and others, again, the special ones for the whole day.

These services (as is the case with the English Church, where the ordinary morning service is actually a compound of three original services held in the religious houses) have been dovetailed together, with omissions and alterations in some of the former portions, so as at present to form but three entire services for the parish church. On every day these three services are employed, beginning them the evening before the day proper; for in this matter the Russians follow the Jewish method of reckoning the hours of the day. Thus the first service consists of the vespers late in the afternoon, then the matins early the next morning, and finally the liturgy, or communion, about the middle of the day.

It must be remembered that although a large part of these services is composed of psalms and ancient hymns, yet no instrumental music is employed, (the same being the custom, too, among the Greeks,) reliance being placed solely on the voice. A writer who has seen much of the country, and who is familiar with the best music of the English churches, thinks that little has been lost by the Russian Church in consequence of this want, and he speaks in high praise of the perfection to which the human voice is brought in that country, where the voice is regularly exercised, and that, too, without any aid or hindrance from relying on the instrumental accompaniment. Parts of these services are said in monotone, or intoned, and other parts are sung. That which answers to the English litany is used several times in the course of each service in this country—the word litany in the English Church having a restricted meaning, which was not given to it in the earliest ages of the Church; for then it comprehended all the usual prayers of the Church.

Some of the churches in Russia have a sort of colonnade about them, for the use of the processions, which are a very interesting feature in the religious customs of the Russians; for on occasions of great sorrow they proceed with lamps, singing a sort of litany in deprecation of the anger of God.

A few singular customs must be mentioned briefly.

Among the interesting practices belonging to baptism, the

following may be mentioned. The child is frequently called by the name of the saint on whose day it is baptized, although this is not an invariable custom, much less one that is obligatory; nor is it to be supposed that this saint after whom the child is called is the patron saint, although the Russians do believe that each person has a guardian angel. The tonsure, or shaving the hair at this time, has reference perhaps to the vow with which it was once connected, the person baptized being now supposed to make a vow of Christian obedience, of which the tonsure is the symbol. After baptism it is frequently the practice of the priest to give a small metallic cross to the child, which is to be worn, and is often abused by the common people to superstitious uses. But the better class seldom wear them.

The marriage service may be divided into three parts, although the religious services attending them are all used at once. At the marriage it is customary to crown the two parties. This, however, is not always practised at second marriages, which are not much in favor in this country. The crowns are sometimes made of flowers or shrubs, although it is more usual to make use of the crowns kept in the churches for this purpose. The rings of betrothal are usually of gold, although formerly the man received a gold one and the woman a silver one. The bride goes to the house of her lord after the eighth day, and then assumes the cares of the household. Many customs of a heathen nature are to be observed in connection with this ceremony, and chiefly in parts of the empire remote from the capital; but they are voluntary or civil in their nature, and are neither authorized nor sanctioned by the Church.

The custom prevails in Russia of anointing the sick with the holy oil; in which ceremony seven priests usually officiate; and this rite by some persons has been confounded with that of extreme unction, as practised by the Church of Rome. But it is to be observed that it is used only when there is imminent danger of death, as in any case of illness the priests may be called for this office; nor is it thought to be necessary, but only a suitable and charitable custom.

In regard to the ceremonies on an occasion of burial, the remark is true which has been made of other customs, that many are practised for which there is no authority in the Church; the practices being often permitted lest the forbidding of rites so long in use, and to which the people have become so greatly attached, should produce popular disturbance. The body of the dead person is generally washed, and when the priest arrives, who is immediately to be summoned, the ceremony is performed by him, and prayers are said over the corpse. At the burial, the body is usually carried by friends, and the

burial almost invariably takes place in the morning, when there are devotional services. But one of the most remarkable usages is for all the friends and relations of the deceased to take leave of the body with a kiss, after the priest has performed the same act.

A few words may here be added in reference to the clergy themselves. They are of two classes, as we have said, the white and the black, or monks and parish-priests. A monk is not admitted until he is thirty years of age, when his renunciation of the world is made complete. While a probationer, he is at liberty at any time to leave the monastery and be married. Nor is a monk necessarily ordained. He need not be a priest; although so great is the estimation felt toward an ordained monk, that it is the general practice for them to receive ordination. In this they differ from the regulation of Clement V. in the Roman Catholic Church, who commanded all the monks to receive ordination. There are not different orders among the Russian monks, as is the case in the Roman Catholic Church—such as Franciscan and Dominican. All belong here to the same order. When a monk is ordained, he changes his existing name to one taken from the saint on whose day the ordination takes place; and at the time of ordination the monk receives a taper, the Holy Gospel, a cross, and a kiss of fellowship. In a convent, the head is a prioress, and the attendants for the menial offices of the establishment are all women.

One of the most striking ceremonies of this Church is the benediction of the waters, or more properly the greater benediction; for there is a form for an ordinary benediction, which is less attractive. This custom is in memory of the baptism of our Saviour. There is no doubt that some such practice is of very ancient date, nor is there any doubt but that the more illiterate Russians attach a superstitious value to the water thus consecrated. The practice is as follows: On the festival of the Epiphany, a wooden temple is erected on the ice of the Neva, at St. Petersburg, which building is painted and richly gilt, and in the middle of it a hole is cut through the ice, until the water is reached. A platform of boards is laid and covered with red cloth, for the procession to walk upon. The procession, carrying in their hands lighted tapers, and clothed in the richest vestments, slowly proceed on this covered pathway, followed by the Czar and the whole Court. The troops of the city are drawn up around the spot, and their banners are planted around it; and the cavalry, which is also in attendance, commence firing as soon as the service is ended. Although holy water is not much used, nor in the way

in which it is in churches of Roman Catholic persuasion, yet so great is the enthusiasm on this occasion, that persons have been known, in this winter season, and this winter, in Russia, to strip themselves and bathe in the water thus consecrated. The blessing is performed with the cross immersed in the water, some of which is also taken up in a dish, with which the attendant clergy are signed.

Another very interesting ceremony, though not altogether peculiar to the Russian Church, is the lavipedium, or washing of feet, done in commemoration of our Lord washing the feet of the disciples. If this ceremony takes place in a monastery, the abbot or prior washes the feet of twelve brethren or monks. A bishop performs the same office for twelve of his parish-priests. A platform is erected and spread with carpets in the lower part of the church. The bishop has a chair placed for himself, and six of the priests sit on each side of him, representing the twelve apostles. The bishop disrobes himself, and, girded with a towel, proceeds to wash one foot of each priest, beginning with the youngest, and afterward to kiss them. When an abbot performs the ceremony, he is, as usual, attended with lighted lamps.

The practice of the Czar on coming into an episcopal (or, as we should call it, cathedral) city, and on his leaving it, is one which in part might be practised without harm in other countries than Russia. He proceeds directly to the principal church, where he is met by the bishop at the head of the clergy, bearing holy water, and is welcomed with a short speech. He assists in a short service, in which he returns thanks to God for having preserved him during his journey. The last thing he does, before leaving the city to continue his journey, is to go again to the church, and unite in service, in which he supplicates Divine protection for the future.

It may be stated in conclusion, that the reverence in which the Russian clergy are held by the people, nobles and peasants, and which reverence is given them for the sake of their office, and not merely for any personal considerations, leads to many striking customs. Among others, the nobles send for the priest when any great event takes place in the family, or when they begin or finish a journey; and having a table spread with a white cloth, they engage in the prayers and the psalms of the Church. At Easter the priests go around from house to house, both mansion and cot, to give the benediction; and the welcome which they generally receive, and the liberal hospitality which is then extended to these spiritual guides, must do much to strengthen a mutual attachment. Indeed this feeling of respect for the office of the priest is sometimes manifested in a manner that

had better not have an opportunity to be presented. Everywhere some unworthy pastors will be found, and Russia is not an exception. But when a priest is in a state of intoxication, even the rude soldier finds no gratification in the case for revenge; rejoices in no excuse over it, for his own remissness; feels no needless and extraordinary impulse to herald it abroad for the scandal of the world; but throws his cloak over the offending pastor, and as secretly as possible leads him to his abode. The churches are well attended. No attempts at oratory—no scheming to hunt up and retain parishioners—no appliances to get a name and *prestige* for priest or congregation—are here required to call men to a public attendance on their pastor's ministrations. Religion is a matter of duty and principle—the pastor is the authorized minister of this religion. Such in the main is the case, and out of such a case is derived the necessary motive to obedience.

We have thus taken a rapid survey of the Church in Russia. We have looked at it with regard to its doctrine, government, and worship. We can not, however, dismiss the subject without applying to it, as a whole, a standard, in order to know what is the inference from the facts we have presented—what, as compared with other religious bodies, is to be thought of the working of the Church in Russia.

We have no extreme, unqualified opinion to express. Such an opinion is generally at fault in regard to principle and fact. We are far from believing this Church an ideal, and indeed, this statement is almost a matter of course. "Beautiful meadows, holy priests, holy people, holy every body," is a scene that is not to be looked upon in this sinful world. But compared with every other religious body that we know—in theory and practice—we believe there is none excepting England, in its agricultural districts, where so much of the divine is exhibited on earth—where the form of religion, taking it for all in all, is so well presented. Even the superstition of the Russian often makes him fear to do wrong, and impels him to do right; quickens his conscience, throws barriers around him to shut him in from evil, invests so many objects with associations to make him hope and struggle onward. But when we remember that the lower orders do not and can not be relied on to act from highest motives; that they need appeals to sense and feeling far more than others; that, unless they are so addressed, they generally cease to be religious; and finally, that when they are taken as they are, in order gradually to be elevated and spiritualized, it often happens that fear grows into love, and superstition comes back to faith: we think, when these things are remembered, any wholesale denunciation of the su-

perstition of the Russians will find but little warrant. Let us remember it is their bad side. And has not religion with us its bad side? It is generally thought that in our large commercial cities but one third of the population are a church-going people. In some places, perhaps, the proportion is not greater than one fourth! *One fourth* of our population not even going to church—not even outwardly worshippers! Then let us look at them in their relation to work, or rather our commercial civilization—how it engrosses all their time, so that, generally, they neither go to church, nor see a pastor during the week: how it raises their food and rent, but in a less degree their wages; so that often they can not go to church to be solaced, while they are the more hapless at home: how it exhausts the body, so that they are scarcely able to exert themselves enough to leave their beds on Sunday: how thus religion, with all its holy consolations, is, in a great degree, shut out from visiting them, to cheer, and strengthen, and keep them from casting aside their Bible and their prayers, and ending in stern dogged infidelity. Does infidelity, like superstition, tend to morality, to integrity, to conscientiousness? Does it lead to prayer? We know this is but one view, but still it is a *view*. If other things are left out from the summary in our favor, so they are in theirs. The Church in both places needs a Divine blessing; but we are not in the condition to be accusers or judges.

NOTE.—The words "but a broader development," page 343, apocryphal

SPARTA AND THE DORIANS.

Sparta. Von JOHANN KASPAR MANSO. Leipzig: 1800–1802. III. Vol.

Geschichte der Halbinsel Morea während des Mittelalters. Von Prof. FALLMERAYER. Stuttgart & Tübingen: 1830. II. Vol.

Geschichte Griechenlands. Von J. W. ZINKEISEN. Leipzig: 1832. Vol. I.

Travels in the Morea. By Colonel LEAKE, Sir WILLIAM GELL, MURE of Cadwell, Chevalier BRÖNDSTED, Prof. LOUIS ROSS, BUCHON, and others.

Slawische Alterthümer. Von SCHAFARIK, übersetzt von AERENFELD. Leipzig: 1843–1844. Vol. II.

Greece under the Romans. By GEORGE FINLAY. Edinburgh: 1844.

Peloponnesos. Von Prof. ERNST CURTIUS. Gotha: 1851: 1er Band. 1852: 2er Band.

Histoire des Conquêtes et de l'établissement des Français dans les états de l'ancienne Grèce sous les Ville Har道in. Par J. A. BUCHON. Paris: 1846. Vol. I.

Recherches Historiques sur la principauté Française de Morée et ses hautes Baronnies. Par F. A. BUCHON. Vols. I., II.

Nouvelles Recherches Historiques, etc. Par F. A. BUCHON. Vols. I., II.

Greece and Trebizond during the Middle Ages. By GEORGE FINLAY. Edinburgh: 1851. 8vo.

History of the Byzantine Empire. By GEORGE FINLAY. Edinburgh: 1853–1854. Vol. I., II. 8vo.

History of Greece. By GEORGE GROTE, M.P. New-York: 1853. Vols. I., II.

ATHENS may at present be considered as the starting-point of every traveller in the Levant. Hence we meet with frequent descriptions of that city, its antiquities and modern development, in every work on Eastern travels, while the artists furnish us with pictures of its monuments and scenery.

Different are the relations with regard to Sparta. Situated

far away beyond the mountains, and difficult of access, it is seldom visited; and so little curiosity has hitherto been excited about the old rival of Athens, that it may not be generally known that a description of the valley of the Eurotas embraces not one, but four or five cities of the name of Sparta or Lakedaimon—all at different periods situated on the banks of that river or in its immediate neighborhood, and about every one of which we may relate some historical facts and describe interesting extant monuments. The first of these is the ancient Achaian capital of King Menelaos, at Therapne, opposite to Sparta; the second, the extensive Dorian city of that name; the third, the smaller but strongly-fortified Byzantine town of Lakedaimonia, during the middle ages situated on the central hills of the old city. The fourth is the more modern town and castle, which the fourth prince of Achaia, William of Villehardouin, built at the base of Mount Taygetos, in 1250, called Misithrás or Mistrá by the Franks, but Sparta by the Byzantines. This last became the capital of the Turks: it was therefore almost entirely destroyed by the Mainots at the outbreak of the war of independence in 1821, and though somewhat restored since, is at present yielding in rank, population, and prosperity to the fifth Sparta, the flourishing Amaliapolis, which, under the auspices of king Otho, has now risen on the southern hills of Old Sparta, near the western bank of the Eurotas.

Thus with the annals of history in our hands, and the scanty but authentic and precious remains before us, from different ages, Achaian, Dorian, Roman, Byzantine, Frankish, Othoman and Romaic—we may perhaps succeed in tracing the outlines of that celebrated city through all her vicissitudes, her rise and victorious sway, her decline and overthrow, her resurrection and slow but steady modern development, from old Menelaos, the king, and Lykurgos, the law-giver, down to the present day, through a course of more than thirty centuries!

But will our skeptical modern historians assent to this? Will they not with an incredulous smile, inquire if we can in all reality exhibit ante-Dorian monuments, proving the historical existence of the Pelopidæ in the distant era of the Trojan war, which by the distinguished Mr. Grote is considered as all poetry and fiction?

On the morning after our arrival at Mistrá, we prepared to start for the ruins of Sparta. Papa Oikonomides, our landlord, who was both curate and *didaskalos* or teacher, at the Hellenic school of the town, offered to give his boys another holiday, in order to be our guide, perhaps with the *arrière-*

pensée of having his share of the good dinner in the hospitable house of Mr. Levendis, the governor of the province of Lakadamon, who was an old acquaintance of ours from Athens.

The distance between Mithrá and the site of ancient Sparta is four miles, or an hour's ride, through a fertile and beautiful plain, covered with forest which presents a varied prospect of orange, lemon, and mulberry groves. The majestic trees are interlaced with wild vines and luxuriant ivy hanging in festoons from tree to tree, and disclosing charming vistas to the blue mountains in the distance, whose forms and hues vary at every turn of the road.

We soon crossed a brisk perennial torrent that descends from Mount Taygetos and is called Trypiotiko, the ancient Tiasa, and leaving the woods behind us, we rode forward upon the more open plain toward the village of Magula. Here our attention was drawn toward numerous masses of ruins that covered the hills in front. A Roman aqueduct on a double range of arches is seen on the north; churches, chapels, massy brick buildings, are scattered along the plain and the base of the hills which separated us from the Eurotas; while the central hill itself is crowned along its summit with crumbling walls and towers of a city. All this seemed very astonishing to us at the first sight, from the earlier impression left us by the descriptions of travellers, of the few and insignificant relics to be found on the site of Sparta.

"*Ἰδοὺ τὴν Σπάρτην!* Here we have Sparta, Affendi!" said the schoolmaster. "Some modern ruins certainly, but probably none of the Dorian city," we replied. But lo! a few paces forward, and all at once the immense blocks of the Dorian theatre made their appearance on the south side of the principal hill. "Here then lies the city of Lykurgos:

"Sparta, Sparta, why in slumbers?
Why in lethargy so deep?
Rouse thyself, thy friend awaken,
Glorious Athens from her sleep.
Call to mind thy ancient warrior,
Great Leonidas of old,
Mighty man of fame immortal,
The tremendous and the bold."

We dismounted, and throwing some husks of corn before our horses, which we attached to a tree in a field, we ascended to the theatre situated on the highest hill, some fifty or sixty feet above the plain. The view from there at once embraces the entire circumference of the ancient city, and we were struck with the accuracy of Polybios, who thus describes the site of Sparta:

"The form of the city," says the historian, "is nearly circular, and its circumference forty-eight stades, or six Roman miles. It lies partly in the plain and partly on hills of different height and extension. The river Eurotas runs to the east of the city, and is so deep that it is not fordable during the greater part of the year. The steep and rough Mount Menelaïon ascends on the east so close to the river that it leaves only a narrow defile, a quarter of a mile in length, for the passage."*

The hills which occupied the site of ancient Sparta are five in number; the *Aphrodision* on the north, the *Akropolis* on which we stand, south of the former; the *Issorion* eastward, projecting steeply toward the bank of the river; and at a greater distance on the south, the fourth hill, *Kolona*, which runs with a precipitous flank along the Eurotas, and sinking steeply down on the rivulet Tiasa, near its junction with the Eurotas, forms a fifth group of low mounds—the *Diktynnaion* sloping off westward on the plain of Magula. On these southern hillocks lies New-Sparta, the present capital.

The prospect from the upper range of the theatre is the grandest and most beautiful the imagination can conceive. It combines the sublime magnificence of the Alpine valleys of Switzerland with the brilliant sky and the vigorous and varied vegetation of Italy. All the plains and all the mountains we have seen—with the exception perhaps of Mount Lebanon—are surpassed in the variety of their combinations and the beauty of their outlines by the plain of Sparta and the snow-capped Mount Taygetos.†

On the north, beyond the swelling hills on which we are standing, we have a prominent branch or bluff of Taygetos, forming the northern defile on the Eurotas, and beyond the river, the towering summit of the Thornax.

On the east, the green meadows, on the banks of the silvery stream, shaded along its course by thickets of laurels, myrtle, and oleander; and beyond it, the steep, naked flanks of the Menelaïon range, which, by its fiery red, orange, and violet hues, forms a pleasant contrast to the fresh, grassy banks at its base—and the distant blue peaks of Mount Parnon, soaring proudly over its flat and even summit.

On the west, beyond the mulberry and olive-groves, in their

* Polybii Hist. V. 24.

† Travellers generally find a great resemblance between the valley of Mistrás and the celebrated Vega of Granada in Andalusia, where the Sierra Nevada is said to present the same precipitous boldness and grandeur as the Taygetos, and the woody plain a similar almost tropical luxuriance with Lakonia, while Mistrás with her towering Gothic castle and far-straggling suburbs in the distance, can be compared to royal Granada with her Albaycin and Alhambra. Happy he who has seen both!

variety of pale, silvery, and bright-green tints, interspersed with sombre cypresses—and open glades, vineyards, or maize-fields, with chapels and cottages—rise the masses of Taygetos, with its wonderfully picturesque, abrupt flanks, its deep, rocky gorges, its fertile table-lands and bleak stony peaks or cupolas, forming an immense undulating barrier, 7500 feet above the sea, and extending south as far as the eye can reach. The table-lands, raised high above the steep sides of the mountain, are, like the upper regions of the valley of Inspruck in Tyrol, cultivated with wheat, corn, and fruits, and occupied by many villages called *Klephto-choria*, or robber-hamlets, which are distinctly seen at a great distance from the plain below. On a high conical hill we discover the Castle of Misthrás and the town, with its suburbs of Pandeímona and Paróra enbosomed in gardens extending along its base.

Turning south, in front of the theatre, we have cultivated fields interspersed with mulberry and olive trees, beyond which at a distance of half a mile on the low southern hills of ancient Sparta, appears the modern town of Amaliapolis, or the city of Queen Amelia, with its white houses, towering church, and government buildings. Farther on, the eye follows the course of the torrent Tiasa to its junction with the Eurotas; beyond we distinguish the more distant hills and tumuli of Therapne and Amyklai; and ranging down the valley of Hol-low Lakonia, over waving forests, our perspective terminates with the high wood-clad Bardounian hills, running east of Taygetos toward the lower Eurotas and cutting off our view from the Lakonian gulf and the open sea.

Such is the panorama of the valley of Lakonia, seen here from the brow of the ruinous theatre; such it was in remote antiquity, when Lykurgos, under the influence of the harmony and beauty of this sublime scenery, in deep and silent meditation laid the foundation of his warlike republic; such it was, when the armies of Sparta, returning from distant glorious campaigns, in their glittering panoply, and surrounded by their rejoicing wives and ruddy children, celebrated thanksgivings before the Brazen Temple of the giver of victory. How different then from now!

The northern-most hill, the Aphrodision, steep and almost perpendicular, forms a strong counter-fort toward the Eurotas. It is separated from the still larger central hill by a deep dell, or artificial avenue, which in two terraces leads to its upper platform. This latter hill is the Akropolis of Sparta—not, as that of Athens, Argos, Korinth, and other Greek cities, a strong fortress situated on a high, impregnable rock; but only a hill, containing the principal temples and sanctuaries of the Spar-

tans, surrounded by their five camps or villages as a common centre. It is the largest and highest hill on the site of the ancient city, and the only one which could have been used for such a purpose. It is strewn all over with ruins of baths, aqueducts, dwelling-houses, fragments of marbles and pottery, and on the south side stands excavated in its flank—the most remarkable monument of Doric Sparta—the great theatre.*

On the east, again separated by a deep, perhaps artificial passage, rises another precipitous hill, the ancient Issorion, the somewhat lower continuation of which, the Kolona, forms a steep bank toward the river, running southward for more than a mile, until its junction with the torrent Tiasa, where the hills turn west and slope off toward the plain.

And here we shall draw the attention of the reader to an important fact, which, in a remarkable manner, explains the history of Sparta—that the city, although open and not defended by walls, was yet sufficiently fortified by nature. The entire plateau of Sparta, with its four principal summits, forms a steep front line toward the banks of the Eurotas, being protected on the north by the bluff ridge already mentioned, as running down from Taygetos toward the river; on the south-east by a line of precipices near the junction of the Tiasa, and on the south by that rivulet, flowing in a deep, rocky channel. This long, front line of steep hills, rising to a height of between forty and sixty feet above the level of the river, was occasionally occupied by the Spartan army, and withstood victoriously all the attacks of Epaminondas, the Makedonians and Romans. Thus beaten back, the enemy was obliged to proceed through the narrow defiles of Mount Menelaion, east of Sparta, re-cross the Eurotas, and encamp south of the city on the plain of Amyklai, whence he might direct his assault toward the only exposed part of Sparta—the south-west.

Yet even this side was not entirely unprotected; we still discover the traces of two canals which crossed the plain of Magula, leading the water of the Tiasa eastward to the marketplace under the Akropolis, and branching off by another water-course to the *Platanistas*, or low peninsula formed by the junction of the Tiasa with the Eurotas. It was in that south-western direction, between the canals, that the Spartans, in 272 B.C., at the sudden attack of Pyrrhos, king of Epeiros, drew a ditch eight hundred feet in length by nine in breadth, and six in depth, protected by carriages and barricades, which

* The building of theatres in the castle-rocks was a generally prevailing custom among the Greeks. Thus we find the theatre of Bacchus and the Odeum of Herodes Attikos, excavated on the southern flank of the Akropolis at Athens, and other similar edifices at Argos, Chaironeia in Boiotia, and other places.

the Spartan women defended so bravely, that they forced the warlike madman to retire with dishonor. Here, too, and along the steep banks of the Tiasa, was afterward (195 B.C.) erected that strong line of walls before which fifty thousand Romans, commanded by Quintius Flamininus, were repulsed, and the noble city thus saved from the humiliation of a Roman occupation.

These city walls, built by the despicable tyrant Nabis, in the year 196 B.C., inclosed the entire circumference of Sparta. They were broken down by Philopoimen, the celebrated president and general of the Achaian Confederation, 188 B.C., but afterward rebuilt a second time by the same Achaians, on the scornful command of Rome, and they existed during the period of the Roman dominion in Greece. At the present day, however, we can only trace their foundations on the southern hills along the river Tiasa, and at some places westward through the plain of Magula.

Such being the natural locality of Sparta, we shall now give an account of the remaining monuments from the Doric and Roman times.

Some foundations of old buildings are seen on the northern hill, the Aphrodision, where stood the Temple of Aphrodite, (Venus;) others on the Issorion. Many heaps of square blocks and marble fragments—daily diminishing—were still lying on the more elevated parts of the southern hill, indicating temples and public buildings mentioned by Pausanias. But the principal ruin is the theatre, excavated, as we said, in the south-western corner of the Akropolis. The two extremities of its *cavea* or semi-circle are supported by enormous masses of quadrangular stones, and the *chord* or scene is constructed of brick-work, now mostly destroyed. Some rows of seats still exist, but the greater part have been carried away, and the *orchestra*, or bottom of the semi-circle, in front of the scene, is now occupied by melon-gardens, (*bostania*,) while the plain around is laid out in corn-fields, interspersed with mulberry trees. Each wing of the theatre has about 120 feet in breadth, and the total diameter was 450 feet, which proves that it was the largest theatre in Greece, those of Athens and Megalopolis only excepted. Dramatic exhibitions were prohibited by the severe institutions of Lykurgos, and the theatre, therefore, was only used by the austere Spartans for gymnastic exercises, musical concerts, and public assemblies. It was here that the Spartans gave that astonishing proof of the strength of their character and discipline. The whole people was assembled at the festival of the *gymnopaidia*, which were celebrated by the youths singing hymns to the honor of Apollo, Artemis, and

Dionysos, and performing the war-dance, in full armor, in the theatre, when the news arrived of the defeat of the Spartan army at Leuktra, the death of King Kleombrotas and of the most distinguished citizens. Yet the Ephors, keeping the secret, let the rejoicings continue, and when each family learned its loss, those Spartans only whose sons and relatives had perished showed themselves abroad, congratulating one another, while the widows and the mothers of the fallen warriors hurried with smiling faces to the temples to thank the gods for the glory they had bestowed on them—thus suppressing the internal sorrow and despair. All Hellas looked with wonder on Sparta. But when they shortly afterward gained the Tearless Victory, and returned triumphantly to the city, then their bosoms became unlocked, the tears flowed freely, and the women showed the full sensibility of their hearts.

On the same hill, at a short distance east of the theatre, we found, in 1838, some curious door-ways, or gates, of huge blocks of white marble, nearly buried in the rubbish up to their soffit. Others similar to these were at that time seen on the southern hills, with an appearance of seats on the side, as if the building had been a place of public assembly, opposite the market-place, and somewhat resembling the Pnyx at Athens. They hardly arose above the shrubbery, a proof that the soil had accumulated around them, and that interesting structures, and perhaps inscriptions, statues, vases, and other antiquities, may still lie hid beneath the soil.

In front of the theatre stands, or stood, among the olive trees, a large sepulchral chamber, built of white marble blocks. It is of an oblong form, twenty-two feet in breadth, and double the length; the blocks measure fifteen feet, and three layers were then in preservation. The inhabitants call it the Sepulchre of Leonides, and this coincides with the account of Pausanias, who mentions the cenotaphion of the heroic king of Sparta in this direction. This, then, is a most precious monument, which ought to have been restored and revered by the modern Spartans; but alas! we are almost ashamed to confess, that on our second visit to Sparta, in August, 1843, not only the Doric doorways or porticoes just mentioned, but even this venerable sepulchre chamber, had been destroyed, in order to use the materials for the construction of the city of New-Sparta, rapidly arising on the southern hills, at half a mile's distance from the theatre. Great was the disgust of the architect, Mr. Schaubert, and myself, when, on our walk to the theatre, we found some New-Spartan citizens engaged in removing and cutting to pieces these beautiful marble blocks. We hurried back to the governor, at that time the learned and active Mr. Latris, who

gave the necessary orders to the ignorant *bakalides* (shop-keepers) to replace the few blocks which had been left uninjured.

We had formerly seen several marble altars ornamented with sculptured bulls' heads and garlands of flowers, having the usual Doric inscription "The Senate and the People"—*ΑΒΟΥΛΑΚΑΙΟΔΑΜΟΣ*—lying scattered about among fragments of columns, Doric capitals, and heaps of free-stones. Some years afterward they had all disappeared, in spite of the royal ordinance protecting the ancient monuments, and of the exertions and vigilance of the governor and several learned and intelligent members of the newly-established community.

Another highly interesting ruin from the Dorian times is a bridge over the Eurotas, to the north-east of the Castle-hill, where the road from Arkadia crosses the river and enters the city between the northern hill of Aphrodision and the central Akropolis. The river forms there an island, and is fordable at low water; banks, bridge, and island are overgrown with a rich vegetation of willows, myrtle, and oleander. This bridge is supposed to be the Babyka, or Babyx, to which reference is made in the oldest topographical notice of Sparta. It goes so far back as the Lykurgæan Legislation, and is contained in the first *rhetra*, or compact, of his laws, wherein the oracle of Delphi is said to have directed Lykurgos to erect temples to Jupiter and Minerva, and to fix the seat of the Senate and the kings between the Babyka and the *Knakion*. The former, according to Aristotle, was a bridge; the latter, a river, which Plutarch explains as the obsolete name for the Oinus, discharging into the Eurotas, ten stadia above the bridge. Here, then, somewhere on the banks of the river, and outside the city, the *Ekklesia*, or national assembly of the Spartans, was held in the open air; for Plutarch adds that there were neither porticoes nor any other accommodation.* Some piers of the ancient bridge and its foundations can be pursued for a length of two hundred and forty-two feet on the side toward the city; yet it is evident that it has been repaired at different periods of time.

These are nearly all the remains of Dorian Sparta which we saw in 1838 and 1843, and no discoveries have since been made, as far as we have been able to learn.

The Roman ruins consist in the great aqueduct running

* The reason why the Lawgiver left the place of assembly undetermined between the river Knakion and the Eurota-bridge, for a distance of ten stadia, or more than a mile, is supposed to be found in the general principle of the Lykurgæan laws to hinder every concentration, to encourage widely-scattered settlements, and to remove the place of assembly far away from the market-place and its distractions.

north through the hills for several miles, many large brick ruins, and an amphitheatre—the only one in Greece—near the Eurotas. It is certainly the smallest in existence, being only one hundred and twenty-three yards in diameter within the circus. It has exactly the form and construction, though in miniature, of the Roman amphitheatres in Italy and southern France. The outer buttresses and vaulted galleries supporting the ranges of seats are still seen, though the seats themselves have disappeared. The narrow space of the arena would hardly have permitted those terrible exhibitions of gladiatorial combats, or the chase of wild beasts, which formed the delight of the Roman public; and it would rather seem that this diminutive amphitheatre, or odeum, may have been employed for musical concerts, or some other such peaceful exhibitions.

Such is the present site of Sparta. Its few scattered relics have nearly vanished, with the exception of the Doric theatre; and the confused masses of Roman and Byzantine brick buildings still covering the hills will no doubt sooner or later suffer the same fate. How truly, therefore, has the ominous prophecy of the great Athenian historian, Thukydides, been fulfilled when he says that, if Lakedaimon were demolished, and nothing remained but its sacred buildings and foundations, men of a distant age would find a difficulty in believing the existence of its former power—that it had held beneath its sceptre two of the five divisions of Peloponnesos—that it had commanded the whole of Hellas, with its numerous allies and colonies—so inferior was the appearance of the city to its fame, being neither adorned with temples and splendid edifices, nor built in contiguity, but in separate quarters, in the rude style of remote ages: whereas if Athens, adds the historian, were reduced to a similar fate, it would be supposed from her magnificent ruins that her power had been twice as great as the reality.* And indeed, when we stand on the Athenian Akropolis, among the indestructible monuments of the genius and power of that noble republic, its whole history, with all the vicissitudes of victory and defeat, starts forcibly on our mind, while the low and desolate hills of Sparta, sinking into insignificance beside the snow-decked peaks of the mighty Taygetos, the luxuriant vegetation of forest and field, and the rural solitude on the banks of the Eurotas, bring no remembrances to our mind that here stood the capital of the victors of Athens and the rulers of all Hellas. And yet do we herein find the true historical character of Lakedaimon typified in a highly remarka-

* Thukydides, i. 10.

ble manner. Untouched by the fear which caused the other Greeks to retire from their fields, and shut themselves up within their narrowly-built cities, behind walls and towers, the Spartans, continued to cherish the ancient Doric habits of life in the midst of their extensive rural establishments. Every Spartan citizen sojourned on his estate, in the valley of the Eurotas, with his family, and surrounded by his numerous Helots who tilled his fields. He trusted to the impregnable ramparts which Nature herself had piled up around his secluded and happy Lakonia; and when he carried his arms abroad, the nations sank before him—at home he roamed secure over mount and dale. His capital was only the great centre of the most populous township. Canals and water-courses, which were carefully carried through the plain occupied by the scattered villages of Sparta, and whose direction can, as we said above, still be traced near Magula and between the southern hills, watered the copious gardens and plantations that separated the squares of the different quarters, the sanctuaries, public buildings, and extensive farm-houses of the Spartan citizens. This rural independence, this tranquillity and wealth, constituted the charm of Sparta, and stood in such singular contrast to the mercantile and artistic activity of Athens, with its noisy and bustling ports; its narrow lanes, densely inhabited by mechanics and workmen; its crowded theatres, tribunals, and popular assemblies, confined within the circumference of mighty walls and towers, that protected Athens like an island in the ocean. It was in this sense of victory abroad and civic tranquillity at home, that King Demaratos called his native capital the queen of all Hellenic cities, and that the poet Thepandros sang in praise of the justice and blissful security which reigned on the broad and shady avenues of Lakedaïmon; a picture so well understood by us Americans, who, in our open and widely-built cities, beneath the rich foliage of our avenues and gardens, enjoy at the same time all the advantages and comforts of city-life combined with the healthy air and the fragrance of the forest.

Yet, though Sparta was not, like Athens, the teacher of the Hellenes in science and art, we must not, on the other hand, suppose that the Dorian city was without its ornaments in the various branches of architecture and sculpture, and these, in their peculiar beauty, exhibiting the stern and sombre character of the Dorian race. Ancient Sparta presented no doubt a varied aspect during the fifteen centuries of her existence. After the victorious termination of the Messenian and Argolic wars, she occupied the foremost position in Hellas as to military power and political and moral consideration. Sparta

became likewise the centre of an active and intellectual life among the Dorians, and the seat of their science and arts. The aversion against foreigners had abated, and the Lakonian capital became frequently the residence of poets, musicians, and philosophers. Chilon, one of the seven sages, was a Lakedaimonian. Gitiades, Syadras, and Chartas were celebrated artists, architects, and founders in brass.* Sparta excelled particularly in works of iron, brass, and other metals, like the Etruscans of Italy. Thus many tasteful monuments, temples, statues, vases, tripods, and other votive offerings, grew out of the Persian spoils. This old simplicity of manners and severe Doric style in architecture long continued, and she became the wealthiest city in Greece, until the battle of Leuktra broke her political power. Her external appearance suffered the first change when her scattered townships were fortified with walls. She had then a circumference of six miles, or forty-eight stadia, and remained the capital and most populous city in the peninsula under the Roman empire.

Most of the inscriptions collected in Sparta are from this period, and they prove that the Cæsars of the Julian family extended a generous hand to her. Her squares and avenues became adorned with temples, statuary, and baths; aqueducts on hundreds of arches carried the distant mountain torrents into the city, and the Roman amphitheatre, on the Eurotas, was the only one to be found in Greece. A detailed account of the Roman city has been preserved to us by Pausanias, which, though confused and without great utility for topographical purposes, still astonishes us by the vast number of monuments he records, and the occasional historical remarks with which he accompanies his description. It fills no less than eight chapters of his work.

Sparta was still in good preservation, like Athens, Thebes, and other cities of Greece, toward the close of the fourth Christian century; but at the irruption of the Visigothic King Alaric into the Peloponnesos in 396, Sparta was destroyed, and the whole of Lakonia devastated with fire and sword. Afterward a mediæval Byzantine and Christian Lakedaimonia rose on the ruins of the old. This, too, was conquered and occupied by the Frankish Crusaders in 1207, and became abandoned when Prince William Villehardouin, the Prince of the Morea, built his new city Misthrá, at the base of Mount Tay-

* The Spartans sent, in the 58th Olympiad, (548 B. C.,) a magnificent brass bowl, capable of containing three hundred amphore, and being covered outside with figures in bas-relief, as a present to King Kroisos, in Lydia. It fell, however, into the hands of pirates, and was afterwards admired in the temple of Juno, at Samos. Herodotus, i. 70.

getos. Then came, in 1725, the French madman, Abbé Fourmont, the modern Alaric, with crow-bar and pick-axe, to do what mischief he could. What wonder, then, that so few relics of antiquity remain, though the late discoveries from casual excavations seem to promise a fruitful field for future researches.

Sparta, like Rome, was founded on a site which, already long before, had been occupied by small Achaian settlements. These were not destroyed by the invading Dorians, but became incorporated in the city of the conquerors, without entirely losing their anti-Dorian names and traditions. Thus we find Sparta divided into four very ancient districts or villages—*komai*. Limnai and Pitane, on the right bank of the Eurotas; Kynosura, (that is, Dog's Tail,) north-west on the spur of Mount Taygetos; and Mesoa on the south-east, toward Amyklai—all unite a common worship by their sanctuaries, and principally by the horribly barbarous rites of the Orthian Artemis, (Diana.) Sparta had no streets, but broad thoroughfares ran between these separate military camps toward the hill of the Akropolis and the market-place beneath it, as the common centre of the metropolis.*

When, therefore, a traveller in antiquity arrived in the valley of Lakonia, he would cross the Eurotas on the bridge Balyka, and through the suburb of Limnai enter the great market-place on the south of the Akropolis. We, however, shall first ascend to the Castle-hill, which, like that of Athens, remained for centuries the sanctuary of the tutelary divinities of the empire. Nor did it become a fortress until after the extinction of the Herakleidian dynasties, when the tyrants who usurped the power made it their stronghold, in which they placed their treasures and their body-guard of lawless mercenaries.

The principal site was occupied by the great temple of Athene *Poliouchos*, or protectress of the city. It was called the Brazen House, (*Chalkioikos*), and is described as having

* Herodotos mentions (iv., 149) another "principal tribe in Sparta," the *Epida*, originally a band of Theban warriors, who had joined the Dorians at the time of their invasion of the Peloponnesos. Such is the account given by Pindar and his scholiast. Colonel Leake and others accept this *fifth tribe*, and place their village west of the Akropolis, in the plain of Magula. The Doric cities had everywhere the appearance of large villages. Only at a later period the Arkadian townships began to unite for the common protection, and to build fortified cities, such as Mantinea and Megalopolis. The first Greek cities, built in regular angles, with due regard to beauty and comfort, were those of Asia Minor. The celebrated architect Hippodamos, from Miletos, in Ionia, built the Peireus, the well-known port and naval station of Athens, and the Dorian city of Rhodes, on the island of that name, with such a symmetry and beauty that the ancients, while expressing their admiration, exclaimed "that all Rhodes appeared like one palace!"

been built by the ancient Tyndarid princes. Long afterward, during the brilliant period of the Æginetic artists, in the sixth century B.C., the Lakedaimonians caused both the temple and the statue of the goddess to be covered with *brass* by the celebrated Spartan artist Gitiades, who, like Michael Angelo Buonarrotti of modern times, united in one person the architect, the sculptor, and the poet. Gitiades composed Doric poems and a hymn to the goddess, which was sung at her festival. His poetry was considered to be as beautiful as were his statues; and this Spartan master-mind seems thus to have developed the worship of Athena to its full extent.

The temple of Athena is supposed to have had its roof and colonnades made of brass. The walls, too, were covered with brazen reliefs, representing the actions of Hercules, the birth of Athena, the wars of Kastor and Pollux, and other scenes of Spartan mythology. All around the temple were vast colonnades, sanctuaries, and statues; and there, too, was the small house in which King Pausanias, the victor of the Persians and the traitor of Hellas, sought refuge after his condemnation. It is well known that his aged mother, with Spartan austerity, carried the first stone to the Akropolis, in order to wall up her ambitious and deluded son! All Sparta followed her example. The doors of the building were walled up, and Pausanias perished by hunger; yet the Delphian oracle afterward ordered the Spartans to place two statues of their king before the altar of the brazen temple.

Nearest to it stood that of Athena Ergane, as protectress of the artists; before the southern portico, the temple of Zeus Kosmetas, with the sepulchre of the first builder of the brass-house, Tyndareos. The western portico was adorned with Eagles and Victories, as a monument of the naval triumphs of Lysander over the Athenians. The Chapel of the Muses, who with their flutes and lyres led the Spartan armies to battle, faced the northern front of the brazen temple. Numerous ancient and highly-revered brazen statues, fastened together with nails, stood all around the building, such as that of Venus Amblogera, or life-prolonging, those of Sleep and Death, with many old wooden statues of great sanctity. These and other monuments are mentioned by Pausanias as still seen by him during his visit to Sparta, about the year 175 of our era; but they seem to have been mostly of a comparative late date, and of an inferior workmanship and material. They elicited no praise from the traveller, who, in his customary dry style, only says, that the great theatre was worthy to be seen.

The Spartan Akropolis, though less celebrated in history than those of other cities in Greece, was nevertheless the seat

of ancient and memorable institutions, and the sacred asylum of Lakonia.

From the Castle-hill there were several descents to the great *Agora*, or *forum*, an extensive square on the south-east and south, which in the times of the Roman Empire had still preserved the form and arrangement of a Grecian market-place. It was surrounded by halls, bazaars, and public buildings, leaving intermediate spaces, through which the roads or avenues passed to the different quarters of the city. The *Agora* was the common centre for the traffic and commerce of Lakonia, and the emporium for cereals and fruits under the supervision of the five *empeloroï*—*agoranomoi*—or market-inspectors. Here were the fairs and exhibitions of Lakonian manufactures, and principally of the various iron utensils for which that country was celebrated. The *gerousia*, or senate, met there in the city-hall. The *Ephoroï*, or executive committee, and the *Bidiaioï*, or trustees of public instruction, had there likewise their offices and archives; and in the numerous *phiditia* or *syssitia*, or public eating-houses, ranged around the square, the Spartan citizens, as table-companions, daily enjoyed their black-pork soup with dried figs, goat's cheese, garlic, and a measure of wine, constituting their frugal repasts. Forty officers of government and four thousand citizens, were frequently seen engaged in the *Agora*.

Yet the most interesting object there was the splendid Persian portico, erected from the spoils of the Persians vanquished at Platea in 479. The architrave of the entablature was supported by colossal statues and Persian warriors (*Atlantes*) instead of columns, in the manner of the Caryatid Virgins at the Erechtheion on the Akropolis of Athens. Several of the figures were portraits, such as the Persian Commander-in-chief Mardonios, who fell in the battle, and Artemisia, the Queen of Halikarnassos, who distinguished herself in the naval combat of Salamis. Julius Cæsar and Augustus loved Sparta, and adorned its square with magnificent buildings. In return the humble and grateful Spartans raised temples and altars on the eastern side of the *Agora* to their Roman masters. A particular space called the *Choros*, was fenced in and smoothly levelled as a dancing ground for the young Spartans at their religious dances, the *gymnopaïdia*, in honor of Apollo. The statues of the Delphian gods adorned this circus all around. There, too, were placed the sepulchres of the unhappy Orestes and of Epimenides the Cretan philosopher, together with the statues of Zeus Xenios and Athena Xenia, both as protectors of the foreign guests in Sparta; and last of all, an immense colossus, which, towering high above the other buildings, represented the Spartan republic herself.

Though the Spartan Agora must have been inferior to that of Athens, and other Hellenic cities, yet, when considered without reference to the comparative perfection of art, simply from the general impression it would produce on the spectator, it no doubt presented a grand and imposing picture, being placed in relief against the admirable background of wood-clad hills and snow-capped mountains, in an atmosphere which colors and beautifies even the bleak and barren crags and crumbling ruins.

From the market-place several broad avenues or thoroughfares diverged like radii, in an eastern, southern, and south-western direction. They separated in part the town-ships of Pitane, Messoa, Ægidæ, and Kynosura. The most eastern avenue, called *Skias*, from a large rotunda in the form of a tent, built by the Samian architect Theodoros, in which citizens of Sparta assembled in later times, skirted the hill Kolona, and after crossing the brook of Tiasa on a bridge, led on to the neighboring town of Therapne, situated on the slope of the Menelaion range beyond the Eurotas.

The second, the largest, and most frequented road, the *Aphe-tais*—the Corso or Broadway of Sparta—went south likewise, crossing the river Tiasa on a stone bridge, parts of the causeway and piers of which are still visible on the banks. It traversed the fertile plain, and reached the sacred temple of Apollo, the great Dorian sanctuary at Amyklai.

Among a great number of monuments mentioned by Pausanias as situated on and between these large thoroughfares, some few remains of the foundations of the Temple of Hera and Apollo were met with, on isolated mounds, some few years ago; but they have vanished, and their site is at present occupied by the cathedral church and city-hall of New-Sparta. While digging the foundations of these modern buildings, the workmen found a number of inscriptions, fragments of statues, such as a beautiful Hermes, two small statues of Æsculapius, the torso of a Satyr, bas-reliefs of Cybele, and a fine bearded head, by modern Spartans supposed to have belonged to a statue of old Lykurgos himself.

All these precious remains were deposited in the new town-hall, as a beginning of a Doric museum. There we saw them in 1838; but a year later a fire broke out in the *eparcheion*, or government-house; and as every body was employed in saving the public money and the archives, and none cared for the antiquities, the entire collection was consumed. Happily the inscriptions, some of which, though unimportant with regard to Spartan history, are curious as characterizing the times of flattery and degradation, under Augustus and Tiberias, had been copied and published at Athens.



A third road ran westward toward Mount Taygetos. It passed by the theatre; and opposite to it Pausanias describes the cenotaphion of the heroic King Leonidas, who fell so bravely fighting with his three hundred Spartans, at Thermopylæ in 480. Hence there appears to be some reason for believing that the white marble monument seen among the olive trees in that direction, is the sepulchre alluded to. It was a pleasant custom that speeches on the distinguished men of Sparta were publicly made before the assembled people, near the monument of Leonidas. Other marble pillars around recorded the names of the companions of the hero who fell with him obedient to the laws of their country.

We now turn toward the Eurotas, where, beneath the precipitous bank, we find a beautiful thicket of lofty poplars and plane-trees, at the junction of the rivulet Tiasa with that river. This was the fighting-ground of the young Spartans, called *Platanistas*, from the plane-trees with which the ground was bordered. It was then an island, surrounded by water from the two rivers; two bridges led into it, on each of which was a statue—of Herakles at one end, and of Lykurgos at the other. The young Spartans having finished their sacrifices in the *Phoibaion*, or sanctuary of Apollo, near Therapne, crossed the bridges and rushed against one another, each endeavoring to drive the opposing party into the water. These warlike exercises of the Lakedaimonian youths continued for centuries after the subjection of Sparta to all-conquering Rome, and both Cicero and Plutarch describe the furious struggle of the young combatants here in the island of the Plantains, as they themselves witnessed it in their days.

Not far off is another interesting spot, which we can identify with the ancient locality. I mean the beautiful fountain gushing forth beneath the high bank on which the modern town is situated. It is the ancient spring Dorkeia, near which stood the monument of the Princess Kyniska, the first victress in the Olympian chariot-race, with several heroas of Dorkeus, Sebrion, the sanctuary of Helena, the sepulchre of the Spartan poet Alkman, and those of the Hippokoontidai.

Continuing our route north through the meadows along the Eurotas, now thickly planted with Indian corn—*kalambokki*—we arrive at the place called *Dromos*, where the young Spartans had their gymnasium and race-ground. Here stood a palace of the Pelopid kings, and among the many temples were those of Kastor and Pollux, of Lucina and the Graces.

We turn the sharp corner of the Issorion, one of the strongest and most important positions for the defense of Sparta, and therefore occupied by Agasilaos and his bravest warriors,

during the invasion of Epaminondas and the Thebans. At the base of the hill was discovered, in 1840, a tomb excavated in the rock. On the cover is seen a figure in bold relief, larger than nature, enveloped in the Spartan mantle. The Greeks call it King Agis, and they have some reason for doing so, as the family sepulchres of the royal dynasty of the Agidæ were situated on the east of the Akropolis, near the Eurotas.

We continue our walk northward, leaving the Balyka bridge on our right, and the principal entry to the market-place on the left, and traverse a low, swampy ground, in antiquity the suburb or village called *Limnai*, where, in the temple of Artemis (Diana) Orthia, the young Spartans underwent the cruel discipline of flagellation, before the blood-stained altar of the goddess. This barbarous custom was not originally Greek, but introduced into Sparta from Tauris on the Pontus Euxinus, where human sacrifices continued to a late period.

The wooden statue of this goddess, which from remote antiquity was here worshipped with these horrible foreign rites, was lost during the storms of the Doric invasion, when the aboriginal inhabitants were expelled from Lakonia. But having been found again among the shrubbery in the bottom-lands of the Eurotas by Astrabakos and Alopekos, the barbarous worship of Diana was restored, and her altars were again stained with human blood. Yet, instead of slaughtering the victims, Lykurgos introduced the flagellation of the youths. The priestess of Diana attended the disgusting scene with the small wooden image of the goddess on her arm. What an insight does such a picture give us into the dark superstition and cold-hearted arrogance of the Spartans! No wonder that they were as much hated by the other Greeks, as the Athenians were loved. In gratitude for his humanity, Lykurgos had his temple near that of the goddess and of the Heroon of Astrabakos, the finder of the statue.

In the temple of Aphrodite, the *Aphrodision*, standing beyond on the northernmost hill, the statue of the smiling goddess of love and joy was seen with shield and lance in full armor, according to the ideas of the warlike Spartans. On the west of the Akropolis was the splendid temple of Æsculapius, another of Lykurgos, many monuments of great Spartan warriors, and a large portico, richly adorned with paintings, which served as a place of assembly and conversation to the citizens. Here another cruel act of the severe Spartan discipline took place. The new-born children were carried by their fathers to the painted portico, before the grave old men of their own tribe, who permitted them to live, if robust and

healthy, but ordered those who seemed weakly and delicate to be cast into a deep chasm of Mount Taygetos. This den of death, no doubt one of the dreadful chasms behind the castle hill of Misthrá, relieved the Spartans from the necessity of erecting working-houses or enacting poor-laws. The surplus population went into the pit! Of these buildings several foundations are still seen near the village of Magoula, and in the surrounding mulberry-grove.

The high and precipitous line of hills forming a strong defensive position toward the Eurotas, and the steady bravery of the Spartan battalions or *moras* of heavy-armed hoplitæ, were able for centuries to repel the enemy. Even a surprise by Epaminondas, a few days previous to the great battle at Mantinea in Arkadia, where he fell, was beaten off by a handful of resolute Spartans.

Epaminondas, advancing secretly during the night, had quickly passed the defiles of Sellasia, and suddenly appearing on the bridge Balyka, the Theban army entered the Limnaion suburb, and pressed on to the market-place. But in the narrow defile, between the steep Issorion and the still higher hill of the Akropolis, where every temple and sanctuary served as a barrier, the Thebans found themselves furiously encountered by the few Spartans left in the city and their armed retainers; and although Epaminondas succeeded for a moment in forcing his way to the entrance of the Agora, he was nevertheless soon obliged to retreat beyond the river, with a heavy loss of his most daring warriors.

Sparta was built of less durable materials than Athens. Her fame has outlived her monuments. Yet the disappearance of the Dorian monuments is in part owing, incredible as it seems, to the madness and vanity of a French clergyman, the Abbé de Fourmont. This learned but vain and arrogant French savant was sent by Louis XV., in 1728, to Greece, where he partly found and partly forged numerous inscriptions which puzzle the sagacity and criticism of the learned philologists even to the present day.

Abbé Fourmont sought immortality by copying inscriptions and describing monuments, and then willfully destroying every trace of the originals. In the absurd letters which he at that time wrote home to the minister of state and other distinguished literary men of France, he says, for instance:

“Oh! with what inexpressible delight have I for months been occupied in levelling and destroying old Sparta! I have not left one stone on another. Sixty Lakonian workmen, with crow-bars and pick-axes, are, from morning till night, breaking down the temples, annihilating every trace of that de-

voted city, while I, with an exulting feeling of victory and glory, proclaim to the world: *Carthago fuit—Sparta was, and is no more!*"*

In reading such fiendish malice, such monstrous absurdity, we certainly would suppose, not only that the French clergyman was more fit for a lunatic asylum than for visiting Greece; but even that his vain boastings bore untruth on their face. This was the opinion of Chandler, Colonel Leake, and other eminent travellers of a more modern date. Nevertheless, we must confess that at different places in Arkadia and Lakonia, both at Tegea, Belmina, and Sparta herself, we still find traces of this destructive fury of the fanatic Frenchman. We there see marble slabs, on which both ornaments and inscriptions have carefully been destroyed by the chisel, while in other places fragments of inscriptions, already published by the Abbé, are still existing, thus proving again, that some at least of his hundreds of inscriptions are genuine, though the greater number, no doubt, may have been his own compilations, invented only with the malicious intention of leading his learned brother pedants astray.

The present capital of Lakedaimon owes its origin to a royal decree, by virtue of which it is considered not only the chief place in the province, but the second city in the kingdom of Greece. Among many other brilliant promises of royal munificence, was that of a high-road across the Bardounian ridge to the sea-port of Sparta at Gytheion, (Marathonisi,) and another carriage-road through the mountain-passes north to Tripolis in Arkadia. Such a combination of roads would give the modern Lakedaimonians an easy communication with the sea and the interior of Peloponnesos, and be of incalculable advantage to their industry and the export of their valuable products. But alas! roads are more easily laid out on paper than carried over rugged mountains; the native inhabitants are too ignorant and indolent to support government in its benevolent exertions for the welfare of the country, and though twelve years have passed since our visit, we fear that those brilliant plans have not yet been realized, and that New-Sparta is still lingering in her state of infancy. The prospect

* In another letter to the French Prime Minister, M. de Maurépas, the crazy Abbé continues running on in this blundering style:

"Je l'ai fait non pas, abattre mais raser de fond en comble; il n'y a plus de cette grande ville une pierre sur une autre. Depuis plus de trente jours, trente, et quelque fois soixante ouvriers, abattent, détruisent, exterminent la ville de Sparte! . . . Si, en renversant ses murs et ses temples; si, en ne laissant pas une pierre sur une autre au plus petit de ses *sacellum* son lieu sera dans la suite ignoré, j'ai au moins de quoi la faire reconnaître, et c'est quelque chose. Je n'avais que ce moyen de rendre mon voyage illustre!"

at that time, however, was cheering, and Amaliapolis, being the residence of the bishop, the civil and military officers of the administration, grew up with some rapidity. The Government House, the Archiepiscopacy, the royal silk-factory, and Greek church were fine-looking and solid buildings. The principal street was lined with a hundred edifices, consisting of stores, coffee-houses, and barracks for the gendarmerie and the light companies which were stationed there, to have a look-out on the roving mountaineers of the Taygetos.

The *Nomarchos*, or Governor, Mr. Levendis, received us with truly oriental hospitality, and we were thus enabled to spend some delightful days in one of the most beautiful and interesting regions of the world.

The valley of Lakonia being extensively planted with mulberry trees, silk makes an important export article. The establishment for spinning silk, conducted by Italian artists, therefore excited our curiosity, and we visited the factory in the afternoon.

The Norman King, Roger of Naples and Sicily, transported the Greek silk-worms and silk-weavers to Italy during the Crusades. Naples now sends back her workmen for the instruction of the Greeks. A number of young Greeks, men and women, were attending the operation of spinning of the silk from the cocoons as apprentices, and we were amused at beholding their astonishment at the liveliness of the Italian women, who, while working, were singing Italian opera songs in full chorus. The production of silk in Lakonia has made a great progress within the last twenty years, and the price of the Lakonian silk has doubled at the market of Lyons.

The environs of Sparta were described by ancient writers as delightfully situated, and in high cultivation. Sanctuaries, villas, and hamlets were scattered through the beautiful groves and gardens—a peaceful region, in which the women of Lakadamon for five centuries, from Lykurgos to Epaminondas, did not behold the fires of a hostile camp. Two flourishing towns, Amyklai, south in the plain, and Therapne, beyond the Eurotas, on the slope of the Menelaion range, were both situated at a short distance from the capital. The left bank of the river did not belong to Sparta. Its habitations, however, formed a suburb, which stood in communication with the city by means of the Balyka bridge. When Epaminondas with the Theban army, in 370, burning and destroying, descended the river, he attempted in vain to storm the bridge, being repelled by the young Spartan warriors, who occupied the Temple of Athena Alea and the other sanctuaries on the opposite bank. The pru-

dent Theban therefore drew back his troops, and continued his march down the stream toward Therapne. We followed his example, and ascended the steep Menelaion hill, on which one of the most ancient and important monuments was discovered in 1834. It consists of an obtuse pyramid, one hundred and eight feet square at the base, and rising in three terraces to a height of sixteen feet; the middle offset, or terrace, is eighty-four feet square, and the upper sixty-eight. It crowns the summit of the mountain, being seven hundred and sixty feet precipitous above the river bed of the Eurotas. It is solidly constructed of immense blocks of a darkened, conglomerate lime-stone. Its terminating cone is wanting, together with its glittering covering of Parian marble; but enough of the pile is standing to identify it with the ancient so highly revered Temple of Menelaos and Helena, which, by its commanding position, must have presented the grandest and most prominent object in the valley of Lakonia. To this sanctuary rode the virgins and matrons of Sparta in their long processions of adorned chariots, and implored Helena to grant beauty to themselves and their children; while the men invoked the hero Menelaos for valor and victory. All around the terraced steps were found numerous small leaden images, in the shape of diminutive crowns or diadems, and others in the rigid, antiquated form, representing small figures of veiled statues of women and armed warriors in full panoply—no doubt votive offerings of the pious Spartans. The excavations at that time were left unfinished on account of the heat of summer and an epidemic fever which forced the antiquarian, Dr. Lewis Ross, and the architects to leave Sparta; yet, by a future renewal of the works, we may with confidence expect the discovery of the subterraneous supulchres of the Pelopid kings.*

Therapne, the residence of the Achaian kings, lay on the slope of the mountain, on a spot, sacred by its ancient rites and from the traditions of the native heroes, long before the Dorian conquest of Peloponnesos: there the twin-brothers, the *Dioskouroi*, ruled in their high-turreted castle, and lay buried in the depths of Therapne; there Menelaos, in his glittering palace, received Telemachos at his festal board. The whole region

* Womanly beauty was then as highly appreciated in Sparta as it is now in America. A Lakonian nurse, perceiving that the child intrusted to her care was misshapen, and that the parents felt this to be a great misfortune, went every day to the Temple of Helen at Therapne, and, presenting the child to the image, entreated the goddess to change her ugliness to beauty. One day, while leaving the sanctuary, a woman appeared before her, and asking to see the ugly child, she stroked its head with her hands, and said that she would surpass all the women of Sparta in beauty; and from that day the baby's appearance began to change, and she became the most charming bride in Sparta. See Herodot. Erato, 61.

around presented sacred recollections to the Spartans; for on the road to the bridge lay the Sanctuary of Æsculapius, that of Ares, built by the Dioskuri, and that of Pollux himself. Their own temple stood on the right bank of the Eurotas, in the Phoibaion, where the young Spartan warriors sacrificed to their handsome and youthful heroes, and marched boldly to war under their sure guardianship.*

From Therapne we rode in an hour to Sklavochori, or the town of the Sclavonians, situated among the ruins of Amyklai, at the base of Mount Taygetos. The scenery is the most delightful in the world; the road runs between orange and lemon groves, interspersed with sombre cypresses, while numerous rills from the clefts of the overhanging mountains clothe the soil with a rich carpet of shrubbery and flowers, and refresh the sultry heat of the day. Amyklai lies about four miles from Sparta along the great avenue of the Hyakinthean procession. Here the Spartans celebrated, with great pomp of music and sacrifices, their national festivals—the *Hyakinthia* in midsummer, and *Karneia* in September. The latter was an imitation of Spartan camp-life, on the plain before the temple of the Amyklaian Apollo, the tutelar deity of the Dorians. On the banks of a copious rivulet from the Taygetos, in a sacred grove, stood the old sanctuary, which must have been preserved through the fearful wars that, during the era of the decline of Sparta, swept over her beautiful plain—since it was still admired, with all its artistic treasures, by Pausanias, in the second century after Christ. The temple-buildings themselves did not attract his attention; but he describes with admiration the statuary, alike important on account of its antiquity or of its masterly execution.

The colossal statue of the Sun-god, fifty feet high, was a work of the rudest and most ancient kind, and resembled a column of brass, with the exception of the face, hands, and feet. It wore a helmet, and held in the hands a spear and bow. It stood on a pedestal formed like an altar, which was supposed to be the tomb of Hyakinthos, and richly adorned with statues and bas-reliefs in bronze. This colossal throne was supported by statues of the Charites and Flora; on the right were Echidna

* Kastor and Polydeukes, the Tyndarids, were the great patrons of Sparta, and held in the highest veneration. During the second Messenian war, two handsome Messenian youths, Panormos and Gonippos, imitating the white dress and gilt armor of the Dioskuri, and mounted on milk-white steeds, galloped suddenly into the midst of the hostile camp while the Spartans were sacrificing and feasting. These superstitious warriors, believing their gods to appear before them, fell down on their faces adoring, while the youths, riding about, slaughtered a great number with their lances before the stratagem was discovered, and returned unhurt to Andania. See Pausanias, iv., 27.

and Typhos, on the left Tritons, and the base contained, in forty-two compartments, subjects from the mythology of Dorian gods and heroes. The enchaser, or sculptor, of this magnificent thoreutic work was Bathykles, from Magnesia, on the Maiandros in Asia-Minor, who, about the 29th Olympiad, 664 B.C., with a number of his pupils, found a kind reception and plenty of work at Sparta. A century later, in a period of victory and glory, the Spartans obtained a quantity of gold from Kroisos, the king of Lydia, with which they gilded the statue of their revered god.

Greek antiquaries found in Amyklai many important monuments of the early history of their country; among these was the celebrated group of five bronze tripods, of which the three most ancient were said to have been dedicated from the tenth of the spoils of Ithome, in the first Messenian war, 722 B.C.; the others, which were of a larger size, from the Athenian booty at the naval victory of Aigospotamoi, in 404. The feet of the tripods were adorned with beautiful sculptures in bas-relief. Two of the most ancient, with the statues of Aphrodite and Artemis, were the work of the above-mentioned Lakedaimonian artist, Gitiades; the third, with the statue of the Kore, (Proserpina,) was by Kallon, the head of the Æginetic school, in the 59th Olympiad, or 544 B.C. Sparta, with a lyre in her hand, was represented on the fourth tripod, the work of Aristandros; and on the fifth was Aphrodite, by Polykleitos. Yet the ruthless sword of Alaric and his Goths, who invaded Lakonia in 396, no doubt destroyed these precious relics of former grandeur and glory, and Apollo at Amyklai shared then the same fate as the goddess Demeter (Ceres) in her temple at Eleusi in Attika.

During the seventh and eighth centuries, the greater part of Peloponnesos was occupied by different Slavonic tribes, who settled down in the rich valley of Lakedaimon, where they have left their memorial in a number of villages on the mountains all around Sparta, such as Sklavochori, here on the ruins of Amyklai, and Varsava, (Warsaw,) Bilova, Sítzova, Arákhova, Vrěstena, Tzintzina, Polovítza, Levětzova, on the east and south. Sklavochori was burnt by the Turks during the Russian invasion of 1772, and only eight or nine churches and chapels, in ruins, look out from the forest trees that now cover the ground. Yet some foundations of huge square blocks, fragments of Dorian marble capitals, and inscriptions with the letters AMYK., still identify the site of the ancient Amyklaion. At a short distance, a Hellenic castle, towering high on a projecting spur of the Taygetos, looks down on the plain below. It can not, however, be the ancient Achaian fortress of Amyklai, which, at the time of the Dorian conquest of Lakonia,

was given as a feudal tenure to the native chief Philonomos, for betraying his king and siding with the invaders. Some ruins on a hill, near the village of Kyriakós, eastward a thousand paces from the Eurotas, and in a position commanding the plain, seem to indicate the site of that fortress. Excavations there would, perhaps, throw more light on the subject.

Though the Amyklaians thus recognized the sovereignty of the Dorian kings of Sparta, they nevertheless for several centuries defended their independence and territory, and it was not until they had weakened themselves by military expeditions to Æolis, Achaia, and Crete, that Teleklos, king of Sparta, at last succeeded in subduing and destroying the last remnant of the aboriginal inhabitants of Lakonia. The victors, however, preserved the sanctuaries of their vassals; adopted their religious rites; and thus Amyklai became the centre of the national festivals, processions, and popular rejoicing of all Lakadaimon.

Another discovery likewise tending to prove the high antiquity of the Menelaian monument of Therapne, was made by Mr. Gropius, the learned Consul-General of Austria and Denmark, in the year 1805, on a hill near the village Vaphiό—the ancient Pharis—a mile south of Amyklai, on the banks of the Eurotas.

The consul began to excavate a regular mound or tumulus, and there discovered a circular subterranean chamber, which, in the form of a dome, terminates at a point, or key-stone, similar to the celebrated Treasury of Atreus at Mykenai. Like that, it was entered by a door on one side, the access to which was pierced horizontally through the slope of the hill. Vaphiό, the village, is standing on a line of hills running south along the Eurotas, the highest point of which is formed by this tumulus. The doorway is entire. It is six feet wide at the upper and narrower part. The lintel is one immense stone, fifteen feet in length. At Mykenai that of the Treasury is no less than twenty-seven feet in length.* The vault itself at Vaphiό is forty feet in diameter; at Mykenai it is forty-eight feet. They appear likewise to be both from the same remote period. Most unhappily the vault of the treasury in Lakonia has fallen in, and the greater part of its materials was carried away by order of Count Capo d'Istria; so at least the villagers say. Yet the lower part of the round cavity is still in perfect

* Remarkable instances of still larger building-stones are those of the temple area at Mount Moriah, in Jerusalem, which are sixty feet in length; and those of the gigantic temple of the Sun-god at Heliopolis, (Baalbek,) in Syria, attain even a length of seventy-five feet. Some of those immense blocks have never been removed from the quarries in the neighborhood, where they still are lying.

preservation, and might easily be restored. Amyklai and Therapne were populous cities before the Dorians. Menelaos, like the Tyndaridæ before him, resided in Therapne. There, too, we see his sepulchral monument. At Amyklai we find the great and sacred temple, the centre of the traditions, religious rites, and political union of the different races; and at Pharis, according to a lately-restored passage in Strabo, we behold the royal vault or treasury (*tameion*) and armory of the Homeric hero. We may thus rejoice at having ascertained three of the oldest historical monuments in Europe, which throw so brilliant a light on the traditional ages of Hellas.

But our discoveries do not rest here; we have a fourth as interesting as the three last mentioned, and perhaps from the same early period; we mean the beautiful ancient Hellenic bridge at Xerokampi, in Southern Lakonia.

Continuing our route from Amyklai south, along the foot of the terrible precipices of Mount Taygetos, we pass the river Phellia, and enter a fine olive-grove, which extends six miles to the modern village Palaiá Panaghiá, lying in the interior angle of the Lakonian valley, between the Bardounian range on the south and the highest peak of the Taygetos on the west, in a region called by the moderns Xerokampi, or desert plain. Here an ancient road crossed the Taygetos. The deep chasm or ravine through which it passes, forms one of the most picturesque prospects of the chain, because it permits a full view toward the interior valleys, to the high table-land with its villages, and to the crowning peak, Taleton, immediately overhanging the cleft. On our emerging from the wood, and turning up the ravine, the Cyklopean bridge presented itself full in front, spanning the chasm by a bold arch, which, seen from below, fills the mind with admiration and delight. No entire ancient bridge had hitherto been known to exist within the limits of Greece; nay, the architects had even questioned the ability of the ancient Greeks to throw an arch! They, therefore, pretended that all arches seen in aqueducts and other monuments, were of Roman construction. But this hypothesis, like so many others, has now fallen to the ground. The three vaulted chambers at Orchomenos in Boiotia, at Mykenai and Vaphiú, and the fine arched bridge at Xerokampi prove to the contrary.*

Here we stand again before a monument, which, on account

* Those readers who have visited Italy may, perhaps, here remember the beautiful Roman bridge, from the era of Augustus, thrown over the deep valley of the Nera, between Narni and Civita Castellana, on the road from Perugia to Rome. The Roman arch spans a wider distance, but the archaic, Cyklopean, masses give a greater interest to the Hellenic bridge in Lakonia.

of its colossal dimensions and finished workmanship, our travelling companion, the Architect Chevalier de Schaubert, considered as a relic from remote antiquity. The masonry of the arch, the piers, and the walls connected with each, are ancient and in excellent preservation, only the parapet of poor rubble work is modern; and where the outer of the Cyklopean blocks of the facing, on both sides of the flanks, have fallen away, we see traces of Turkish repairs. The stones of the arch are four or five feet long, three in breadth, and two in thickness. In size and proportion they are similar to those of the Akropolis of Mykenai, and, perhaps, of the same period. The span of the arch is twenty-seven feet, and the breadth of the causeway, between the modern parapets, is seven.

Interesting as is the bridge, its beauty is still heightened by the magnificence of the scenery, and the vigorous growth of myrtle, oleander, agnus castus, and other fine shrubbery, from out of which the gold-tinged marble arch swings itself across the glen, high above the torrent, that foaming and chafing, dashes below. But how can we account for the singular fact of the ancients constructing this marble bridge in so remote and secluded a corner of the mountain, so far away from the main thoroughfares of Lakedaimonia, in a region which was not visited by Pausanias, nor mentioned by any ancient author? We think to find an answer to this question in the discovery of an ancient carriage-road that here crossed Mount Taygetos. The defile of Xerokampi, lies in the gap beneath the highest peak of the mountain, whence not only the nearest descent is found to Armyros and Pherai (Kalamata) in Messenia, on the west side of the chain, but there likewise branch off the steep bridle-paths leading to the fertile table-lands on the slopes, and from thence along the forest-covered flanks, to the summit of Taleton, the highest peak of Taygetos. Here altars were consecrated to the sun-god Phoibos Apollon, to whom the Spartans sacrificed horses every year, when they, in procession and with great pomp, ascended to the mountain. The ceremony of slaughtering fine white steeds to the Sun was Persian. On the south of the pass lies *Euoras*, another of the high summits of Taygetos, and the region between both is by Pausanias called *Theras*, being the great hunting district of the Spartans. The forests on those heights furnished a plentiful chase of mountain-goats, bears, wild boars, and principally deer. Nor were these elevated regions without their sanctuaries. On the slope stood a temple of the Eleusinian Demeter, and the ancient Lakedaimonians pointed out the place where the wounded Hercules was healed by Æsculapius.

Above the bridge on the left bank of the torrent, we see the

ancient carriage-road cut in the living rock, and discover an inscription still legible on the precipitous wall: ΟΡΟΣ, or *boundary*. Along the road runs an ancient aqueduct, for more than six miles, following all the sinuosities of the descent. The channel for the water-course is beautifully cut out of the rock, here and there supported by low parapets, which is the only part of the conduit that has gone to ruin. In the upper region of Taygetos, several mills are still in use, near a large artificial tank or reservoir, and the inhabitants of Palaiá Panaghiá told us that with an expense of thirty thousand drachms, or five thousand American dollars, the entire aqueduct might be restored, to the great advantage of the inhabitants of the plain. Two years before the outbreak of the war of independence, the Turkish Agá of the village had offered the Spartan peasants to undertake this restoration at his own expense, on their promise of paying triple taxes for ten years. The villagers declared themselves willing to do so—so important did this undertaking appear to them. The work was begun in the upper part of the chasm, but soon the war broke out and resulted in the slaughter or exile of all the Turks and Albanians in Lakonia and the rest of the Morea.

The president, Count Capo d' Istria, afterwards made a second attempt, but this project, like so many others of the Count's happy inspirations, remained only on paper. The dell itself is one of the most gloomy and romantic we ever entered. An immense rock, thrown down by an earthquake from the threatening peaks above, now forms a natural gate-way, not so lofty, however, as that more celebrated one in Virginia, but certainly as picturesque.

Within the gap, but unseen from the road, opens the narrow inlet to a deep grotto, where the women and children from the villages of Palaiá Panaghiá, Xerokampi, Komustá, and others in the neighborhood fled for safety, during the invasion of Ibrahim Pashá in 1826.

With astonishment we distinguish the wheel-ruts of the ancient carriages along the artificial road, winding zig-zag through the glens of Taygetos. Nay, it seems highly probable that these grooves or channels were scooped out at a distance to the ordinary span of a carriage on purpose, in order to steady and direct the course of the wheels, and lighten the weight of the draught on the rocky, slanting ground; in the same manner as the sockets of our present railroads. Such regular wheel-ruts we observe in many places in Greece, in mountain-passages, principally those leading to the much-frequented temples or places consecrated to Panhellenic games, as for instance, Delphi on Mount Parnassos, at Nemea, Olympia, Eleusis, and others.

Old Homer seems to indicate this route across Taygetos, in his *Odyssey*, where he so beautifully describes the visit of young Telemachos to Menelaos, the king of Lakedaimon, in quest of his father Odysseus.

Telemachos lands on the shore of sandy Pylos—the present Navarino—where he is feasted by old Nestor. From thence he performs his journey to Sparta in two days on his chariot, reposing the first night at Pharai, now Kalamata, on the Messenian gulf. Next day he crosses the towering barrier of Mount Taygetos, no doubt on this less precipitous route, following the intricate valleys and the deep gap, south of Taleton, the highest point of the ridge, which, even to this day, forms the frontier of Lakedaimonia toward the Upper Máni, now called the Province of Lakonia. This is the only passage south of Sparta, while the nearest path, directly west of that city by the valley of Trypi, is the most dangerous track we ever passed, not excepting even those of Mount Lebanon in Syria, where not even a horse, much less a carriage can pass, without the greatest danger. Those formidable precipices, and the short turns on slippery rocks, overhanging the yawning abyss beneath, made our horses tremble for fear. Unloading their burdens a dozen times, and tying handkerchiefs over their eyes, we at last succeeded in leading them across the most dangerous passage at Kútzovaladá, on our descent to Kalamata.

If, therefore, we can attempt to transfer the poetry of Homer to actual localities in Greece, we would suppose that it was on this more southern route, so ingeniously cut through the rocks, that the bard carried his Telemachos and the prancing steeds of the Gerenian rider, Nestor.

We spoke of the ancient sacrifices to the Sun-god. A very steep bridle-path still conducts the wanderer through splendid pine forests to the chapel of St. Elias, the successor of Apollo, standing on the brow of the highest peak. Here the eye commands one of the most wonderful views in the world. Not only the entire range of Taygetos, with the Lakonian and Messenian gulfs at our feet, and the promontory of Tainaron and that of Malea, with the islands of Kythera, distant Candia, (Crete,) and the blue mirror of the African sea in front—oh no! the eye wanders with inexpressible delight over the violet and purple ridges of Arkadia and Argolis, and rests at last on the charming islands of Zante and Kephallonia, beautifully, in bold forms and in towering snow-capped mountains, emerging from the deep-blue surface of the Ionian sea.

Such is the view from the Spartan altars on Mount Taygetos.

The conquest of Messenia and the victories over Argos,

raised Sparta about the fiftieth Olympiad, 550 B.C., to the supremacy in the Peninsula. Whoever holds the Taygetos, possesses the Akropolis of the Peloponnesos. The Lakedaimonians had now united both slopes of that ridge into a powerful state; they had thus secured their country by an impervious frontier, and, steeled, by their Lykurgian constitution at home, they not only obtained the deciding vote in the general councils of the Dorian confederacy, but their word or sword settled henceforth all disputes among the allies, and their influence soon began to extend beyond the Peloponnesos. In Athens they drove the Peisistratid tyrants from the Akropolis, and restored the popular government. Their fame spread to Asia, and Kroisos, king of Lydia, sent them ambassadors with presents and offers of alliance, and afterward their assistance was implored in preference to Athens, by Aristagoras and the Ionians of Asia Minor, against the Persians.

Thus at the outbreak of the great Persian war, 500 B.C., Sparta took the command of the Hellenic forces. But after the fall of Leonidas at Thermopylæ, and the invasion of Attica by Xerxes, she demanded, true to her principles of self-defence, that the Athenians and other Greeks beyond the Isthmus, should abandon their homes and withdraw within the barriers of the Peloponnesos, which, as the stronghold of all Hellas, was alone to be defended against the barbarians. Yet the brilliant genius of Themistokles, the activity and patriotism of the Athenians decided the question against Sparta, by the decisive naval battle of Salamis. Athens outflanked her ally, and spreading her sails on her own element, she built up the powerful Ionian confederacy which awarded to her great leaders that *hegemony* or general command, from which Sparta retired in sullen and offended pride.

Henceforth the friendship between Dorians and Ionians was at an end. Aristocracy and democracy were now to enter the lists in deadly feud. The Athenian alliance among the maritime cities and the islands was an artificial combination, offensive from its nature, and held together by the Athenian fleets; while Sparta, relying on the congeniality of feelings and common interests of her Dorian allies, in her defensive position behind the Isthmus, strengthened herself by concentration in the same manner as Athens became weakened, by too great extension.

The Spartans, despising all the pomp and glitter of their rivals, still preserved intact the austere institutions of Lykurgos at the beginning of the Peloponnesian war. It was the longest and the most destructive the world had seen. Sparta, victorious on sea and land, humiliated her rival, and obtained a second

time the supremacy in Hellas. Yet her political moderation and the austere simplicity of her manners now necessarily gave way to the ambitious aspirations of a Lysander and an Agasilaos. Her fleets swept the *Ægean*; her *harmosts*, with their Spartan garrisons, occupied the allied cities and distant colonies, where the governments were changed, and aristocracies sprung up at the wink of haughty and overbearing Lakedaimon. The armies of the Persian king were defeated; but his gold excited disturbances in Greece, and though Sparta yet sustained her dominion in Europe by giving up her conquests in Asia Minor, she could not long maintain a supremacy which had now no other support than the terror of her arms. The battle of Leuktra decided the downfall of the Spartan rule. The allies fell off one by one, and soon Epaminondas and his Thebans appeared before Sparta herself. Her defence in the hour of danger was truly heroic; the enemy retired; but the Messenian Helots became freemen, and from their strongly-fortified Messene harassed Sparta in the flank; while the united Arkadians from Megalopolis stopped her advance in front; thus the Spartans, thrown back upon the mountains of Lakonia, in 362, for a time retired from the historical scene. A nation must retrograde if it does not advance; and so the Spartans could not long bear their humiliation. Whilst northern Greece was arrayed against Philip of Makedonia, they took up arms against the Arkadians and Argeians, and pressed them so hard that the latter called Philip to their assistance. The victor of Chaironeia suddenly appeared in the Peloponnesos in the third year of the 110th Olympiad, 338 B.C., and invaded Lakonia with an army too powerful for the Spartans to resist in the field. He laid waste the country, but did not attack the glorious old city herself; nor could he force the stubborn warrior-nation either to ask for peace or to recognize him as the already-proclaimed commander-in-chief of the Panhellenic forces against Persia. Philip, having no rancor against the Spartans, and wishing only to gain the affection of the Peloponnesians, and the support of their troops and treasure for his vast schemes in the east, retired after having awarded the disputed territories* to the Messenians, Megalopolitans, and Argeians. Yet Sparta, like a hunted lioness, remained roaring in her den; she was the only city in all Hellas which stood out against the invincible Makedonian, maintaining her ancient freedom and dignity

* It was in the war with Philip of Makedonia, so little known in history, though sufficiently mentioned in Polybios, Pausanias, and other writers, that Sparta lost Kynuria to Argos, other frontier territories to the Arkadians, and the much-contested *Ager Dentheliatas* on Mount Taygetos, with the Temple of Diana Limnatis, to the Messenians. (Tacitus' *Annals*, iv. 4, 3.)

under circumstances of feebleness and humiliation with more unshaken resolution than Athens or Thebes.

She, too, under her enthusiastic and youthful king, Agis II., gathered her warriors and the few faithful allies that still yearned to unfurl the banner of independence against Makedonia. But the times had changed; it is with nations as with the human body; they have their period of youthful vigor, manly fortitude and success, and of senile decrepitude. The Spartan battle-line, in 331, was as inferior to the highly organized and irresistible Makedonian phalanx as the latter, one century and a half afterward became, when opposed to the Roman legions of Æmilius Paulus at Pydna, in 168 B.C. Antipater, the lord-lieutenant of Makedonia, during the absence of Alexander the Great in Asia, on the first news of the Spartan movement in the Peloponnesos, hurried to the peninsula at the head of an army of 45,000 troops, and met the Spartans in the straits near Megalopolis, in Arkadia. The Peloponnesians, though inferior in number and arms, fought with heroic valor; Agis, their king, fell fighting sword in hand, and after the loss of five thousand slain, they retired proudly behind the barrier of their mountains. Alexander left them there in peace; nor were they disturbed until King Pyrrhos, the madman of Epeiros, in 272 B.C., from mere chivalrous desire of battle and bloodshed, invaded Lakonia. But he did so in an evil hour. Spartan virgins and matrons dug ditches along the exposed parts of the city, which were defended by the old men; while young warriors in dense columns, with the brave Akrotatos at their head, fell upon the rear of the Makedonians and drove them in disorder across the river. The opportune arrival of the Spartan king, Areus, who had been absent in Crete with the main army, decided the scale of battle. Pyrrhos, with the loss of his son and best troops, retreated, hotly pursued, and with the greatest difficulty, through the passes of Lakonia, and soon after found his death at Argos.

And here begins a new and highly interesting page in the history of the Peloponnesos, the renewal of the Achaian league by Aratos in 281 B.C. This able and active statesman, after the bold exploit of expelling the Makedonians from Akrokorinth, succeeded in combining Kcrinth, Troezen, Epidaurros, Argos, and even Athens, in the closest alliance with the ten Achaian republics of the Peloponnesos. Arkadia and Messenia joined likewise; proud Lakedaimon alone resisted, and with that national animosity and irritability which characterize the Hellenes throughout their history, even to the present day, she took up arms against her united republican brethren. The brave and talented Spartan king, Kleomenes III., having

restored the old Lykurgian constitution to renewed vitality at home, entered Arkadia at the head of his troops, in 225 B.C. Taking Argos and Megalopolis, he defeated Aratos and the Achæians in several battles, and brought the league into such distress, that the latter called to his assistance the king of Makedonia. Thus the Greeks themselves were now the cause of a new irruption of their former tyrants, which was to prostrate Sparta for ever. The great battle of Sellasia, near the river Oinus, north of the city, decided her fate. Her army was again prostrated and cut to pieces by the Makedonian phalanx of King Antigonos Doson, in 222 B.C. She received the victor, and Kleomenes III., the last Herakleid king, perished an exile in Egypt. The Spartans were now obliged to join the Achæian league, and its general, Philopoimen, in order to break the resistance of that stubborn people, abolished every trace of the old Lykurgian institutions. Yet the eagle-eye of Rome had long observed the contest. She now boldly interfered, and taking the part of Lakedaïmon against the Achæian league, brought on that last and decisive war which, in 146 B.C., terminated with the conflagration of Korinth, and the subjugation of all Hellas.

The independence of the Grecian republics was now gone for ever; Lakedaïmon, however, gained by the change. Rome permitted the Spartans to reëstablish their Lykurgian discipline, such as occasional assemblies of the citizens in the Skias, or hall of assembly, on the market-place, the public dinners in the Syssitia, and the austere education of the youth.

Wealthy Roman tourists soon began to travel to Sparta, that wonderful city, to see the Spartans swallow the black broth, and, no doubt with horror, to witness the cruel flagellations of their boys on the gory altar of Artemis Orthia, in the same manner as at the present day British aristocrats and American democrats go to Rome to see the pope and the carnival. Sparta had already become a name of the past, and a curiosity of the day.

The Romans repaired the city walls; they built the curious little amphitheatre for the horrible, disgusting combats of wild beasts and gladiators, the magnificent aqueduct, splendid baths, altars to the god-like Cæsars, and temples to the Egyptian Serapis: nay, the proud Augustus, after his victory at Actium over Antonius and Cleopatra, came himself to Sparta, to thank its inhabitants for the kind hospitality they had rendered to Livia and her sons on their flight from Rome. Augustus, the ruler of the world, sat down to dine with the Spartans, and tasted their black-pork soup and saltish goat-cheese. He rewarded their fidelity by granting them the honor of pre-

cedency at the public games of Actium, instituted in commemoration of his naval victory—a bitter insult offered to poor, down-trodden Hellas by the Roman autocrat!

Augustus even extended the territory of Sparta by adding the island of Kythera and certain Messenian cities beyond Mount Taygetos; but later, yielding perhaps to the continual complaints of the subjects of Sparta on the coast of Lakonia, the Roman emperor declared twenty-four cities free of her control. This at once gave the death-blow to the very shadow of her political existence!

The new constitution or confederation of the Lakonian maritime cities, whose inhabitants called themselves *Eleuthero-Lakones*, or Free Lakonians, is mentioned in several interesting inscriptions found at Gytheion, the ancient port of Sparta, at Vitylos, and other places, and gave birth to the free and war-like people of Mani—the Maniotes, or *Mainotts*—who, during the vicissitudes of more than a thousand years, defended their mountain fastnesses against all the attacks of the barbarian invaders of Hellas Vitylos, the Slavonians, the French Crusaders, and Othoman Turks, and did not break down their castles nor sheath their swords until the arrival of King Otho, by whose exertions this wild country has become one of the most quiet and peaceful provinces of the young kingdom of Greece.

The history of this interesting people, the modern Lakonians, with a description of their rocky and picturesque peninsula, will form the subject of our following articles, which will treat principally of the condition of Sparta and the Peloponnesos during the middle ages, from curious manuscripts lately discovered in the Romaic language, and the other historical works placed at the head of our article.

Memoirs of Abernethy. By GEORGE MACILWAIN, F.R.S. Published by HURST & BLACKETT, Successors to HENRY COLBURN. London: 1853.

"*Licet enim omnibus*," said Cicero, nearly twenty centuries ago,—"*licet enim mihi dignitatem medicæ artis tueri*." It is lawful to us, we may freely translate it, to uphold the dignity of the medical profession, when it is so grossly assailed as in the two volumes before us, and on this side of the Atlantic to claim for it that honor, and propriety, and respect, which British authors and British publishers, if we may judge from this coarse production, seem inclined to repudiate or deny.

We know not whether old Colburn be still *in rerum natura*, or whether, in his own stealthy fashion, he only revisits us by "pale glimpses of the moon;" but *certainly*, if he be no longer a denizen of this planet, such a publication as the present is enough to make the venerable *entrepreneur* (we shall not say humbug) rise from the place where he now is, and with imprecations, equally loud and deep, hie fast as he can hurry to the firm in Great Marlborough-street, who announce themselves as his successors. "Harry" himself may frequently have palmed off a book as empty upon the public. He has published works as deceptive as the Duke of Buckingham's alleged Memoirs, and as dull as the undoubted "Visitations" of Burke; he has concocted biographies of Frederick the Great by a man wholly ignorant of German literature, and many a book of travels by journeymen literary hacks who never quitted his own *atelier*, situated in appropriate propinquity to the police-office; but assuredly he never was guilty of perpetrating such a farce as the present; he always took care that his *employés* should assume a virtue if they had it not—should maintain a character for information throughout, even if it were wholly fabulous; whereas, of the seven hundred pages, or upward, of which the present work consists, positively not seventy in any degree relate to Abernethy; full half as many consist of stray-passages from his lectures, selected, the author informs us, "at random!" (Vol. ii., p. 50.) The remainder is made up of the opinions and small-talk of Mr. George Macilwain about his father, himself, his writings—Newton, Bacon, Galileo—hydropathy, homœopathy, and a hundred other subjects. Like the ancient philosopher who lectured *de rebus omnibus et quibusdam aliis*, Mr. Macilwain touches and descants upon every imaginable topic, save the one which he might have been expected to keep principally

in view. This is not from an *embarras de richesses*, as he insinuates; for in his Preface, and throughout his volumes, he is constantly informing us, that he is laboring under a plethora of materials, and that the only way of doing justice to Abernethy would be "a republication and running commentary on his whole works;" (see preface and page 83, vol. i., and pp. 50, 283, and 370, vol. ii.;) but it is in reality to conceal his pitiable poverty; for beyond a few stale jokes, taken from some defunct Aberdeen Almanac, and one or two dates supplied by a parish register, the work positively contains no information whatever. His publishers seem to have supplied him with that northern *repertoire* of forgotten Joe Millerisms; and we know not whether it be his fault or theirs, or, finally, that of the original editor of the Almanac—these have been spoiled in stealing. All the rest of the information was left to be supplied by Mr. George Macilwain himself, and assuredly never was there less adduced. Not a single family incident or fact connected with Abernethy does he bring forward; not a private letter, or aught save a meagre professional one here and there, does he seem ever to have had in his hands.

The widow and daughters of Abernethy, to whom he alludes—and who apparently still survive—have evidently refused to place themselves in communication with him, or to give him the smallest information; even the enemies of the subject of his memoir—such as Messrs. Stanley and Lawrence—have stood aloof, or expressed their "disinclination" to assist him in rendering himself and his hero alike ludicrous and abortive. It seems to have been a speculation solely of Messrs. Hurst, Blackett, and Macilwain, the two former inspired merely by the *auri sacra fames*, the other equally eager to enhance his position by intruding himself, his views, and his works, on the world, under pretence of supplying a desideratum in medical literature, and rendering a tribute of respect to Abernethy. These are hard words, perhaps, and reluctantly extorted from us; but our review will fully bear them out; and they are due alike to the integrity of criticism and to truth, seeing that such mendacious attempts are made, by means of the most outrageous puffing, to foist this contemptible work upon the public.

We express this opinion, we repeat, with reluctance; for a Life of Abernethy was a work required. Personally we have little regard for the man: he insulted clergymen, he insulted women, he insulted all who approached him as sufferers, save the few who had the coarseness or the courage to retort in language gross and insulting as his own; and before these he sunk into civility like a craven, or became mute and gentle as

a dove. But there was something superior in the man to this repulsive husk; there was in him a tolerably extensive vein of philosophy, and there was nothing whatever sordid or mean. If he did not originally pursue science for its own sake, he pursued it from no selfish motive. Unlike his noted compeer Cooper (Sir Astley) he was wholly exempt from considerations for what is vulgarly but expressively termed "the shop." Unlike the man-cutting monster Liston, he had no love for butcherly operations. The consequence was that Abernethy, with an extensive practice, died comparatively poor, and that his fair fame has been impeached or denied by those who see or acknowledge no virtue save in the achievements of the blood-stained knife.

ABERNETHY, (JOHN,) was born in the year 1764. His father, a London merchant, was the son of an Irish Presbyterian clergyman, and Mr. Macilwain—we know not on what grounds, unless, perhaps, he prides himself on like descent—conjectures that the family must have proceeded "from Scotland" several generations before. It is, assuredly, of no importance whatever; but, be this as it may, John was a genuine Cockney, and first saw the light "in the parish of St. Stephen's, Coleman-street," as his biographer somewhat confusedly informs us, on the 3d of April, in that year—"exactly," says Mr. Macilwain, "one year after Hunter settled in London." (Vol. i., p. 14.) More strangely still, in Mr. M.'s estimation—for our author has a keen scent after what he deems coincidences—Mr. Abernethy's "first work, Part I., was published the same year Hunter died, 1793;" though why these facts should be jumbled up in one paragraph, our author does not say, and we feel quite as much difficulty in discerning any connection between them as we should in discovering the peculiar relation which is popularly said to exist between Tenterden Steeple and the Goodwin Sands.

But, though born, he was not in early life brought up within the vicinity of Bowbells; and hence, except a somewhat unprofessional *penchant* for "drabs and top-boots," he had in after days really little of the Cockney within him. Mr. Macilwain unfortunately has been unable to ascertain the interesting details of his hero at the dame-school; and for want of this information, he favors us with a whole chapter of facts, or conjectures concerning the early days and infantile disposition of Dryden, Niebuhr, Swift, Sheridan, Wren, and the most extraordinary collection of illustrious men, which an imagination the most discursive, and a mind the most heterogeneous, ever contrived to group together from the dictionary. John, in the tenth year of his age, was despatched to the Grammar

School of Wolverhampton; and this gives us an opportunity of introducing our first specimen of Mr. Macilwain's delightful style, as well as of acquainting our readers with the discipline then and there in vogue:

"One day Abernethy had to 'do' some Greek Testament; and it appeared that he set off very glibly, having a 'crib' in the shape of a Greek Testament, with a Latin version on the other side. The old doctor, suspecting the case, discovered the crib, and the pupil was instantly 'levelled with the earth.' This *fortiter in re* plan of carrying the intellect by a *coup-de-main* has, as the present head-master observes, been replaced by more refined modes of proceeding. The more energetic plan was, however coarse and objectionable, not always unsuccessful in implanting a certain quantity of Latin and Greek. Abernethy was a very fair Latin scholar, and he certainly had not a bad knowledge of Greek also. There are, however, many other things to be learnt beside Latin and Greek; and it is probable that the more measured reliance on such violent appeals, which characterizes modern education, might have been better suited to Abernethy. To a boy who was naturally shy, and certainly passionate, such mechanical illustrations of his duty were likely to augment shyness into distrust, and to exacerbate an irritable temper into an excitable disposition."

We know not which most to admire here, the remarkable simplicity (we shall not say puerility) of Mr. Macilwain's "do's" and "cribs," or the wonderful conglomeration of ideas and language by which the effects of the birch, or more probably the "ruler," are here coupled with their juvenile recipient's future temperament and irritability. These things, or rather agencies and counter-agencies, though, doubtless, clear enough to Mr. Macilwain, far transcend our comprehension, and possibly that of our readers too. They "bang Banagher," as Dan. O'Connell was wont to observe, and surpass all understanding, as some profane critic remarks, like the observations of a certain personage whom he represents as "shaving Solomon's pigs."

When the "certain quantity of Latin and Greek" was thus by this peculiar process "implanted" into Abernethy, he seems to have been removed to the metropolis, and placed in due course of training for a surgeon. It does not, however, appear to have been his own inclination. The Bar, he tells us, had superior attractions for him. "Had my father," Macilwain makes him remark, "'Had my father let me be a lawyer,' he would say, 'I should have known every act of Parliament by heart.'"

This is, probably, true; though, like the Irishman who was giving very satisfactory evidence concerning the identity of a musket, and only subverted his proof by adding that he had known the weapon "ever since it was a pistol," Mr. Macilwain contrives to throw doubt upon the whole, and, indeed, upon

every similar fact in the book, as a contemporary well remarks,* by the *covering* or *clinching* with which he thinks fit to corroborate it.

"This," says Mr. M., "though no doubt intended as a mere figure of speech, was not so far from possibility as might be imagined, for it referred to one of his most striking characteristics, viz., a memory alike marvelously ready, capacious, and retentive—qualities common enough separately, but rare in powerful combination. We may have opportunities by-and-by, perhaps, of further illustrating it. We will give one anecdote here. A gentleman, dining with him on a birth-day of Mrs. Abernethy's, had composed a long copy of verses in honor of the occasion, which he repeated to the family circle after dinner. 'Ah!' said Abernethy, smiling, 'that is a good joke now, your pretending to have written those verses.' His friend simply rejoined that, such as they were, they were certainly his own. After a little good-natured bantering, his friend began to evince something like annoyance at Abernethy's apparent incredulity; so thinking it was time to finish the joke—'Why,' said Abernethy, 'I know those verses very well, and could say them by heart.' His friend declared it to be impossible—when Abernethy immediately repeated them throughout correctly, and with the greatest apparent ease."

We have an anecdote here to add, and must express our surprise that Macilwain has omitted it. During the late review of the Channel fleet, at Chobham, while the balls were flying in thousands before the gracious eyes of Her Majesty, His Royal Highness Prince Albert, and the rest of the royal family, a sailor had his head carried off by a pistol-shot, and an Irishman immediately carried him down for relief to the cock-pit of the Duke of Wellington, where Abernethy was at the moment acting as assistant-surgeon. "Pat, ye blockhead," said Abernethy, "what's the use of bringing a man without a head to me? Overboard with him at once!" Patrick (O'Conaghue was his name) immediately obeyed, but had scarcely completed his injunctions ere he saw another of the crew—a marine of the equestrian order—struck down by a blow from one of the Agamemnon's sixty-four pounders, which lodged its contents directly in his side. The man, however, though stunned, was only slightly hurt. While in a state of unconsciousness, he was carried before Abernethy who, on learning the force of the projectile, inferred him dead, and cried, "Overboard with him, too!" The intelligent native of the Emerald Isle again proceeded to obey. "Don't throw me overboard!" said the unhappy patient, "I'm not yet dead!" "Arrah, ye lie," replied O'Conaghue, as he tossed him into the sea, in the presence of the whole of the royal personages already mentioned, "don't the doctor know better than you?"

We have only this to say, if Mr. Macilwain demurs to the

* Athenæum, October 8.

veracity of our story, that it is every whit true as his own, and, moreover, possesses the merit of being superior in antiquity. *Ours* has the advantage of dating, or at least being an adaptation, from the days of the venerable Joseph Miller—an authority undoubted as Joseph Hume himself; whereas, as has already been pointed out to him by the weekly grumbler already quoted, Mr. Macilwain's anecdote concerning Abernethy's politeness and memory only takes its origin a century later, in the reign of Louis XV.

Medicine having been determined on as Abernethy's future avocation, he was at an early age apprenticed to Sir Charles Blicke, then a surgeon of eminence in the city. Though enjoying an extensive practice, however, with all its attendant emoluments, the character of this civic Esculapius seems to have inspired him with profound disgust. Sir Charles was, in fact, one of those money-grubbing practitioners who have reduced science to the degradation of a trade, and load their patients with drugs merely that they may enlarge their bills. This tampering at once with the constitution and the purse of the public quickly aroused the indignation and contempt of Abernethy. He accordingly lost no time in transferring his attendance to Sir William Bhyard, a surgeon of a higher order, who then lectured at the London Hospital, while Blicke was thinking of no loftier object than the accumulation of fees. Bhyard excited in the heart of Abernethy a feeling of admiration which ultimately became reciprocal; and fully a quarter of a century later both had an opportunity of expressing this, when the old master stood in the position of President, and the former pupil as Lecturer, to the Royal College of Surgeons.

But it was to HUNTER—the great and neglected JOHN HUNTER—that Abernethy owed almost all his information and subsequent celebrity. This illustrious man was then lecturing in comparative poverty and obscurity, while such men as Blicke were amassing handsome fortunes. But this has always been the lot of the loftiest order of the medical profession in this country, arising from the system of nepotism and self-election, as we shall afterwards see, on which its chief distinctions—hospital appointments—are conferred. Hunter at this moment, though in the zenith of his powers, and engaged in developing those grand *arcana* of nature which have conferred on his name immortality, and raised medicine to the dignity of a science, was positively derided. His lectures, teeming with such vast information, were then operating upon the risibility of the London faculty much as were the celebrated speeches of his great contemporary, Burke, in the House of Commons—those speeches then emptying the House, though

by all posterity they have been and will be admired. The following, according to Mr. Macilwain, is Abernethy's account of the great surgical genius's lectures, and though the author styles it "humorous," in our opinion it is impossible to conceive aught more painful, aught more humiliating to the illustrious physiologist, or degrading to the audience by whom he was then neglected and insulted.

"Abernethy used," says Mr. Macilwain, "to give us a very humorous description of some of the audiences of John Hunter on these occasions, and was accustomed to say, 'that the more humorous and lively part of the audience would be tittering, the more sober and unexcitable quietly dosing into a nap, whilst the studious and penetrative few appeared to be seriously impressed with the value of Mr. Hunter's observations and inquiries.' Mr. Cline, an honored name in our profession, and one who, had he lived in later times, would probably have been as distinguished in advancing science as he was for his practical excellence, significantly expressed his impressions of the future importance of the inquiries in which Hunter was engaged. Addressing Mr. Clift after one of the lectures, he said:—'Ah! Mr. Clift, we must all go to school again.' Mr. Abernethy carefully treasured up, and pondered on what he heard. He placed himself as much as he could near Mr. Hunter, and took every pains, which his time and occupations allowed, thoroughly to understand Mr. Hunter; and with his characteristic tendency to simplification said: 'Well, what Mr. Hunter tells us resolves itself into this: that the whole body sympathizes with all its parts.'"

This observation was, in reality, the basis of all Abernethy's subsequent fortune and celebrity—that no part of the body could be injured without all the rest sympathizing in it.

This neglect and comparative obscurity Abernethy was himself destined for upwards of twenty-five years to endure. Having completed his medical course, he determined on following the example, then almost equally contemned and unknown, of setting out as a lecturer, and established a school at Bartholomew's Hospital, which previously possessed none, though under his auspices it afterwards presented the most celebrated in the metropolis. In consequence, however, of the abominable system of hospital appointments, Abernethy remained for nearly a quarter of a century in the humble position of assistant-surgeon, though it may be said that during the whole of that dreary interval the hospital to him owed almost all its fame. The following description is given by our author of Abernethy's career and characteristics as a lecturer:—

"The most remarkable circumstance at this time of his life, and for several years, was his peculiar diffidence—an unconquerable shyness, a difficulty in commanding at pleasure that self-possession which was necessary to open his lecture. Every thing connected with his lectures is of importance to those who may be called to lecture, or to those who may desire to learn. No man has attained excellence more varied or attractive, yet many

years elapsed before he had overcome the difficulty to which I have alluded. An old student who attended his lectures, not earlier than 1795, told me that he recollected several occasions on which, before beginning the lecture, he had left the theatre for a time, to collect himself sufficiently to begin his discourse. On these occasions a tumult of applause seemed only to increase the difficulty. The lecture once commenced, I have no evidence of his having exhibited further embarrassment. He seems early to have attained that happy manner, which though no doubt greatly aided by his peculiar and in some sense dramatic talent, we shall by-and-by see reason to believe had been carefully cultivated by study and observation. His lectures continued to attract a larger and larger class, so that it became difficult to find the required accommodation for them. The governors of the hospital, therefore, in 1790, determined on building a regular theatre within the hospital. It was finished in 1791, and Abernethy gave his October courses of anatomy, physiology, and surgery of that year in the new theatre. He had thus become the founder of the School of St. Bartholomew's, which, for the approaches it made towards giving a more scientific phase to the practice of surgery, was certainly superior to any other."

In due season, Abernethy married a Miss Anne Threlfall, in January, 1800. Mr. Macilwain, who apparently knows nothing whatever of his hero's domestic affairs, gives the following anecdote of his marriage, though, we may add, it is apocryphal, or at least by no means peculiar, the same having been told of Sir Astley Cooper and full fifty others. Hospital surgeons, indeed, seem to pride themselves on some such unanticipated arrangement:—

"One circumstance on the occasion of his marriage is very characteristic of him—namely, his not allowing it to interrupt, even for a day, a duty with which he rarely suffered anything to interfere—namely, the lecture at the hospital. Many years after this, I met him coming into the hospital one day, a little before two, (the hour of lecture,) and seeing him rather smartly dressed, with a white waistcoat, I said:—'You are very gay to-day, sir!'—'Aye,' said he, 'one of the girls was married this morning.'—'Indeed, sir,' I said. 'You should have given yourself a holiday on such an occasion, and not come down to a lecture.'—'Nay,' returned he. 'Egad! I came down to lecture the day I was married myself.' On another occasion, I recollect his being sent for to a case just before lecture. The case was close in the neighborhood, and it being a question of time, he hesitated a little; but being pressed to go, he started off. He had, however, hardly passed the gates of the hospital before the clock struck two, when, all at once, he said: 'No, I'll be — if I do!' and returned to the lecture-room."

This horrid addiction to swearing, unless his biographer grossly misrepresents him, appears to have been one of Abernethy's principal vices. In the passage which follows, he is introduced as employing language coarser still, in reference to his disappointment of the post of chief surgeon, arising from the circumstances to which we have already alluded:

"He had yet no emolument from the hospital, he was still only an assistant-surgeon. The tenacity of office, which assistant-surgeons so commonly complain of, they have themselves seldom failed to exercise when

they have become surgeons (as we shall see, Mr. Abernethy excepted.) This long tenure by his senior wearied him, and was at times a source of not very agreeable discussions. On one occasion, Sir James Earle, his senior, was reported to have given Abernethy to understand that on the occurrence of a certain event, on which he would obtain an accession of property, that he, Sir James, would certainly resign the surgeoncy of the hospital. About the time that the event occurred, Sir James, happening one day to call on Abernethy, was reminded of what he had been understood to have promised. Sir James, however, having, we suppose, a different impression of the facts, denied ever having given any such a pledge. The affirmative and negative were more than once exchanged, and not in the most courteous manner. When Sir James was going to take his leave, Abernethy opened the door for him, and as he had always something quaint or humorous to close a conversation with, he said at parting: 'Well, Sir James, it comes to this: you say that you did not promise to resign the surgeoncy at the hospital, I, on the contrary, affirm that you did; now all I have to add is, — the liar!'

We can find no excuse for Abernethy for using such language, nor for Mr. Macilwain in repeating it; but the system of hospital nomination which gave rise to it was assuredly, and still is, reprehensible enough. Sir Astley Cooper, the most accomplished medical tradesman that perhaps ever existed, thus unconsciously betrayed it while excusing some slip of the tongue which he had involuntarily made in a moment of public conviviality; though all he had ventured in his cups to assert or acknowledge was that the peculiar mode of election was "not perfect:"

"What, gentlemen," said Cooper, at a reunion of the self-elected *magnates* to upbraid him, "is it likely that I should have said anything against these gentlemen or against your system? Is not Mr. Green, one of the surgeons of St. Thomas's, my godson? Is not Mr. Tyrell, another, my nephew? Was not Mr. Travers, the third, my apprentice? And are not Mr. Key and Mr. Bransby Cooper, of Guy's, my nephews too?" Besides being Lecturer to the two hospitals himself, this insatiable cormorant had thus contrived to foist and fasten the whole of his disposable family upon institutions designed for the service of the public, and whose portals ought to be opened to merit and public competition alone.

Against this abominable system Abernethy invariably waged war. In 1815, he at last attained the appointment of a surgeon to Bartholemew's Hospital; but this in no degree diminished his hostility to the corrupt arrangements by which he had so long been held in the back-ground, and by which others still might be. This of course brought the whole nest of hornets on his head; but it leads us to the most honorable part of his history, and to a portion of Mr. Macilwain's work for which we can give him credit unalloyed. We allude to the memorable controversy in which the former was involved with Mr. William

Lawrence, who succeeded Abernethy, his old master, as assistant surgeon, and which appears now to have been stirred up by the whole band at once to insult him, and outrage all that we revere.

Mr. William Lawrence appears to have been a person of considerable powers as a linguist, and of the most unbounded conceit. Mr. Macilwain describes him as being highly accomplished "in the *appropriation* of information"—in other words of plagiarising or purloining it. He had in this manner plundered Blumenbach and some other continental physiologists, and, like plagiarists in general, he spoiled by attempting to disguise what he stole. All the worst part of the obnoxious characteristics of their school he adopted, and he added features of his own which rendered it peculiarly objectionable. We are willing to allow the utmost latitude to free discussion; but we abhor the wretch who denies or derides the Almighty. If averse to punish him as a public criminal, we should resent as a personal insult the vileness of the creature who attempts to obtrude himself into notice by mocking the Creator. The scoffer who would deprive us of all that is serene in our joys and sacred in our sorrows—the miserable earthworm who would outrage the great and beneficent Being by whom we live and move, and to whom we are indebted for all that we enjoy in this world or can hope for in the future. We repeat, we should avoid punishing him publicly only because it would serve his own vile purpose, by directing undue attention to his blasphemy; but on personal grounds we should resent the outrage offered to our sense of propriety, lest by tacitly acquiescing in the course of the blasphemer we should be held as participating in the crime, and stretched in common with him by a thunder-bolt on the ground.

It would be equally offensive to our own feelings and to public taste to recapitulate or reproduce the offensive features of Mr. Lawrence's book; but Abernethy deemed it his duty publicly to reprehend them when the same doctrines were attempted to be introduced to the pupils of Bartholomew's in the Lectures which his former pupil was now permitted to give. It was in fact incumbent upon Abernethy to save his students from such pollution; but though the reproof was administered in the most tender and touching form, it was received and retorted in the fiercest terms of insult and derision by Mr. William Lawrence, utterly unconscious of the respect due from youth to age. Abernethy, who was now approaching his sixtieth year, was insulted in his own person and outraged in that of his only son. Having established the school at Bartholomew's, he naturally considered himself entitled to intro-

duce his sole representative as in some degree his successor ; but by the influence of Lawrence, who had acquired an ascendancy over the governors, this was prevented ; and the College of Surgeons, to its eternal infamy, merely because Abernethy had resisted its foul system of self-election, supported his traducer. As if to set all decency at defiance, Lawrence was shortly afterward elected its Professor, and the assent of Abernethy was even asked to the course, as well as forgivingly granted. Abernethy was now fast breaking up, and the effrontery of Mr. Lawrence or his friends even extended to soliciting him in this emergency to subscribe for his insulter's portrait ! This, however, was too much ; and Abernethy, after taking a day to consider a proposition which, had he not been approaching dotage, he would have refused on the spot, eventually declined ; but only on public grounds.

The governors of Bethlehem Hospital alone, of all the public bodies connected with them, acted with spirit in the course of these disgraceful proceedings. Lawrence being their surgeon, and elected annually, though in reality the appointment was conferred for life, they on the expiring of the year showed their disapprobation of his conduct by announcing the appointment as vacant ; and he was only permitted to reoccupy it by prostrating himself in the dust and hypocritically howling out *peccavi*. A considerable salary being attached to the office, this act of penitence and recantation was by Lawrence's colleagues and the public ascribed solely to motives the most sordid ; and he himself and his writings were shortly afterward consigned to merited contempt and oblivion.

Mr. Macilwain dwells at great length and with well deserved severity on this memorable passage-at-arms between Mr. William Lawrence and his hero, and we can in no degree perceive that he has acted with undue partiality. Lawrence commenced the attack by giving the lie in the most offensive terms to Abernethy, and broadly stating that the latter in ascribing his opinions to Hunter was an impostor. Abernethy, discerning perhaps the object of the youth and his thirst for notoriety, replied with gentleness, and expressed his unwillingness to believe in such conduct at the hands of one who, he said, had been "trained under his own roof." This, however, only inspired the reptile with additional venom. In "a tone of ridicule and banter," which Mr. Macilwain justly condemns, Lawrence returned to the assault in terms more insulting than ever ; but all his vituperation failed to arouse the temper of Abernethy, who, estimating him at his true worth, merely remarked : "From an early period of his studies, Mr. Lawrence had been accustomed to decry and scoff at what I taught as

Hunter's opinions concerning life and its functions; but as I never could find that he had any good reason for his conduct, I continued to teach them in the midst of the controversy and derision of such students as had become his proselytes."

This species of reply—a union of gentlemanly feeling with disdain—was assuredly the most efficient mode of putting down the presumptuous and comparatively juvenile assailant who had attempted to raise himself into notoriety at his expense; but though the issue of the contest was completely triumphant for Abernethy, the incident sunk deep into his heart. Lawrence had been his favorite apprentice, and the old man deplored to the last the serpent that had stung him. He shortly afterwards withdrew from the Hospital and confined himself to private practice; but the barb had sunk deep into his heart, and after existing for a year or two, seemingly broken alike in health and spirit, he died in his country retreat at Enfield, in the year 1831.

Mr. Macilwain gives no particulars of his later days and death. Indeed, he mentions that he had but once seen him during the last twelve months of his existence; and this forms the subject of one of our impeachments of Mr. Macilwain—that he should have attempted writing the life of a man of whom he knows comparatively nothing. The only part of Mr. Macilwain's work which at all realizes expectation is his appreciation of Abernethy as a lecturer, author, and practitioner, and these passages, in justice to him, we feel bound to extract.

Speaking of him in the former capacity, Mr. Macilwain remarks with much prolixity:

"The unnecessary use of technicalities should surely be avoided. Abernethy was obliged to use them because there were often no other terms, but he always avoided any needless multiplication of them. When they were difficult or objectionable, he tried some manœuvre to lighten the repulsiveness of them. There are many muscles in the neck with long names, and which are generally given with important parts of surgical anatomy. Here he used to chat a little; he called them the little muscles with the long names; but he would add, that after all, they were the best named muscles in the body, because their names expressed their attachments. This gave him an excuse for referring to what he had just described, in the form of a narrative, rather than a dry repetition. Then, with regard to one muscle, that he wished particularly to impress, the name of which was longer than any of the others, he used to point it out as a striking feature in all statues; and then, repeating its attachments, and pointing to the sites which they occupied, say it was impossible to do so without having the image of the muscle before us. In other parts of the Lectures, he would accompany the technical name by the popular one. Thus he would speak of the pancreas, or sweetbread; cartilage, or gristle; few people are aware how many difficulties are smoothed by such simple manœuvres. Nothing interests people so much as giving anything *positive*. We think it not improbable that many a man has heard a lecture, in which animals have been described, with whose

habits he had been perfectly familiar, without having recognized his familiar acquaintances in the disguise afforded by a voluminous Greek compound. Abernethy seemed always to lecture, not so much as if he was telling us what he *knew*, as that which we did *not* know. There was an absence of all display of any kind whatever. * * * His mode of relating cases, which involved some important principle, showed how really interested he had been in them. A gentleman having recovered from a very serious illness, after having failed a long time in getting relief, was threatened by the influence of the same causes with a return of his malady. 'He thought,' said Abernethy, 'that if he did not drink deeply, he might eat like a glutton.' He lived in the country, and Mr. Abernethy one day went and dined with him. 'Well,' said Mr. Abernethy, 'I saw he was at his old tricks again; so, being a merchant, I asked him what he would think of a man who, having been thriving in business, had amassed a comfortable fortune, then went and risked it all in some imprudent speculation?' 'Why,' said the merchant, 'I should think him a great ass.' 'Nay, then, Sir,' said Abernethy, 'thou art the man.' On another occasion a boy having suffered severely from disease of the hip, Abernethy had enjoined his father to remove him from a situation which he was unfitted to fill, and which, from the exertion it required, would expose him to a dangerous recurrence of his complaint. The father, however, put the boy back to his situation; one day Abernethy met both father and son in Chancery Lane, and he saw the boy, who had a second time recovered, again limping in his walk. After making the necessary inquiry, 'Sir,' said he to the father, 'did I not warn you not to place your son in that situation again?' The father admitted the fact. 'Then, Sir,' said Abernethy, 'if that boy dies, I shall be ready to say you are his murderer.' Sure enough, the boy had another attack, and did die in a horrible condition."

Of his merits as an author, Mr. Macilwain is much more diffuse. It would be vain for us even to attempt an abridgement of his criticism. The whole, however, resolves itself into an indiscriminating eulogy of that noted book ("my book") to which, and its 72d page, Abernethy constantly referred in his later days, and which, with an oath or a growl, was all that his patients could obtain from him for a guinea. Yet even in this reprehensible species of practice Macilwain concurs.

"There is no doubt," he says, "that Abernethy did good service by referring patients to his book; it led some to think for themselves, and it also assisted, *pro tanto*, in doing away with that absurd idea which supposes something in medical practice inappreciable by the public."

The latter remark is, in some respects, just; but we hold that Abernethy was in no degree justified in extracting fees from the public for this consideration and for such advice; and, indeed, we believe that had he not latterly been in his dotage, and the public insisted in thrusting itself upon him, he never would have pursued such a course. Eventually, every one who visited him received some personal insult, and it ultimately became necessary for his relatives to withdraw him entirely from the scene.

In his better days, however, it was otherwise, though even then there was a most unwarrantable assumption of that *brusquerie* which the Listons and their followers imitated, thinking it an indication of genius; whereas in Abernethy it was originally either an affectation or the result of constitutional irritability, which he afterwards severely regretted.

"His manner, as we shall by-and-bye admit, was occasionally rough, and sometimes rather prematurely truthful. One day he was called in consultation by a physician to give an opinion on a case of a pulsating tumor, which was pretty clearly an aneurism. On proceeding to examine the tumor, he found a plaister on it. 'What is this?' said Abernethy.—'Oh! that is a plaister.'—'Pooh!' said Abernethy, taking it off and throwing it aside.—'That was all very well,' said the physician, 'but that "pooh" took several guineas out of my pocket.' On the other hand, he never failed to give the warmest and most efficient sanction he could to what he conceived to be judicious treatment on the part of the practitioner with whom he was in consultation. Mr. Stowe has kindly sent me a very good example of this, and it illustrates also another very valuable feature in a consultant—the forbearance from *doing anything* where nothing is necessary. A gentleman had met with a severe accident, a compound dislocation of the ankle, an accident that Abernethy was the chief means of redeeming from habitual amputation. The accident happened near Winterslow Hut, on the road between Andover and Salisbury, and Mr. Davis, of Andover, was called in. Mr. Davis placed the parts right, and then said to the patient: 'Now, when you get well, and have, as you most likely will, a stiff joint, your friends will tell you: "Ah! you had a country doctor;" so, sir, I would advise you to send for a London surgeon to confirm or correct what I have done.' The patient consented, and sent to London for Abernethy, who reached the spot by the mail about two in the morning. He looked carefully at the limb, and saw that it was in a good position, and was told what had been done. He then said: 'I am come a long way, sir, to do nothing. I might, indeed, pretend to do something; but as any avoidable motion of the limb must necessarily be mischievous, I should only do harm. You are in very good hands, and I dare say will do very well. You may, indeed, come home with a stiff joint, but that is better than a wooden leg.' He took a cheque for his fee, sixty guineas, and made his way back to London. Soon after this, an old clergyman in the same neighborhood had a violent attack of erysipelas in the head and arm. His family becoming alarmed, wrote up to his brother, who resided near Bedford Row, to request Mr. Abernethy to go down and visit the patient. Abernethy said: "Who attends your brother?"—'Mr. Davis, of Andover.'—'Well, I told him all I knew about surgery, and I *know* that he has not forgotten it. You may be perfectly satisfied. I shall not go.' Here, as Mr. Stowe observes, he might have had another sixty guineas."

He sometimes in his rudeness encountered spirited retorts. Mr. Macilwain is either ignorant of these, or maintains an utter silence concerning them. The following is the only instance he adduces:

"A lady, the wife of a very distinguished musician, consulted him, and finding him uncourteous, said: 'I had heard of your rudeness before I came, sir, but I did not expect this.' When Abernethy gave her the pre-

scription, she said: 'What am I to do with this?'—'Anything you like. Put it in the fire, if you please.' The lady took him at his word—laid his fee on the table, and threw the prescription into the fire, and hastily left the room. Abernethy followed her into the hall, pressing her to take back her fee or to let him give her another prescription; but the lady was inexorable, and left the house."

Yet there was kindness in the man under all this repulsive exterior, which was, perhaps, mainly assumed to show his utter abhorrence of hypocrisy and that mawkish sensibility which he had so often seen the guinea inspire in others. The following incident is greatly to his honor:—

"Abernethy was just stepping into his carriage to go and see the Duke of —, to whom he had been sent for in a hurry, when a gentleman stopped him to say that he should be very glad if he could, at his leisure, pay Mr. — another visit at Somers Town. Abernethy had seen this poor gentleman before, and advised a course which it appeared that the patient had not resolution to follow. 'Why,' said Abernethy, 'I can't go now, I am going in haste to see the Duke of —.' Then pausing a moment before he stepped into the carriage, he looked up to the coachman, and said quietly, 'Somers Town.' This is very characteristic. The fidgetty irritability of his first impression at interference, and the beneficence of his second thought. Dr. Thomas Rees knew a gentleman who was a man of ability, who had been a long time ill, and who got a scanty living by his writings. Dr. Rees called on Abernethy one morning, and told him that the gentleman wished very much for his opinion; but that he had heard such accounts of him, he was half afraid to see him. 'And if he were not,' said Dr. Rees, 'he is not able to pay you. He is a great sufferer, and he gets his living by working his brains.'—'Ah!' said Abernethy, 'where does he live, do you say?'—'At —,' mentioning a place full two miles distant. Abernethy immediately rang the bell, ordered his carriage, visited the gentleman, and was most kind to him."

He was also eminently kind to the poor, and never insulted an hospital patient. This, in our opinion, atones for many more sins than can be laid to Abernethy's charge; for in such circumstances, if charity be great, and mercy Christian, sympathy is a virtue greater than all.

"It was," says Mr. Macilwain, "on his first going through the wards after a visit to Bath, that, passing up between the two rows of beds, with an immense crowd of pupils after him—myself among the rest—the apparition of a poor Irishman, with the scantiest shirt I ever saw, jumping out of bed, and literally throwing himself on his knees at Abernethy's feet, presented itself. For some moments, everybody was bewildered; but the poor fellow, with all his country's eloquence, poured out such a torrent of thanks, prayers, and blessings, and made such pantomimic displays of his leg, that we were not long left in doubt. 'That's the leg, yer honor. Glory be to God! Yer honnor's the boy to do it! May the heavens be your bed! Long life to your honnor! To the divole be the spalpeens that said your honnor would cut it off!' &c. The man had come into the hospital about three months before with a diseased ankle, and it had been at once condemned to amputation. Something, however, induced Abernethy to try what *rest* and

constitutional treatment would do for it, and with the happiest result. With some difficulty the patient was got into bed, and Abernethy took the opportunity of giving us a clinical lecture about diseases and their constitutional treatment. And now commenced the fun. Every sentence Abernethy uttered, Pat confirmed. 'Thrus, yer honnor, divole a lie in it. His honnor's the grate dochter entirely!' While, at the slightest allusion to his case, off went the bed-clothes, and up went the leg, as if he were taking aim at the ceiling with it. 'That's it, by gorra! and a bittther leg than the villin's that wanted to cut it off' This was soon after I went to London, and I was much struck with Abernethy's manner; in the midst of the laughter, stooping down to the patient, he said with much earnestness: 'I am glad your leg is doing well; but never kneel, except to your Maker.'

In our desire to do Mr. Macilwain justice, we have extracted from his work at greater length than we originally designed; and we have done this solely with the view of presenting the interesting parts of it, after the censure with which we felt it our duty to begin this article, and the condemnation with which it is no less incumbent on us to conclude it. We have, in fact, given insertion to almost all that is really connected with Abernethy. The remainder of the work is a *farrago* of the most irrelevant and heterogeneous subjects, put together in a manner the most slip-slop and ungrammatical. Each chapter is introduced by a long and tawdry quotation from the common-place book; and the author very frequently seems ignorant of the language he quotes. The very hackneyed line, for instance:

"Nullius addictus jurari in verba magistri,"

is printed *jurare*. "Modesty and common sense," Mr. Macilwain informs us, "requires," &c. (Vol. i., p. 155.) He frequently flourishes as both singular and plural—"ourselves and I"—in the same sentence, (*ibid*, 140;) and lest it should be supposed that these are mere slips of the printer, he asks, "*Is* physiology and medical science in such a state that we can afford to waste time, &c., in inquiry?" We decidedly recommend Mr. George Macilwain to spend a little more of that invaluable commodity before he again favors the world with a book.

We must also protest against his attempts at *popularizing* medicine to such an extent as to substitute the word "sweet-bread" for pancreas, and "gristle" for cartilage. The public are not so ill-informed upon these subjects as Mr. Macilwain imagines, and neither require to be written *down* to such a level, nor reminded of disease in such familiar terms. He should also not attempt to introduce such phrases as "ageing" (for advancing in years) and "doing his own bat," into the English language. The former is uncouth, and the latter unprofessional.

Such sentences as "*every* sufferer owes a great portion of any recovery *they* may have," (vol. ii., p. 180,) are also wholly inconsistent with the precepts of William Cobbett or Lindley Murray; and we must peremptorily object to such expressions as "funny-bone" in any medical work whatever.

But the fault is, perhaps, more his publishers than his own. He hints that he has been "put to great expense," &c., in the course of his work. An offshoot of the Colburn school, some time ago, advertised himself as "publisher to the nobility and gentry." Can it be that Messrs. Hurst & Blackett have followed the example of this worthy, and left our author to defray the expense of his volumes, presenting him with fifty copies in return, which he finds unsaleable? If so, at a time when a three-volume novel is announced at 10s. 6d. by Mr. Bentley, Colburn's late partner and "Her Majesty's publisher," we recommend them to charge a somewhat smaller "figure" for theirs in two. When so much good literature is given for a shilling, a guinea is "rayther" too much for a work like this. We have grave doubts, indeed, whether it is worth more than the coin which we paid for its perusal from the library. We say this with regret, for Mr. Macilwain seems a worthy little fellow, if he were less addicted to prosing; and we have no doubt he will be a happy one if his publication secures him a few more patients. As it is, without descending to any thing so vile as the perpetration of a pun, or the application of a nick-name, we must say that, understanding the orthodox pronunciation of Macilwain's name is "*Mak ill wine*," he certainly has on this occasion made a very *bad book*; and we do not think it is altogether consistent with modesty and good taste for him to advertise his own works on tumors, et cetera, in precedence of Abernethy's, and actually thus incorporate them in both volumes of these Memoirs—if memoirs, indeed, they can be named.

PAULI'S ENGLAND.

Geschichte von England von REINHOLD PAULI mit einem Vorworte, von J. M. LAPPENBERG: Dritter Band. Hamburg. 1853. Bei FRIEDRICH PERTHES.

DR. PAULI's second contribution to English history, forming the third volume of that begun by Lappenberg, and published as a part of Heeren and Ukert's Histories of the European States, quite sustains the high reputation which at once followed the publication of his *Life of Alfred*. He evidently gives himself to this work with an enthusiastic devotion which is as unusual as it is earnest of success. That only can be a perfect history in which the author loses himself and his idiosyncrasies in his subject; and such is the case in the book before us. We feel constantly that we are under the guidance of one whose judgments are cool, accurate, and unbiassed. It is not a political partizan who is writing—not a literary hack working for popularity and money; but a man of broad soul, and generous thought and culture, and acute and faithful criticism. These are first-rate qualities in the writer of history, and Pauli has them in an eminent degree.

It is because these qualities are rare in English writers that we have had heretofore no good history of England. Fragments there have been, like that of Sir James Mackintosh, of eminent merit. But in those writers who have undertaken the work on a larger scale—we say it with all respect for their undoubted genius—there is something of partiality which unfits them for the high judicial duty of historians. Their works degenerate into political essays, like that of Hume, which is finely written, but distorted in its judgments and inaccurate in its facts, or into religious partizan disquisitions, like that of Lingard, which, though thorough in research, being in that respect, in the early period of English history, superior to Hume, has the air of a defence of the Romish Church. These histories are not trustworthy. The general reader, unacquainted with the facts, rises from their perusal with ideas as untrue as those which might be gathered of American politics from an electioneering partisan. Either English culture has not been broad enough, or the living questions of to-day reach too far back into history to allow a just judgment on the part of those who mingle in the party contests of the present. Even the brilliant Macaulay seems treacherous since

he has written of the Quakers ; and Mitford carried his toryism back into the times of Pericles, and wrote loyal British conservatism on every page that recorded the agitations of the Athenian democracy. Writers like Grote are exceptional phenomena in English or any other literature.

Although a good English history is scarcely to be expected from an English writer, the German seems pointed out as the one well qualified, by affinity of race, breadth of culture, patience of research, power of rising above local and temporal prejudices, and a thoroughly cosmopolitan spirit, to do this service. To all these qualities Pauli adds a sincere admiration for English institutions, and, from his long residence at the Prussian Embassy in London, a familiar acquaintance with them and the manners and customs of the people of whose ancestors he writes. He has given his whole time and power to this, which is to be the work of his life. Better to qualify himself for this, and to study the materials of history, he left his fatherland. The purity of his purpose is everywhere conspicuous. He has written to publish no ideas of religion or philosophy, to gain no favor and no office. His clear and perspicuous narrative of events flows with the spirit of truth and the zeal of truth's enthusiastic lover. True, this volume lacks a little of that sprightliness of style which was conspicuous in the *Life of Alfred* ; but it is the fault of the subject, not of the writer. It is not the life of a hero, half romance and half poetry, whose changeful lot awakens the reader's deepest sympathies, that he has to record, but the personages and events that figure in this volume are of a much drier and more prosaic character. Here, however, as before, his thorough and unwearied research constantly command the reader's admiration ; and, as on the Cologne Cathedral, the tracery hid by every recess is just as exquisitely wrought as that which meets the open glare of day, so, in the minutest facts, where others so often fail and slur over the task, this book will be found to be just as faithful and accurate and honest as in those more conspicuous parts where toil is sure to be noticed, appreciated, and praised. The result of all this is that English history has gained an exceedingly valuable addition, that many facts are placed in an entirely new and interesting light. We propose to point out some of its novel positions, and chiefly in its views of the growth and progress of English constitutional liberty in the times of which it treats.

But before entering upon this task, we deem it our duty to speak of the unusual labor to which the condition of the materials has subjected the writer of the *History of England*. By the following quotation from the appendix to this volume

the reader will perceive that Pauli has found it necessary to enter two distinct provinces of labor, having been obliged, in addition to the composition of his history, to collect and arrange the substance out of which it is constructed. These two fields of duty require minds of entirely different tempers, and that this prehistoric labor has not yet been done to hand, argues little in favor of historic culture in a land so venerable as England.

"No land is so rich as England in an almost unbroken series of the most important sources of history, but nowhere is it so difficult to find accessible and accurate texts of the chronicles and documents. Sometimes we have to lament the want or the loss of a great national collection, and must make the most of the old texts, where innumerable errors are to be corrected by the aid of MSS. Sometimes the manuscripts of the originals are not trustworthy as to contents or date. Sometimes histories and annals, which should be common property, must be sought in the exclusive, at times almost inaccessible, publications of certain societies. Sometimes we are astonished to find important works of contemporaries not yet published in England, while they have appeared in France and, in some cases, even in Germany. The labors preparatory to the history of the English Middle Age are more incomplete than in any other country of Europe playing a part in that epoch. He who would depict that history must, therefore, undertake himself a good part of the labor. It is only the accessibility of the historic sources in England that makes this in any measure possible. Where copies cannot be found, the originals, whether belonging to the government or individuals, are generously thrown open.

"I will not assert that in my long residence in England I have made such use of them as I should; yet it will be apparent, from the following remarks, what inexhaustible treasures for English history are at hand, and how much I have endeavored, if not to use them all, at least to point out their value."

The volume before us is entirely taken up with the reign of the first four Plantagenets—that is from the year 1153, to the year 1272. Dr. Lappenberg, in his Introduction, while he touchingly bewails his own inability to prosecute the work, and generously leads forward his younger friend to take his place, says of this epoch, that it is "rich in characters as yet but little understood, and highly important as the period in which the Saxon and Norman elements were fused together." It is to these points we shall direct our entire attention, for the peculiar value of Pauli's labors consists in his just appreciation of the nature of Saxon institutions, and his discriminating effort to exhume them, lying buried at the very foundation of the venerable structure of English liberty. The threads of Dr. Lappenberg are taken up with the reign of Henry II., son of the Count of Anjou, and the first of the house of Plantagenet on the English throne. The monarch was French—the court was French—the language of the nobility was French, as they had been since the Conqueror. An hundred years of the

bitterest oppression that a military power can inflict had now elapsed, and still Saxon institutions and liberties had by no means perished. Under misrule, the English nation still remembered their old safeguards against tyranny. The Barons saw the rapid tendency of power to centralize in the monarch, and longed for some barrier to place between themselves and the will of a despot. They had by no means forgotten the traditions of an earlier law, and "it became a favorite cry," says Hallam, "to demand the laws of Edward the Confessor," referring to the time of that popular monarch, principles which were everywhere incorporated into the Anglo-Saxon State. These feelings led to a final outbreak in the time of John, and in the time of Henry III. to an admission of the popular element to a share in the power of parliament. Between these great events, and the times previous to the Norman invasion, there has been a chasm where the muse of history has wandered in the dark, unaided by the light of philosophic principle, without which the development of civil polity can never be understood. It has been left to the patient diligence of Pauli and men like him to carry the lives of history across, and show us the causes that were in operation centuries before. The volume before us treats of a new incarnation of popular rights; so that if in the times of Henry II. the oppressed English nation looked back to the reign of Edward the Confessor, long before the last of these four Plantagenets had passed off the stage, a new bulwark had been thrown up in Magna Charta, which, though mostly a reviving of old privileges, as it became the object of popular reverence, soon caused those earlier laws and rights to be forgotten. From that time to this, in the constantly recurring struggles which have occupied the popular energies, the reenacting of Magna Charta has been so often necessary, and so often fought for, it has come to be regarded as a sacred instrument, and has been exalted to the undeserved dignity of the first-laid stone in the time-honored fabric of the English Constitution.

It has been justly esteemed the good fortune of the English nation that just at the most important era, when its destinies were being shaped, and the great question whether its institutions were to be despotic or popular, was, perhaps, finally settled, the reins of government should have fallen into the hands of two weak monarchs, John and Henry III. It was also undoubtedly a piece of equal good fortune that the kingly prerogative was defended from the usurpation of those popes who had adopted the policy of Hildebrand by a monarch so resolute and shrewd as Henry II. That most remarkable policy, which had been originated by the greatest genius that

ever sat on the papal chair, and pursued by himself and his successors with singular pertinacity—a policy which embraced the crusades, making the popular superstitions the instrument of papal aggrandizement—a policy which, if successful, would have subjected the world to the Romish despotism—that policy reached England in the reign of Henry II., and commenced an assault on the English government and legal tribunals through the arm of Thomas à Becket. Of this man we can make neither hero nor martyr. We think he deserves most unmitigated contempt. His ambition was unbounded and unscrupulous. Born and bred an Englishman, advanced by royal favor while in the service of the king, though an ecclesiastic, his conscience troubled him very little as to religious duty. He was fawning at court, eager in the chase, long at the table, and in the reckless expenditure of his palace and his retinue he outshone the monarch himself. Afterwards, when, on his promotion to the see of Canterbury, he became independent of the king by becoming the immediate servant of the pope, he changed his tactics, made ostentatious display of an asceticism and rigid self-discipline in his daily life, and thrust in the face of the world that “pride that apes humility.” He turned upon Henry with the blackest ingratitude, spurned the hand from which he had received the highest favors, and suffered himself to be used by the pope to disturb the peace of the kingdom, and make demands which, if conceded, would impair the liberties of the subject and the dignity of the crown. These words, taken from his letters, are a specimen of what he had the heart and the face to write:—“They charge me with wishing to depose the king. God is my witness that if he had assisted the Church, I would have him possessed not of one kingdom only, but of many, and the most extensive kingdoms on the earth.” The sentiment and the magnificent ambition are quite worthy of Hildebrand. The peculiar constitution of our own government enables us better to comprehend his course; for he seems to have acted very much on the principle of some of our American statesmen, who have sacrificed what they term “local prejudices” to more national views. Becket rose first to the highest dignities in the English state, then, entering into the service of a greater master, the pope, and assuming an office scarcely the second in the kingdom, from which the king could not remove him, he left out of sight the interests of the land of which he was a native, and strove to the utmost to establish the supremacy of the Romish see, with whose interests he considered his own identified. Others since Becket have occupied the same position; but, even to the days of Cardinal Wiseman, the ultramontane doctrines have never become popular with the English nation.

The great point in this tremendous contest was, the independence of the ecclesiastical tribunals, and the responsibility of the clergy, whether they should account for their crimes at the courts of common law, and whether they should be ultimately responsible to the king or to the pope. In effect, the question was, who should be master of England; and in nothing is the profound policy of Henry shown more than in the fact, that he maintained his independence without any violent issue at arms, and came off victor with no excommunication and no loss of life, save that of the author and promoter of the trouble. Henry took his position with the Constitutions of Clarendon. They were thrown up as an impediment in the way of ecclesiastical encroachment on the especial occasion of the commission of a barbarous crime by a priest. In doing this, the king grounded himself on old English law and custom,—that the clergy, in civil causes, must be tried by the common law, and that church revenues should not be bestowed without the consent of the king, &c. Becket, on the other hand, did not impugn the justness of this position, but argued that the doctrine was in conflict with the principles established by Gregory VII., and the canonical law which he had been taught at Rome, and that English law must yield to that as the more authoritative. In the Constitutions of Clarendon, principles, which for long years had been lost sight of, were revived by a monarch despotic in disposition, to check the tremendously increasing priestly usurpations. Pauli thinks that the most obnoxious of all those Saxon customs, was that of taking twelve men from the neighborhood where a crime had been committed, and receiving their verdict under oath—an institution which afterward ripened into the trial by jury, and which would be found especially inconvenient at a clerical tribunal. Those ancient institutions, inspired with the spirit of freedom, must have clashed with the Romish Decretals, and neither could have existed by the side of the other.

It is only surprising that Henry, a monarch of foreign origin and foreign sympathies, should have made such vigorous defence of old English law, and even now we rejoice that the Crown at that momentous period was worn by one so well able to vindicate its prerogative. In this respect Henry must be regarded as completely successful. The Constitutions were modified after the death of Becket, but their fundamental principles were transmitted to posterity as established law. It matters little that Henry professed regret at the murder of the archbishop, and did penance at his tomb; that was easily done, by one so facile in lying, without any sacrifice of prerogative. As regards the motives and feelings of the king, and his actual

complicity, there will always be a difference of opinion. On this point, Pauli writes well, and with that power of weaving dead facts into an animated description, in which he so far surpasses every other historian of those early English times.

His purpose was fixed. He would do penance at the bones of the martyr at Canterbury. A certain superstitious feeling kindled in him by the events, the spirit of the time, and the canonization of Becket the year before, induced him to undertake this show of submission. At the same time it was an act of shrewd policy exactly at that moment to bend before the tremendously increasing fame of the saint.

On the day after his arrival, in fasting and prayer, he began his pilgrimage to Canterbury. On Friday the 12th, he first saw the city from the village of Herbledown. Near the hospital founded by Lafranc, and still in existence, he alighted from his horse to say his prayers in the church. He walked as far as St. Dunstan's, the first parish church in the suburb. Here he laid his shoes aside, and put on penitential robes. The clergy of the cloister and the cathedral received him with solemnity. Henry, however, hastened to the crypt, where, at that time, the body of the martyr, with the relics, skull, and blood, were still lying. Here the bishop of London, Gilbert Foliot, delivered an appropriate sermon. Then the king caused himself to be scourged by the priests and monks, and passed the night on the hard pavement of the subterranean chapel. On the following day, Saturday, the 13th of July, after he had heard mass, received absolution, visited the graves of the saints, and richly endowed the church, he joyously left Canterbury for London, where he arrived on Sunday. The citizens who, during the whole insurrection, had shown an exemplary fidelity to him, received him with pomp and great festivity, and accompanied him to Westminster. Here he remained some days, waiting impatiently for news from the North. It was Thursday, the 18th of July, while Henry, full of anxiety, was striving in vain to sleep, a messenger of Ranulf de Glanville precipitately forced his way into the chamber, and disclosed to the astonished king the happy tidings of a great victory at Alnwick. Loudly he returned thanks to God and St. Thomas, who had given him aid on the Saturday he left Canterbury. Messengers of the Archbishop of York, arriving the next day, confirmed all, and Henry was already on the way to Huntingdon, while all the bells of London rang.

This was a signal triumph; for the game, with an unruly vassal, an ambitious Pope, popular superstition, and powerful foreign enemies, was an exceeding difficult one. Henry dexterously submitted to an apparent defeat for the sake of a sub-

stantial victory. He filled Becket's chair with one of friendly disposition.

But even in this work, of such signal benefit to the English nation, the monarch gained no English friends. The people loved Becket as much as they hated Henry. There was nothing in his character to entitle him to popular affection and respect. He was fickle and treacherous; unfaithful in his domestic relations; he alienated his sons, whose rebellion embittered the closing years of his life. Yet his reign was very advantageous to England. In addition to his vindication of the powers of English courts, he did much to organize them and increase their efficiency. In his time the Circuit Courts appear for the first time as a permanent part of English institutions; and at a parliament which he summoned at Northampton, the kingdom was divided into fixed circuits, and the trial by jury was solemnly established. Not, indeed, exactly as we have it now, but the germ of that same trial by jury, which is considered one of the most sacred rights of even this free country. All honor to the monarch who, at a critical time, adopted and confirmed these brave old Saxon rights—who vindicated the power and defined the duties of those tribunals without which there can be no popular liberty. Hume can not exalt too highly the greatness of his genius—even the moral purity of his life, and the beauty of his person; Pauli less enthusiastic, and, when we reflect on Henry's French origin, and education, and sympathies, perhaps, more discriminating, thinks that he "can not be called a wise prince, still he was great enough to recognize distinguished men about him, and to make use of their advice for his own profit, and that of England. Their number was not small; and everywhere in the development of the State they appear active. Their labors, constantly increasing, at the end of Henry's thirty-five years' reign, the State seems already to have become a very different and a much more complex institution than the government of the conqueror reposing on a purely military power."

Henry's "lion-hearted" son was very unlike himself—a much more admirable man, but a much worse monarch. He figures in novels, in the songs of Troubadours, (he has left one of his own composition,) and in the histories of the Crusades. But while he figures very justly there as a hero, he has done nothing whatever to give him a place in English constitutional history. He was rarely in England—never, in any sense, her ruler. He exhausted her wealth to carry on his wild and reckless projects of foreign war, and left the government in the hands of those who could extort most treasure to supply his fleets and armies. From the beginning to the end of his reign

the State was preserved mainly by force of its own health and the excellent condition of the courts of justice. These courts were, in fact, the representatives of the monarch, and were able, in some measure, to correct the evils of misrule.

Richard was a knight, not a king. Taste and education fitted him for the romance of errantry rather than for the organization of justice. He had been educated in Southern France, whose warmer sun had given him a more vivid imagination and more ardent passions. His religion was the superstition of a child, full of the stories of its nurse. Material in his nature, and martial in his spirit, the Crusades at once appealed to his tastes and religious feeling. And he plunged into them regardless of his people, of whom he knew but little, and cared, perhaps, less—thus showing the unfitness of a man of mere enthusiasm to possess power. We do not draw this inference from the fact that he joined the Crusades, but rather from the general principle that characters best suited to figure in poetry, make the poorest display in the drudgery of government, and are, therefore, the worst possible despots. Achilles would make almost as poor a Czar as Paul I. There is a good deal of very common-place work involved in autocracy, and it would be a great mistake to suppose a man can be a good despotic ruler, and yet lead an easy life. Doubtless few men in Europe labor more unweariedly than Nicholas of Russia. Dilettante men, who seek nothing but the gratification of their tastes, like the present king of Prussia, can not fail to do much harm to the peoples they govern.

Richard was by no means a Frederick William. He was truly a model gentleman, of fine form and manly appearance, accomplished in all the graces of chivalry. He was the favorite of ladies and poets, and the pride of the common people. He was brave in war and generous in the use of money, two shining qualities, which are always sure to enlist the favor of the mass. His name too, was known wherever knightly deeds were honored, and the fame of England had gone with his victorious arms to the ends of the earth. England was very proud of Richard, and her pride, gratified in him, led her to submit to extortions and illegalities which, under other circumstances, would have kindled a civil war. The will of Richard knew no law. He cared little for customs and privileges when he wanted money, and being constantly in straits, he regarded his kingdom in the light of a money-chest, and all the thought he gave to it was how to get the most out. This was the sum and substance of his commissions to his legates. In other respects the institutions already established were left pretty much to themselves. The courts, viz: Exchequer, King's

Bench, Circuit, with juries, had the uninterrupted oversight of the administration of justice, and kept the internal affairs of the kingdom in order.

There could not be a greater contrast between two individuals than that between the chivalrous Richard and his successor John, who would run like a deer before a drawn sword. John was one of the worst kings and worst men that ever sat on the English throne, yet for the nation his reign was most fortunate, just as a fit of sickness is fortunate when it purifies the system and leaves the patient in better health than before. His reign was the most shameful and the most brilliant in the English annals.

He seems to have been providentially created with every vice of which humanity is capable. He was a coward and a bravado; he did not dare to fight, and he was not wise enough to make peace with his enemies. He fled out of Normandy in a way that left nothing to add to the measure of his disgrace, and that splendid province was quietly annexed by Philip to the French crown. Even this event subsequent historians have considered a piece of good fortune for the civil institutions of Great Britain, and for the language of Shakespeare and Milton. The very faults of this monarch prevented him from doing that harm which a man of noble endowments and a similar disposition might have effected. His many misfortunes were all owing to his faults, and his faults all proved blessings to his nation. No character could well be more despicable; without one trait to gain affection, or one brilliant quality to dazzle and blind to his deficiencies. Pauli paints him from cotemporaneous colors, as our own fancies might have done from the acts of his reign.

Eating and drinking seem to have been his chief pastimes; he often eat meat on fast days—sometimes two dinners in a day—for which he atoned by giving alms to the poor. In all the accounts of his household, we constantly find notices of his kitchens and cellars, of his unusual delicacies for the table, and his remarkably good wines. At his seat, Clarendon, he caused kitchens to be built with ovens large enough to roast two or three whole oxen. He sought to fix the price of lampreys as high as it had been fixed in the times of his ancestor Henry I. He provided his court with great quantities of wine of all sorts—French and German, and especially of the strong red wines. He himself sent to Bristol to buy twenty tuns of the best. Sometimes he would give to his favorites a present of several casks, or to the friendly bishops a ship of his own to send to Cologne or Rochelle.

The king collected eagerly all sorts of treasures, and we

read frequently of the receipt of gold, and silver, and rings, and costly jewels. Yet it was not his method to adorn himself with them. We see him rather in his jacket lined with skin, with a simple black leather girdle about his body, a pair of deerskin hose, and short boots lined with lambs'-wool. In this costume it was his habit to seat himself at chess with the Count of Salisbury.

He was often busy with the preparation of the instruments of war, and had foreign workmen constantly by him. Yet did he never distinguish himself, like his brave brother, in the field or at a siege. He has rather been reproached with cowardice and disgraceful flight.

Let us add to the odious picture a few more touches. He was treacherous and cruel. He betrayed his own father, and joined in a rebellion against him after he had been treated with marked partiality. He betrayed his brother Richard, and endeavored to shut forever on him the doors of an Austrian prison. He murdered his young nephew, possibly with his own hand. He quarrelled with the pope, then consented to the most disgraceful terms, and alone of all English kings, received his crown from a Romish legate. Never did any one hold a sceptre with less of royalty about him; for he had not even the dignity of a man. Not a single noble thought or elevated impulse ever crossed his mind, and he showed his tastes in the society he chose, preferring to all other the company of low adventurers from abroad. To such a combination of faults, England owes her *Magna Charta*. This world-renowned instrument never would have been framed under a monarch of different character. The loss of Normandy, affecting the dignity and the honor of the nation, implanted that personal dislike of John, which, increased by new enormities, at last led to these important results. In the fifteenth year of his reign, his counts and barons assembled at Bury St. Edmond's, and openly spoke of forcing the king to suppress the abuses which had crept into Church and State since the time of his father, and to reëstablish their old rights. They solemnly claimed to have those rights which had been granted in the time of Edward the Confessor and confirmed by Henry I., and so often broken and trampled on in the present and previous reigns, restored to them once more. They entered the church and solemnly swore before the high altar that if King John should refuse their demands, they would draw the sword upon him and prosecute the war till he should grant them a charter signed and sealed. Out of this gathering, after six months' delay, grew *Magna Charta*, at Runnemede, near Windsor, on the 15th of June, 1215. The great principles of that instru-

ment are too familiar to tolerate repetition. Some of them lie at the foundation of our own liberties. They were not originated at Runnemede, but Magna Charta was the final embodiment of laws held by tradition, and very dear to the English heart. It became so often necessary to enforce it with the most solemn oaths of the monarch, that the people finally forgot the antiquity of the laws it embodied. The barons in this instance were not revolutionists. They demanded only the confirmation of privileges acknowledged on every side, but overridden by the arbitrary authority of unscrupulous kings. Most of its provisions were in favor of the nobles; for the democratic element had not yet begun to appear. And yet, in reward for the fidelity of the city of London, and the influence it had exercised in the issue of the struggle, there was an especial mention of its rights in Sec. 13: "*Et civitas London habeat omnes antiquas libertates et liberas consuetudines suas tam per terras quam per aquas. Præterea volumus et concedimus quod omnes alie civitates et burghi et ville et portus habeant omnes libertates et liberas consuetudines suas.*" We shall find, in the revolutionary events of the next reign, that *the people* begin to be recognized as a national element of strength and importance.

John swore to observe this instrument, which he had signed and sealed, but had no intention of keeping his oath. With the first opportunity he began a war with his barons, which he did not live to finish. At the close of his reign, that monarch, who had succeeded to those magnificent possessions which had adorned the crown of Henry II., and been preserved from the rapacity of warlike neighbors by the terror of the great name of Richard Cœur de Leon, had lost almost every foothold in France, had submitted as a servile vassal to take his crown from the hands of the pope, and when death surprised him the Scots were already encamped in the North of England, and the South was in the possession of a powerful French army, with whom the barons were in open sympathy.

With scarcely a tenure on English ground, a child of nine years began a reign which was destined to last fifty-seven years. Small as was the remnant of power left him from his father's influence, it was his greatest misfortune that with it he inherited his father's weak and unwise hatred of the trammels of constitutional law. The first act required of him was to swear allegiance to Magna Charta. Without doing so he could hardly have reigned a day. We pass over the earlier parts of his reign, of which Hume says, "What mortal could have the patience to write or read a long detail of such frivolous events as those with which it is filled, or attend to a tedious narrative

which would follow through a series of fifty-six years, the caprices and weaknesses of so mean a prince as Henry?" The latter years of this period, however, will be found filled with the most stirring and important events, destined to have a lasting effect on the national welfare.

The natural disposition of this young prince inclined strongly toward piety—emotional piety, that sensitively shrunk from bustling action. He first appears in history an independent actor, in making presents to his mother and friends, and founding religious houses. With the pacification of the turbulent elements, there was a general joy, which found vent in three remarkably magnificent festivities. First came the crowning of the king at Westminster, the accounts of which mention as most remarkable the amount of food provided, as, for instance, that there were cooked five thousand sheep and forty deer, and that huge gallon pitchers, filled with drink, were provided. Next came the laying of the corner-stone of Westminster Abbey, for this world-renowned structure was founded by this boy-king, who presented to the monks on that day his curiously-wrought spurs of gold, made expressly for his coronation, as a memento of the occasion. And last, and more magnificent than either, came the solemn transfer of the body of Thomas à Becket, from the crypt of the cathedral at Canterbury, to a golden shrine in the body of the church. At this splendid ceremony, multitudes were present, and among others, an ecclesiastic from Hungary.

That the reign thus auspiciously commenced was so inauspiciously continued, was solely the fault of Henry. When he arrived at years of discretion, he proved too weak to hold the reigns of power; and being much in the society of ecclesiastics, and by nature of the way of thinking of the last person with whom he had spoken, the Pope became *de facto* ruler, until the barons themselves united, and violently seized the power. Henry was worse than weak, he was treacherous. He could swear with no intention of keeping his oath as coolly as any of his race, and the Plantagenets were quite remarkable for that. Montfort's famous answer, "You lie, though you are a *Christian* king," is expressive of the opinion entertained of him by a man of really noble character. Three times a day he would go to mass, and the frequency of this ceremony delayed him so long from business, when he was at Paris, that even St. Louis took the precaution of closing the churches on the streets along which he passed. Henry was too facile to be ever guided by his own judgment, and his reign became eventually a mere struggle of parties for the possession of his person as a legalization of their acts. Without undertaking to go

very deeply into the history of so long a period, we wish to indicate a few points in which Pauli will be found to differ from other authors, both in his estimate of men and his account of facts.

He treats of this period under the title "*The First Constitutional Struggles*," thereby designating what seems to him its characterizing events, just as the reign of John is entitled, "Normandy lost, and Magna Charta." These struggles occupied about eighteen out of a reign of fifty-six years. They were induced by a long series of usurpations and extortions, proceeding for the most part from the imported ecclesiastics. The facile king was entirely under their influence, and based his power, not on the attachment of his people, or his nobles, but on the armed foreign force he was able to keep on foot. The reckless extravagance of the Court, and the utterly illegal methods employed to extort money, engendered and nourished for twenty years a secret and bitter hostility throughout the nation. Henry, aware of the state of feeling, claimed and received the protection of the Pope, and openly lived as his vassal, feeding the greedy extravagance of the Church. Money, money, and how to get it, was the only thing thought of at court. Jews were tortured—a very small matter in that age—and immense sums extorted from them—also a small matter, where interest was often as high as fifty per cent. English baronial estates were confiscated—English rights, often and solemnly confirmed, were disregarded by foreign officials, by whom the chief offices in Church and State were filled. The provisions of Magna Charta were disregarded. The courts were bribed. Extortion, and the lawlessness which extortion engenders, reigned everywhere.

The national discontent, however, not entirely stifled, found voice in the Parliaments—assemblies as yet of but feeble power, but still able to check the monarch sometimes. One parliament, in 1248, brought a long list of accusations against the luxury and dissipation of the king's favorites, as well as against the monarch himself; that he had filled the offices of Chief Justice, Lord Chancellor, and Treasurer, without the advice of his council. Still the king promises, and still he breaks his word, and goes on with his illegalities. Thus he made himself more and more helpless, by increasing the disaffection, and his foreign enemies, taking advantage of the state of things, became more and more insolent, till a storm threatened on the side of Scotland, and an insurrection broke out in Wales, which Henry found himself totally unable to cope with. These events compelled him to summon a Parliament at Westminster in 1257, to ask aid from his barons. The nobles met

in a state of disaffection amounting almost to actual rebellion. A terrible famine was just then devastating the land, and adding fuel to the popular passions. At this parliament appears one man of commanding genius taking the lead of the opposition—Simon de Montfort, Earl of Leicester. This man played a very important part in the constitutional struggles of this epoch. The common judgment of a partial history has accused him of "violence, rapacity, ingratitude, tyranny, and treachery." This attainder Pauli has sought to reverse; and since his judgment of his acts and motives deviates so much from those who have preceded him, we have concluded to select and translate, with some condensation, most of the passages in this history which treat of Leicester's life and public acts. They are close-connected with the political history of the reign.

Amicia, the eldest sister and heiress of Count Robert of Leicester, married Count Amauri of Evreux and Montfort, and died in the year 1204. The English inheritance was then divided between the Counts of Winchester and Montfort. John, however, on account of his difficulties with France, gave it, in 1205, to Ranulf of Chester. The great Simon IV. of Montfort, the son of Amicia, never possessed the county of Leicester. After he fell as a martyr in war against the heretics, in 1218, his eldest son, Amauri, succeeded him as heir, and as Constable of France. Like his father, he never surrendered his claims to the inheritance in England. As soon as Ranulf, the Count of Chester, had died, in the year 1232, he applied, as Count of Montfort and Leicester, to Henry III., and begged him to put his younger brother, Simon, in possession of the inheritance, since Guido and Robert, the second and third sons, were dead, and early in spring he solemnly resigned in favor of Simon.

Simon had some time to wait for the successful prosecution of the claims of his house. He is said to have left France on account of the hostility of the queen-mother, Blanca. In England, where he arrived as a foreigner and an adventurer, he ran deeply in debt, so that Henry had to support him for a time from the incomes of Leicester, of which he had not free possession. At this juncture, his handsome, attractive exterior, his talent and spirit, availed him.

Beyond all hope, he contracted marriage with Eleanor, the sister of the king, the widowed spouse of William of Pembroke. Although she had taken vows of chastity before Edmund of Canterbury and Radulf of Chichester, still Henry himself gave her away, and they were married on Thursday, the 7th Janu-

ary, 1238, in the Royal Chapel at Westminster. Thus was Simon suddenly brought very near the Crown.

While the secrecy with which this marriage had been effected, and the breaking of the vow, excited the clergy especially against Simon, the nobility also felt themselves deeply wronged. Montfort having scraped together a little money with the help of a Leicester burgher, went soon after out of the country; first into the Emperor's camp, thence to the pope, from whom, to the rage of many, he got a confirmation of his marriage. On the fourteenth of October, he again came home, and soon after Eleanor bore to him, at Kenilworth, his first son, at which event there is said to have been great joy at court, since it was feared the queen might remain childless. The royal favor reached its height when Simon, in 1239, was endowed with the county of Leicester, the inheritance of his grandmother, and thus received among the English Barons. His position in the parties of the country was yet by no means clear, and in the confused events of those years he soon became, like the rest of the chief nobility, exposed to the anger of the king.

Simon's history, never without a spice of romance and adventure, sometimes is lost sight of, sometimes comes unexpectedly into view. Now he is leading a quiet home life with Eleanor at Kenilworth; now he is busied with secret embassies abroad. From such an embassy to France he returned on the thirteenth of October, 1247. The enthusiasm for the Crusades had at that time seized the English, and in the following year, he for a second time, with his wife and his whole family, assumed the Cross. We may suppose that this was done as an atonement for the marriage, still regarded in many quarters with dissatisfaction. But Simon never went a second time to Palestine. He appeared, indeed, at the great Parliament of the Barons, in the year 1248, which laid at the foot of the throne that long list of complaints; but still he allowed himself to be despatched by the king into Gascony as his representative. There Montfort was skillful enough to bridle the unruly vassals, and before all others, Count Gaston of Béarn. The close of the boundary controversy with Navarre, whose king, Theobald, was induced to sign a treaty, and Simon's zeal to bring all Henry's dependents to account, won him, in the year 1249, the monarch's entire approval.

But the folly of the king lost all that the bravery of Simon had gained him. When the Earl, in the year 1250, captured the Vicomte Gaston and sent him to England, he was immediately pardoned and sent home again. Simon, determined to bring the fickle race of the Southern French to obedience, was certainly a stern master. His severe laws pleased the com-

munies of the cities just as little as they did the insurrectionary nobility in the mountains. The merchants of Bordeaux, to whom the king was deeply in debt, gained audience in Westminster, and sought to influence Henry against the Earl, who was accused of exercising unheard-of cruelty and collecting for his own use great treasures. Simon annihilated these accusations, and returned into Gascony in the beginning of 1252, with new powers to break down the opposition. The king, however, sent over secret agents—Henry of Wingham and others, to watch the earl and gain information of the position of the parties. They came to La Nicoli, on the Garonne, where Gaston was besieged, and concluded a truce on condition that the besieged should send ambassadors to England. It was stipulated, as one condition, that Count Simon should appear there at the same time. About Pentecost the case came up at Westminster. The basques accused the earl of laying the country waste, and of using too violent measures. The first day of the audience was undecisive. When, however, the king, on the following days, excited by the whisperings of the Archbishop of Bordeaux and others, could not disguise his feelings, and Simon had striven in vain to convince him, by his own recollections, of the perfidy of those people, there arose an angry scene and violent reproaches. "Treat me, sire," said Simon, "as you promised originally, and return to me the great outlays which have made me in your service a beggar." "To a traitor like you I have promised nothing, and as you yourself have broken the agreement, I am bound by nothing." "That is a lie from a king who would be called a Christian," was the hasty answer of the vassal. The king, however, regretted that he had ever admitted him into England. Nevertheless, Count Richard, of Cornwall, was able to calm the storm, matters came to no final decision, and the hasty words were on both sides forgiven. Leicester submissively offered his services to the king, who gave him the Uriah commission of prosecuting the war which he had kindled. Before he sailed again he set his house in order, entrusted the care of his spouse to the faithful chaplain Adam, of Marsh, and committed, after long consultation with Eleanora, the education of his young sons to his friend, Bishop Robert, of Lincoln. Then he crossed to France to collect troops for his undertaking.

The deceitful and cowardly king, however, sent out, on the same day the earl sailed, an order by which he hoped to injure his hated vassal. On Thursday, the thirteenth of June, 1252, a patent was issued prolonging the truce in Gascony, and holding every thing in suspense until the king or his son Edward should arrive. When Leicester heard of this and the nomina-

tion of the young Edward as Count of Gascony, he felt himself released from every obligation. Once more as an adventurer, his own master, he went to France. Scarcely had he left Gascony, when the inhabitants entreated the king of England to give them aid; for the king of Castille threatened to subject them, and Gaston de Béarn and others had already gone over to him. Henry, fully at a loss, already regretted his ill-advised course.

On his return to England, the Earl of Leicester became completely identified with the party in opposition. The Parliament at Westminster, evaporating in idle abuse, had made provisions for another Parliament at Oxford, ever after famous under the name of the "Mad Parliament;" for the barons appeared armed and equipped, ready, as they said, to go against the Welsh or—as might be inferred—against the king. This assembly proceeded to very determinate action. The Parliament and the king together chose a commission of twenty-four persons to transact public business, and this commission is the first instance on record of a constitutional representation of the Crown and the two higher orders. These twenty-four delegated authority into the hands of twelve subordinates, and enacted the laws known as the Provisions of Oxford, thus tying the hands of the king, and founding at once a constitutional government. The Provisions of Oxford were based on Magna Charta, and among other things stipulated that Parliament should reassemble three times a year. To all these arrangements, Henry gave his assent. The nation, too, welcomed the change with acclamations. A royal proclamation was published in both dialects then spoken in England, the Norman and Saxon, the first instance of the use of the popular tongue in State documents, and an evidence of an unity of interest on the part of those elements which had hitherto been hostile. In this proclamation, the king promised to support the authority of his council, and called on the people to swear allegiance to them. In all these acts, and in the commission and executive council, the name of Leicester appears preëminent.

Thus there seems to have arisen in England, at once a government supported on the whole broad basis of society. The voice of all classes, save officials fed by the royal hand, united in its favor. In the notes of Pauli may be found a curious Latin poem, of the time in which the right to restrict the royal prerogative is well maintained:

"Non omnis arctatio privat libertatem
Nec omnis districtio tollit potestatem."

Liberal laws, it argues, should be the desire of a good mon-

arch. It is God's will that a king should seek the good and avoid the bad, and to help him do this he should have ministers at hand. Let him consult the people of his own realm, who know their own laws best. (Henry was constantly surrounded by foreigners.) Subjects are more experienced than strangers in the customs of a land; for to them they have been handed down from father to son.

The harmony, however, of this government was short-lived. A jealousy arose between Leicester and Gloucester, which resulted in the first absenting himself from the kingdom. What was the cause of this quarrel is not known, further than may be gathered from the words with which Montfort left Parliament in the spring of 1259:—"I will have nothing more to do with such rival and deceitful men, who will not keep their pledged word, especially with thee, Earl of Gloucester, who, being more powerful than the rest, art so much the more bound by the statutes." His absence lasted about three years. During that time Henry found means to raise an army and commence a war against his barons.

"The Earl of Leicester chose a fortunate moment to return to England, not only on account of the absence of the king in France, but the news of the death of his rival, Richard of Gloucester, induced him to put himself forward as sole leader of a party he had never deserted. His appearance of itself collected the barons once more around a single banner, and, as usual, the heroic youth of the nobility yielded with enthusiasm to the influence of that great man. More sharply divided than ever before, the two parties stood opposed to each other, when, at the beginning of the year 1263, commotions on the Welsh border gave the signal for disturbance, and soon after for civil war, to avoid which so many efforts had been made.

A new rival to Leicester appeared in the young Count Gilbert of Gloucester. The Earl now saw the time for taking the field to be close at hand. All his dependents joined him, about May 20, at Oxford; Henry himself, son of the king of Germany, and the Count of Warenne, among the number. A written address was first sent to King Henry, inquiring whether he intended to observe the statutes, and on his negative, Simon led his army in masses to the west to meet the foreign Bishop of Hereford, and Prince Edward with his foreign troops determined to contest the claims of the barons. Everywhere the cities surrendered at once, and there followed a general persecution of foreigners unable to speak the English tongue. Without meeting Prince Edward, the barons turned southward, leaving the punishment of the Bishop of Norwich to the Count of Warenne. How they triumphantly returned

home is told in a contemporaneous song, mentioning each by name, but exalting before all their noble leader :—

“ Il est apelè de Monfort,
Il est el mond et si est fort
Si ad grant chevalrie.
Ce voir e je ni acort
Heime dreit et het le tort
Si avera la mestrie.”

Simon marched southward with designs upon two places—Dover, the key of the land, and London, with its riches and the excitable masses of its inhabitants. About midsummer he wrote under his seal to the citizens of London, inquiring whether they intended to observe the Oxford statutes which had been drawn up to the honor of God, loyalty toward the king, and the good of the country. The condition of the city was peculiar. The king was in the Tower with the queen, Richard, Edward, and Robert Waleran. The gates were closed against him and his troops. In the city, the mayor, Thomas Fitz-Thomas, stood decidedly on the side of the people; none but the aldermen and patricians were of the king's party. On the receipt of Leicester's letter, there was a stormy session of the commune, which expressed its opinion to the mayor with loud outcry. The letter of Simon was laid before the king, and Henry, undecided, and still suffering from the effects of his last illness, agreed to send his ambassadors in company with some burghers to Dover, where the barons were encamped. The citizens, on receiving assurance of their liberties, made common cause with the king.

In the Tower, at court, the anxiety and terror increased. In the city, events excited an insurrectionary spirit. The mass, in accordance with the Oxford statutes, demanded the removal of all foreigners. The troops and servants in the city were compelled to retire, and were placed by Prince Edward as a garrison in Windsor. Day and night, on foot and on horseback, the burghers held watch.

On Sunday the 15th the barons arrived in London. Their renowned leader, Count Simon, was received by the citizens with shouts, and immediately sought the king at the Tower to lay before him the articles. Henry subscribed, once more assenting to the Oxford Provisions, and gave orders to surrender the Castles. In the city was proclaimed the peace of the king. At a Parliament held on the 9th September in the Church of St. Paul, the statutes were confirmed by all the worldly and spiritual barons, and even by Prince Edward, who intended, however, as little as his father to observe them.

In spite of this treaty the war still continued, until the

decisive battle of Lines put the whole power in the hands of Montford, who remained Regent of England for one year and six months. The manner in which he conducted his administration will decide our opinion of his character. He ordered arms to be at once laid aside, and in view of the present emergency placed in every county men to preserve the peace. On the 22d of June he summoned a Parliament, at which he found little opposition in carrying through his own ideas, and establishing a government on the same principles, although less unwieldy, than the previous one. The whole power was virtually in the hands of Leicester. Soon he brought repose to the nation, with the single exception of a few barons, armed, on the borders of Wales, the seed of much future trouble.

At Gloucester an agreement was made in which the chiefs of the border barons swore to leave the realm for a year and a day and banish themselves to Ireland. But they first got permission to hold an interview with Prince Edward, a privilege which already pointed to embarrassments in the government of the Earl.

Those barons on the Welsh border had repeatedly raised their voices and demanded, as a condition of peace, the liberation of their favorite, Prince Edward. In order to get rid of these determined opponents, Simon was obliged at least to hold out some prospect that it would be done. He did so, and at the same time sent out writs for a Parliament, the most remarkable of his time. While he was at Worcester on the 14th December, he sent out the first writs to the Archbishop of York, 12 bishops, 24 abbots, priors, and deans; and on the 24th December, from Woodstock, where the king passed Christmas, (virtually a prisoner of Leicester,) he cited 83 abbots and priors, a number of barons, and among them Leicester, Gloucester, Norfolk, and Derby. The sheriffs throughout the realm received orders to send two knights from each county, and the cities York, Lincoln, and other boroughs, were to send two burghers from each; each of the cinque ports were to send four inhabitants.

The great number of the clergy need lead to no misunderstanding. They met simultaneously in convocation, and in those days were in intimate dependence on the reforming barons. The great, though only in the event successful, change, was the summoning of the representatives of the inferior nobility and the cities and boroughs. This policy was undoubtedly revolutionary, and intended by the statesmanlike Earl of Leicester to confirm his power. He availed himself of such elements, however, as were very ready to be employed in public affairs. The freeholders of the counties had for more

than a century cared for the administration of their own justice and government. The four knights summoned by Henry II. for the choice of juries were the first type of a parliamentary representation. Similar conditions in the cities were of equal antiquity.

For this great and magnanimous act, the name of Simon de Montfort should be placed among those of the greatest heroes of English history. Dr. Pauli deserves the thanks of all Americans, that he has done something to rescue his fame from indiscriminate abuse, and his motives from false imputations. Certainly the name of that man who first issued the writs that gave the Commons a place in the British Parliament, should not be forgotten, nor be connected with the words "treacherous" and "ambitious." Even Hallam, in his constitutional history, has no praise for Leicester. But surely, when a scholar of England is doing tardy justice to the democrats of the Athenian republic, it is time that some one should undertake the same kindly work for the martyrs of her own liberties.

We follow, with melancholy interest, the history of this great man as it draws to its close. His efforts to unite conflicting elements, and support himself in power, proved vain. Prince Edward escaped from his hands, raised the standard of revolt, out-generalled the earl, divided his army, and fell unexpectedly upon him at Evesham, with the first alarm.

Count Simon had ridden forth with the king, and overlooked the enemy from a hill. "By the arm of St. Jacob," he exclaimed, "they have learned of me, not of themselves—commend your souls to God, for our bodies belong to them." It came to a desperate hand-to-hand fight, where shields broke and the steel harnesses were hewn asunder. Simon, like a true hero, bade his comrades be of good courage; and they all followed him, with spirit, as he plunged into the fight. His son Henry, who bravely fought in front of him, was cut down before the father's eyes. Soon fell Peter de Montfort, Hugo Despencer, and as many as one hundred and sixty knights. He himself still stood like a tower in the battle. Like a giant he bravely fought for the freedom of England, till his horse was killed under him, and he himself had become exhausted, wielding his sword with both hands against the unbroken ring of enemies. Soon he was slain, and his death was decisive. Those of his company not killed were captured or wounded. The victors had scarcely lost a man; it was a massacre, not a battle. All was over in less than three hours. A frightful storm and thick gloom covered many portions of the island about that time. Thunder and lightning and a

fiery comet had shortly before terrified the inhabitants, and the battle of Evesham was regarded as the fulfilment of these divine portents.

The news of Simon's death flew quickly over the land, and spread sorrow and distress among all ranks. The morally pure character of the Count of Leicester, his sympathy for the oppressed, the spirit and talent with which he undertook national reforms, won him the love of the mass of the people. Pious, not in pretence merely, but educated in intercourse with the most religious and noble of his time, he was the friend of the English, especially of the humbler classes, whose burdens he always strove to lighten. And they were the first, in return for all his deeds, and the martyr-death which he had bravely endured for the sake of the good cause, to reward him with canonization, which, though never recognized by pope or king, the people believed was confirmed at his grave by many miracles and healings.* They had no hesitation in placing him by the side of the Saint of Canterbury, and to sing of both together in a mournful ballad :

Mès par mort, le cuens Montfort
conquist la vitorie
Come ly martyr de Canterbyr
finist sa vie :
Ne voleit pas li bon Thomas
qe perist seinte Eglise
Ly cuens auxi se combati
e morust sauntz feyntise.
Ore est ocys la flur de pris, que taunt savo't de guerre
Ly cuens Montfort, sa dure mort molt emplorra la terre.

History, indeed, assigns the Count of Leicester a very different place. Prudent and far-seeing, he united himself with all the elements in the land that were struggling for freedom, and thus commenced a mighty development of constitutional law, of whose far-reaching increase he could have had no pre-sage. Like Becket, his weaknesses must be atoned for in death, but his blood secured to the nation the prize for which he had struggled so perseveringly with perfidious enemies. Even the contemporaries of the battle of Evesham survived the acquisition of the most important of the national claims.

* There is a collection of miracles of Simon's prayers, which were addressed to him :

Salve Simon Montfort fortis
Totias flos militia
Duras penas passa mortis
Protector genti et Anglie, etc.
Ora pro nobis, beate Simon ! ut digni efficiamur promissionibus Christi.

We have thus reviewed the more permanent organization of the courts under Henry II., the first successful restriction of the royal power by the reenacting of old laws in *Magna Charta*, and finally the emergence of the popular element into political importance in the times of Henry III. The democratic victory was, it is true, lost with the death of Montfort; but in the succeeding reign the boroughs were again represented in Parliament, so that the principle may be considered as established. Indeed, the annals of those times show us the increasing power, wealth, and importance of the cities, especially of London; and in the various political struggles, success often attended their adhesion to one party or the other. In the century covered by the reigns of these four Plantagenets, the material strength of England made very rapid strides onward. Pauli, whose accuracy on these subjects is quite as remarkable as his appreciation of their value, describes the city of London, during the reign of Henry II., as "far surpassing all other cities in extent and magnificence. The city and its suburbs had, at that time, thirteen cloister and one hundred and twenty-six parish churches. It was surrounded by gardens and luxurious fields, while within everything gave evidence of the good condition of the citizens. The cloister-schools were well attended. At the market, on the river, about the ships, all was busy. There thronged foreign merchants and ship-masters—there might be seen, among the wares of the traders, delicacies and curious fabrics of all sorts. In the streets were seen the caparisoned steed of the knight and the strong-limbed horse of burden. In the handsome houses reigned hospitality and festivity. Nothing but too deep drinking and too frequent conflagrations marred the happiness of the inhabitants. The games were the same as now—cockfights, and horse, and boat-racing; and in the winter, sports on the ice, and playing at ball. The youth were spirited and bold, and sometimes engaged in tumults which cast some shadow over the quiet city-life."

Even the extortions of Richard could not suppress the luxuriously growing commerce of England. Connections sprang up with Netherlands and with Germany. The commercial towns acquired legal rights, for the protection of their trade during the commotions; and in this reign appear, for the first time, a Lord Mayor of London, at the head of twelve Aldermen. In the reign of Henry III., all the English ports were filled with the most costly delicacies of Europe. This increase of prosperity was manifested in the part which these cities, and especially London, was able to take in the stirring political events. In them the democratic element found its first expression.

The city of London, which had espoused the cause of the barons against John, was firmly attached to Simon de Montfort. It was there, and in the Cinque Ports, and the surrounding districts, that the strongest lovers of constitutional liberty were to be found; and naturally so, for the wealth accumulated in those places made them the first sufferers by royal plunder, and the most eager in the great work of converting the despotic authority into a monarchy limited by law and ancient custom.

There was a class who had no part in these changes—a stratum below the lowest that now exists in England—the serfs. We have been now and then reminded, while writing this article, of the present condition of that nation, with whom England now, in the full bloom of moral and material development, is engaged in deadly struggle. In some respects, the state of England six hundred years ago, is not unfairly pictured by the present condition of the Russian Empire. In both cases we perceive a despotism whose strength and duration depend on the personal character of the ruler. In both cases the unruly nobility may become a terror to the sovereign. In both cases the subordinate officers of government appear dreadfully corrupt and extortionate, and the courts of justice decide in favor of him who can *pay* the most. But above all, in both cases, a large proportion of the inhabitants are held as serfs. In Russia landed property is valued not by acres but by souls. So it was in England in the time of Henry II., when the ownership of the master in the slave was absolute, and the runaway might be recovered by process of law. This class had no share in the liberties whose acquisition we have noticed, and history has passed them by in silence.

But there was this difference between the colossal empire of the Cossacks and the England of 1254. The absolutism of the Czar seems impregnable, based on barbarism, and defended by the weapons of civilization. It has no hope or promise for the future. But the England of six hundred years ago contained all the germs of those grand and beautiful proportions which she exhibits to the world to-day. Slowly she had developed law and liberty together, yet without a single retrograde, taking with each decade one step upward, till she has built up an impregnable Constitution, sheltering millions of as happy subjects as any in the world. Outwardly her empire has expanded, not always righteously perhaps. Her flag has circled the world, sometimes an emblem of tyrannical force, but wherever it has been permanently planted, it has waved over a soil protected by English law and right. With it have gone the courts that were defended, and the trial by jury that was legalized by

Henry II., Magna Charta that was wrung out of John, and the great principle of popular representation maintained by the barons and cities of England, and sealed by the blood of Simon de Montfort. All these the colonies of England have inherited from the mother country. They are ours, too—part and parcel of our institutions as much as those of England. Their history is ours. With common pride we read in that past of the growth of great principles watered by the blood of common ancestors.

GIULIA GRISI.

WE have the promise of many fine entertainments in New-York this winter. The popular taste has been greatly improved within the space of a few past years. Our growing taste for operatic music has given rise to the New-York Academy of Music in Fourteenth Street, and a higher tone is being given to our theatres. The "Merchant of Venice" at Wallack's, the "Midsummer Night's Dream" at Burton's, and other dramas of high character are sure of attracting a house whenever they are presented; and the star actors at the Broadway, Mr. Davenport and many others, have little to complain of in respect to appreciative liberality of histrionic art; the stars of the opera of the old world have become to feel that Jonathan is really no longer a barbarian—no longer an echo. He has tastes, and correct ones too.

It is difficult for the singers of Europe instantaneously to command from us the homage which they have become so accustomed to receive at home. We become to associate the pleasure which past excellence has conferred, with present superiority, thus overvaluing in reality the objects we love. Hence the European fame of singers is with difficulty reached with an audience on the opposite side of the Atlantic. Yet, even with greater risks than this, they, by the kindness of the Fates, come among us, that we may become equal to the connoisseurs of London and Paris in judging of the excellences of styles and renderings of music. The poets have ever been accessible to us through our own language as original or translated. Not so with the great wordless poems of Italy and Germany. Our grand old woods, our rushing rivers, our heaving restless oceans, could not be heard in concert, and we had no orchestra

or performers to interpret the spirit range of Mendelssohn or Handel; but our lucky stars sent us Jullien, with his band unrivaled; Lind, with her seraphim voice; Sontag, the peerless; Alboni, the wonder of song; Bosio, the enchantress; Marini, the wizard who stole a note from the tempest; Salvi, to enchant the ladies with that gloriously fine falsetto; and now while I write, the airs are smiling at the presence of beauty and judgment and song embodied in Giulia Grisi. Criticism was on uptoe to find a flaw in Grisi's acting or singing, that vanity or wit might wear another plume. It talked learned sense or nonsense—we are not judges in these things—about mezzo, and registers and rôles, chest voices and head notes. We cared little for such anatomy; but hurried to Castle Garden to live for a while there, on the lip of the ocean, in dreams of Normandy and that most romantic of all religions, associated in dim religious light, through Scott and Hume, with the early romantic history of England. When the Prime Donne was executing the first bar of the music of her rôle, chancing to have our heads turned from the stage, we asked ourselves if it were indeed Grisi who was singing; but time wore on, and Grisi was indeed Norma, though not to us the terrible that is with difficulty conceived as an emanation of the stage. It is with difficulty that we feel the reality of a representation. Indeed, we cannot help knowing that it is only a performance; but as a performance, for chasteness of action, for clearness of enunciation, for doing just what should be done with never a bit too much or too little, for judgment in knowing what her voice is and what it is not capable of without any violation of artistic propriety, we never saw its equal. The Norma of Grisi, as an artistic performance, was never equaled on our lyric stage. It may be that lighter parts have had their requirements as well filled. Bosio charmed us as Zerlina, Sontag as Linda of Chamouni; but neither thrilled us as Norma. Critics may exhaust their learning about the technicalities of art, discover a pearl unstrung from a necklace, still matchless in beauty; time refuse to spare the youth of the most beautiful; but in our dismantled fort, ivy-mantled, on the lip of the ocean, we have been delighted, thrilled, enchanted, by the perfect artist, both in manner and management of voice, and splendid woman Giulia Grisi. If we look for remarkable sounds or feats of vocalization, such as Lind displayed and Sontag affected, we do not find them. But when passion prompts, we may hear as beautiful a tone as ever fell in measured cadence from the lip of mortal. No term characterizes Grisi as an artist, but beautiful. She is above being astonishing even as an actress, and as a singer leaves much less of that painful longing for some-

thing which ought to be, but is not, than Sontag. She has neither the wonderful vocalization of Lind, nor the rich voice of Alboni. In short, there is little that is marvelous about her singing or acting, but much that is beautiful.

One may admire her and not be able to tell for what. Is it her acting? It is more. Is it her singing? certainly not her vocalization. She sings the close of the second act of *Norma* as no one else ever sang it, with enunciation so perfect, with a soul in every way impassioned, indeed, singing with every attitude that the Druidess would be supposed to assume, and every emotion she would be supposed to feel, with a meaning in every note, in all its shapings and roundings, its swell and fall, its beginning and ending. She is to be compared with Lind, only as Byron may be compared with Milton. Never mind that Lind's voice is pure soprano, that Alboni's ranges somewhere between pure contralto and soprano, and Grisi's somewhere between Alboni's and Lind's. Lind's soul was formed for the interpretation of Handel—calm, grand, colossal, Miltonic, starry; Grisi's, passion inspired, passion swayed—in ordinary expression indifferent; in impassioned, fired with Byronic fervor—finds fit utterance, not in unimpassioned, meaningless vocalization, but in interpretation of intense earthly passion. As we read the "Fire of Drift-wood," by Longfellow, beginning with simplicity and closing with graceful measures, the impression of unity, and wholeness is fixed on our minds, and we are moved by a voice which was not heard, but felt in long-lingerings after.

So in Grisi, the common-place beginning, the mezzo voice, which is neither one nor the other, and liable to offend, judged simply as an organ—even Alboni's voice, in ordinary singing, carries with it a painful impression of imperfection—is forgotten; all is forgotten in the thrilling effect of the whole. When the barren soil and the rock combine with the streams and groves to make up a lovelier landscape, than the eye may rest on elsewhere, it is the landscape we love. If the perfect be produced we care not for the manner or means of execution; the effect is what delights us. The highest range of composition can only be reached by a perfect organ, and God has given but two, the soprano and the bass. A soprano alone could do justice to the Messiah. It alone interprets thoughts, serenest, and highest; a voice intermediate may best interpret the passions of this earth, but it alone can soar serenely above its clouds and tempests to the pure empyrean of deathless song.

With Castle Garden, and Niblo's, and the New-York Theatre, and the New-York Academy of Music, there will be ample

space for operatic performances in our city. And with Grisi and Mario during the coming season, our lovers of the opera may promise themselves a rare treat, feast of reason, and flow of soul. Though the opera may be regarded by many as a mere fashionable amusement, it is more. It is poetic feelings speaking through music. As the poet's thoughts move in melodies in verse, here the composer's move in wordless music.

All they
Whose intellect is an o'er-mastering power
Which still recoils from its encumbering clay,
Or lightens it to spirit, whatsoe'r
The form which their creations may assume,
Are bards.

Soul married to music is the height of poetical luxury, and this is attained in opera. Scenic display may be necessary to complete the illusion and set off the charms of music, as laces make the neck of beauty more fairly fair, or diamonds relieve the lustre of her eye; but romantic feelings married to music is the legitimate province of the lyric drama, of which the lyric queen whose name heads these lines is a fitting interpreter. While on the roll of fame the names of Sappho and Hemans, Browning and Carey, Malibran and Pasta, Lind and Grisi are inscribed, we will not stop to analyze the degrees in dignity which entitle them to their immortality. If the poet expresses her own feelings in such a manner as to render them immortal, the artist immortalizes wordless feelings, which but for her would have remained a heap of jargon—a few black dots and bars all that would be left of Mozart and Meyerbeer, Rossini and Beethoven; and while Shakespere, in matchless Saxon, immortalizes Miranda and Imogen, Ophelia and Juliet, no note be left to breathe of the still living presences of the ethereal embodiments of music.

UNITY OF THE WORLD—MAN'S PLACE IN THE
CREATION.

The Plurality of Worlds. With an Introduction. By EDWARD HITCHCOCK, D.D., President of Amherst College. Boston: Gould & Lincoln.

More Worlds than One: the Creed of the Philosopher and the Hope of the Christian. By Sir DAVID BREWSTER, K.H., D.C.L. New-York: Robert Carter & Brother.

THERE is not a more worthy or interesting inquiry for man, than to study out his own relative position among the creatures of God. What he is, what he may be, what he ought to be, what he is made for, what are his relations to other beings, what his rank among them, and his duties toward them, how he is regarded by his Maker, and what he has to expect from the Supreme Ruler of the Universe—are themes fitted to engross all our studies—themes that mingle themselves with all other subjects of rational inquiry. The inspired Psalmist felt their greatness, when he devoutly looked up to the starry heavens, and, praising the Maker of all those wonders, exclaimed, "What is man that thou art mindful of him!"

Man's position can be only that which has been assigned him by the Maker of all things. Not having an independent existence, he has neither credit nor responsibility for that which he can neither alter nor escape from, but can only inquire into the facts which are established by the irrevocable decree of a Higher Power. We conceive of God alone as being self-existent; not self-created; for that would imply an act of will prior to being, but as having life in himself, without beginning of days. And he is the Creator of all other existences. All things, all beings, all laws of being, originate in his will. We easily conceive of their existence as having a beginning, and as originating in His will. Our conception of God's being, as uncreated and without beginning, is chiefly negative, as being unlike other existences in those respects. And when we compare these with each other in their relation to Him, it is a comparison of finites with the Infinite, which exhibits them all as it were equally removed from his measure. And so we also conceive of God's existence as having endured for infinity,

prior to the creation of any other being, while he was therefore the only being in the universe:

"Long ere the lofty skies were spread,
Or Adam formed, or angels made,
Jehovah dwelt alone."

Hence it is demonstrable that the ultimate end which he had in view in creating other beings must be found in himself; so that it is logically true, as well as theologically orthodox, that He made all things for himself. The unity of will in the Creator implies unity of design in the creation. We look at each particular thing as having been created for some end beyond itself—the less for the greater, and the greater for something still greater, until we rise to the great last end, or ultimate cause of all things, which is God. In looking after the causes, motives, and relations of things, we should ever bear in mind that none of them was created for itself; but the less is for the greater, and the greater controls the less, as the end the means. It is this gradation of means and ends, rising from the smallest atom up to Deity, that gives unity and form to moral science, as the classification of orders, genera, and species gives form to natural science. A due regard to this principle will serve as a guide through many perplexing and intricate inquiries, and preserve from many erroneous notions and groundless conclusions.

Following out this correct method of inquiry, we perceive that the grand and leading design of the work of creation was the establishment of a moral kingdom, a government over rational beings by means of motives. It was a design of a vastly higher order than the mere extension of conscious enjoyment by the multiplication of sensitive beings and by provision for their wants and pleasure. It was vastly higher than the creation of ranks of intelligences, with a frame of the universe fitted to exercise and develop and task and fill their intellectual capacities, in learning to comprehend the manifold works of God. Both these ends are gloriously attained, and had there been nothing beyond these, intelligent beings would have pronounced the accomplishment of such ends to be worthy of the power and wisdom and goodness of the Creator. But to propose an end so much more noble than these, that both the sentient and the intellectual worlds shall rank to it as mere subordinate instrumentalities, is of itself a striking proof of the greatness of the Divine mind. How grand an idea it is, of surrounding himself with an innumerable host of sentient beings, having the highest and ever-increasing capacity for

sensitive enjoyment, who are also endowed with intellectual power to search out and comprehend the works of the Almighty, and who, above all this, can be permanently relied on to love and obey God to all eternity, with all their heart and soul and mind and strength! And when this design shall have been accomplished, when this which is by excellence *the kingdom of God* shall be seen to be established, then the glory of the Creator will be consummated, leaving nothing beyond for creatures to desire or God to propose, but that eternal progress and elevation which pertains to beings whose enjoyment is the fullness of God, whose intellects are unclouded by passion, and whose goodness is no longer assailable by temptation.

How much greater this work of moral administration is than the work of creation, appears from the facts in the case. *The act of creation is to the Almighty a work of infinite ease—a mere volition. He spake, and it was done; he commanded, and it stood fast. But the development of the moral kingdom is a prolonged process, engrossing the care and tasking the perseverance of the Great Ruler through many ages of duration. After six thousand years, this work is apparently even yet in the earlier stages of its history. Its vast complications of influences and hindrances are such as only Omniscience could see through and arrange, so as to make them point to the ultimate result. And the divine estimate of its value when accomplished, is shown by the sacrifice of His only beloved Son for its attainment.

The first step in the prosecution of this glorious plan, so far as we are informed, was the creation of angels—a race of beings who were rational and not material, called spirits, pure and upright, who loved and served God, and were approved and loved by him. But a portion of these kept not their first estate, but fell by transgression. They sinned by ambition and pride, aiming to be on an equality with their Maker, and thus showed that a race of pure spirits were not to be relied on, to constitute alone the kingdom of permanently faithful subjects which the Creator proposed to form. Not even the dreadful retribution that befel the rebels, reserved in chains under darkness, was adequate to subdue for ever the ambitious spirit of the rest. There was needed a race of beings in whose nature should be incorporated some elements of humiliation that might serve as a check to pride. Hence man was formed out of the dust of the earth, in a state of innocence, and placed in a state of unmingled felicity, surrounded with all the external conditions best contrived to make him satisfied with his lot, and willing to serve the glorious Creator who had so richly blessed him. Man was made flesh, and animated with a reason-

able soul, which was breathed into him by the breath of God. But he, too, fell by transgression, under the mingled influence of bodily appetites and intellectual aspirations. And then the way was prepared for the wonderful Plan of Redemption, as the last expedient of Omnipotence for the production of the proposed kingdom of everlasting holiness. And we have the assurance of the Word of God that this scheme is infallibly not to fail. The promise made to the Son of God, that he shall see of the travail of his soul and be satisfied, will most surely be made good to the utmost letter of its import. And when this design shall have been fully accomplished, we are assured that the work proposed by the Creator will be complete; the top-stone shall be brought forth with shoutings of "Grace! grace!" and God shall be all in all. It is to this result that all the works of creation and providence tend and are made subservient. And all other things are to be studied and interpreted with reference to this.

We should here carefully guard against the error of treating these gradual proceedings as a series of experiments on the part of God, by which he was himself to discover the unascertained capabilities and tendencies of things, and in the actual results of which he himself experienced the pain of disappointed expectation, putting him to the unanticipated necessity of devising new expedients to repair the failure. Known unto Him are all his works, from the foundation of the world. It was a development, not an experiment. The whole history is to be looked upon as a process corresponding to the nature of the object in view, which of itself required a succession of steps, extending through adequate periods of duration, in order that the service or the sin of the several classes of free agents might be felt and seen by all to be voluntary and accountable, because performed in view of motives appropriate to their several conditions.

We can discover, also, running through this whole history, a general law of procedure, which may be called the Law of Preparation, by which each step is seen to be a preparation for that which follows, and which is essentially affected by what precedes. Thus the creation of angels was properly preparatory to the creation of the material universe, over which they sang together and shouted for joy. The material universe was prepared to be the abode of man by successive steps of wondrous contrivance, the study of which, in the sciences of astronomy and geology, will ever task and reward the mightiest intellects. And the creation of man in innocency, with a representative character, involving the whole race in the consequences of the fall of one, was a preparation for the scheme of Redemption,

including all in sin, that all might be included in the common offer of mercy through one only Redeemer.

It was by virtue of man's composite nature that he became the fit subject of redemption. Only by such a race could the blessings of moral government be fully developed after the fall of angels. And only by taking upon himself such a nature could the Son of God undergo a degree of humiliation adequate to the objects of the great propitiation. By his animal nature, man is brought into close relationship with the brute creation. How great the resemblance is—in how many particulars! In his birth, and death, and return to dust, wherein has man the preëminence? He has the same wants of food and rest and protection; he suffers, like the brutes, from heat and cold, hunger and thirst, desire and fear, wounds, disease, and death. He is more helpless in infancy, and more imperfect in the instincts of self-preservation. In swiftness, in strength, in power of endurance under privation or pain, in animal courage, in tenacity of natural affection, and in many other qualities, he is plainly surpassed by some or other of the inferior races. And when man once gives himself up to the animal nature, he becomes more grovelling, degraded, and disgusting in his sensuality than even the brutes. By oppression and cruelty, or by temptation and seduction, he often debases others of his own species, so as to extinguish nearly every attribute but that of animal nature. And where reason retains sufficient power to be the slave of passion, it often gives an intensity to sensuality which brutes never exhibit. We cannot conceive that there should be a race of beings, created to be the subjects of moral government, in whom the animal element should be more powerful, or whose grade in the scale of being should be lower than that of mankind. To this nature, so far as it could be partaken without sin—to this nature in its birth and life and death, in its susceptibilities and its sorrows, its wants and weakness, the Saviour humbled himself, in order to become the world's exemplar of the displeasure of God against transgression. "When I consider thy heavens, the work of thy fingers, the moon and the stars, which thou hast ordained, what is man, that thou art mindful of him? and the son of man, that thou visitest him?" Ps. 8: 3, 4.

But man is not a mere animal. He has nobler relationships than those which assimilate him to the brute creation. The rational and immortal nature which was breathed into the race at first, the image of God which was impressed upon his being, the endowments bestowed, the rank assigned, the destiny allotted to mankind, place him at an unapproachable elevation above the brutes, and when duly considered, should impress

every human being with a sense of the elevation of his nature, and the glory of his opportunities, so as to preclude the possibility of subjecting himself to animal desires, or addicting himself to grovelling pursuits and indulgences. We may well exclaim, in the language of the great poet: "What a piece of work is man! How noble in reason! How infinite in faculties! In form and moving, how express and admirable! In action, how like an angel! In apprehension, how like a god! The beauty of the world! the paragon of animals!"

Man was made that he might glorify God and enjoy him for ever. As an intellectual being, there is nothing in the universe which he may not be capacitated to know. Contemplate such a mind as that of Sir Isaac Newton, as it was employed in studying the laws of motion of the heavenly bodies, making the unequalled discovery that all those glorious spheres are governed by the same principle of gravitation which makes an apple fall. As a moral being, man is capable of imitating his Maker in the most glorious of his qualities—in truth, and justice, and love. He is invested with an innate majesty and authority, that raises him to a near relation with the most elevated intelligences with which the infinite Sovereign has thought fit to surround himself. "For thou hast made him a little lower than the angels, and hast crowned him with glory and honor; thou madest him to have dominion over the works of thy hands; THOU HAST PUT ALL THINGS UNDER HIS FEET."—Ps. 8: 5, 6.

This solves the paradox which the royal poet made the theme of his sacred song—that God should fix his regards upon beings so abject, and make them so noble that for them he could create the world. It is by his composite nature that man fills the whole space in the scale of being between brutes and angels, so that he can be at once mortal and immortal, and can be raised from so deep degradation to honor so infinite. Plainly, he is fitted to develop all the scope of moral government, which is not occupied by angels. He forms the sole intermediate link between the spiritual and the material worlds. He is unique in creation. For his own contemplations, and for the inquiries of all other intelligences, his history will develop all that creatures can know, and all that God will do in his moral administration.

In the development of this scheme, the angels are made ministering spirits, to help those who are to be heirs of salvation. The profound interest with which they watch and study the development of Redemption, proves this to be a part of the same kingdom to which they also belong, and on which their final and unchangeable state of goodness and felicity depends.

And there is some reason to suppose that, in the final consummation, the redeemed of mankind, who were created a little lower than the angels, will be advanced above them in the ranks of happy beings that surround the throne of God and of the Lamb.

This sketch of the unity of God's administration, and of the order in which one thing serves another, the less existing for the greater, all material things for man, and man for the glory of God, gives a logical consistency to the idea that God should give his own Son to die once for all in behalf of the human race, because that is the greatest thing he will or can do, and because the greatness of the interests that depend on the redemption of man make it suitable that such peculiar and amazing arrangements should be made on his behalf.

We are now furnished with a most important light to carry with us in our inquiries concerning the reason of things, and the order of cause and consequence in the material world. We find that the earth is fitted up for man, to be his temporary abode and the theatre of his redemption, with a display of preparation commensurate to the importance of the object. The mind is at once impressed with the conviction of the careful completeness and the lavish fulness of the arrangement, showing a determination that nothing should be wanting of the most abundant material means, which could in any manner or degree conduce to the attainment of the proposed result. Let us keep this idea in mind, that the material is for the immaterial, the natural for the moral, in our inquiries concerning the world, its creation, and the actual administration of its government by the Creator. Look first at the earth, as it appeared before the sciences of astronomy and geology existed among men. We here see the reason of many of the complications which otherwise are wholly inexplicable. That the earth was made for man, is a consideration which solves the profoundest problems of philosophy. Viewing it merely as the home of sentient beings, the proof of its adaptation to man as its supreme end would not be absolutely complete. The infinite delights which it affords, are participated in by the inferior orders of creatures. And though it is probable that no one of them is capable of enjoying so many pleasures as man, it might be questioned whether this advantage is not made up by the more exquisite sensibility which many of them seem to possess for the particular pleasures that are adapted to their nature. The delight of the birds in their flight and song, of the fishes in their swimming, of the insects in their glad motions, of most animals in taking their proper food, seems to be far greater than ours.

But the earth is made for man as a reasoning and learning

creature. Animals neither reason nor learn, but are guided and governed by an instinct whose laws are inevitable as those of inert matter itself. The stone does not fall more naturally than the young duckling swims. It is for man that the world is constituted under the control of fixed laws, which he alone is able to learn and to take advantage of, and thus to bring all things under his feet. Our knowledge is of these general laws. We call them laws of nature, as if nature was itself a force, while in fact the only real force is the constant power of the Creator, and these laws are but the rules of action which he prescribes to himself in order that man may be able to acquire useful knowledge. Were there no fixed laws of cause and effect we could know nothing of nature, and could have no exercise of reason in guiding our conduct. The conviction we have of the absolute certainty and immutability of these laws, is God's revelation to man of his fixed determination to work all changes according to those rules, and is God's pledge that he will never in any case depart from those rules, or reverse those laws of nature, unless for palpably wise and sufficient reasons, connected with the highest good of man.

The constituting of the world in such a way that the knowledge of its laws is only to be acquired by pains and study, is a proof that it was designed to promote the highest cultivation of man's intellectual powers, and not merely for his quiescent enjoyment, or for the practical use and employment of things. Therefore we find that while he can exist with the knowledge of only a few of the laws of nature, his desires, both of knowledge and of use, are for ever in advance of his attainments, and for ever drawing him onward to new inquiries. How inadequate a field for the development of intellectual nature had been a world whose laws of cause and effect had been all obvious at a glance—had the world been made only to be used, and not to be studied. How wonderful the wisdom which has made the laws of nature an exhaustless mine of knowledge. In no one department of science or skill do we seem to have advanced beyond the very threshold of acquisition. In the very earliest subjects of investigation—how to provide food for our bodies and clothing to cover them—the advancement of knowledge and improvement was never so rapid as it is in the present age. Thus the earth is made more and more useful to man the more it is examined and studied, and each advance in knowledge is a preparation for immeasurable progress beyond.

But we fail of comprehending the true wisdom of the laws of nature, and the adaptation of the world to the use of man, until we study the subject with reference to man's higher nature, as

a moral being, an accountable subject of law. The earth is to be examined, as a place of trial, a field of operations, a forming place of moral character, a school for educating rational creatures to voluntary goodness or virtue. Things which we can not see to be for man as a sentient being, we find to be fitted for his advancement in knowledge, and the more complete development of his nature as an intellectual being. And what we can not account for as a useful subject of study, or capable of being by reason made subservient to his benefit, we may find perfectly explicable when viewed as a means of the moral training which he requires in this life to fit him for the better life beyond. Every existence, every condition, every event, which we come in contact with, if properly used, is fitted to make us better and holier and happier beings. The disappointments and pains we receive from external things, and even the trials we meet from our fellow-men, in all the relations of life, are found by those who cultivate a right experience to be just the best things that could be devised for the improvement of our moral nature; so that it is literally correct to say that all things work together for the good of them that love God.

There are not too many delights in the world to impress our minds with the goodness of God, and there are not too many pains and trials to make us feel our proper dependence on and our accountability to Him. And the proof is complete in the fact, that neither of these sentiments prevails in excess among mankind. Were the world made more pleasurable than it is, we should see mankind plunged in uncontrollable sensuality; were it less rich in sources of enjoyment, we should see poor human nature bowed down and crushed under insupportable loads of sorrow and anguish. The law of compensation, which we find applicable to the lot of every individual life, so that each one's balance-sheet of misery and happiness seems best adapted to his individual case, proves that the earth was made for man, preëminently with reference to his higher nature, that he might be trained in it for the kingdom of God.

The highest proof of the preëminent adaptation of the world to the use of man as a moral being, is seen in the fact, that God's government of the world by general laws is in perfect harmony with the cultivation of sentimental piety in the hearts of men. There is a spontaneous conviction, naturally arising in the hearts of mankind in time of trouble and danger, that it is proper to look for help to a Higher Power; and in all right-minded people, that it is a duty to render thankful acknowledgment to Heaven for signal deliverances or great advantages obtained. This is so clearly the voice of Nature, that it is strictly philosophical to accept it as a self-evident

truth that the sentiments are reasonable and just. But this involves the idea of a particular providence, extending both to events and their causes; and yet no pious person, who is also intelligent, ever imagines in his prayers that a miracle is to be wrought for his deliverance, or that the laws of nature have been suspended in order to bring to him the benefit for which he gives thanks. Men like Sir Isaac Newton, who have the clearest apprehension of the greatness, the immutability, of the general laws of nature, have, at the same time, exhibited the simplicity of little children in their reliance on the efficacy of prayer, and in their grateful acknowledgment of Divine goodness in the blessings they have received.

This is the fact in the case. A sound mind and a pure heart experience no sense of incongruity between reason and devotion. The difficulty of reconciling them is only felt when we seek to reduce the sentiments to the forms of logic, or to inspire the reason with emotions. God has made the world such that the intellect may study its laws, with the innate conviction that they are laws and not accidents, while the heart may seek and acknowledge the favors of Heaven, as though there were no law of Divine administration, but that of direct interposition at the promptings of personal love. The agonizing entreaties of parental love in behalf of a sick child, the spontaneous cry of the shipwrecked mariner, the prayers of pious souls for rain and fruitful seasons, or for deliverance from public calamities, are real transactions, and can reach the ears of the Almighty, and receive their appropriate returns, without a suspension of the laws of nature; just as the influences of divine grace can transform the soul, and fill it with pure thoughts, and heavenly joys, and right purposes, without violating the laws of mind. There is nothing in the works of God which may not be studied philosophically, as a product of divine wisdom; nothing in the events of life which may not be acknowledged devoutly as a proof of divine love. The world is for man, as to his whole being, and most of all for him as to his highest nature, as an accountable subject, under training for the kingdom of heaven.

This truth, which commands the assent of the simplest rustic, and which so impressed the mind of the royal Psalmist, even with his limited knowledge of natural science, shines out clearer and clearer with every new step in the progress of philosophy. Our advancement in knowledge is nothing but the continued discovery of the general laws, under which effects are produced through natural causes, which the more ignorant ascribe to the simple creative energy of God. We are continually astonished to find so many things traceable to

natural causes, and to see that they are produced under general laws. Nor can we set any bounds to the future progress of discovery in this direction. We learn how rocks were produced, how beds of coal were provided, and choice metals brought within reach of man; how vegetables get their food; how our own bodies are sustained and warmed by the air; why the lightning flashes, and by what mechanism the seasons are changed. At each successive stage of discovery, Science finds herself checked by Piety, and solemnly warned not to go too far, lest, forsooth, she should dethrone the Creator by learning too much of his laws. But true philosophy is in accord with enlightened piety, in seeing the truth, that the more complicated and marvellous we find the results of natural causes, the more adorable is the wisdom of Him who made them all, and whose constant care and infinite power, preserves and gives force to these so-called laws of nature. Let philosophy go on, and discover new laws, as far as her powers of investigation can go. There is no discovery in this direction, that we are authorized to regard as impossible. It may be that we shall yet find out the causes and laws of crystallization, the influence of infusoria on the forms of the things they inhabit, the methods and laws of reproduction of vegetable and animal life, the fuel that feeds the sun, the manner in which spheres and systems of worlds are produced out of the primary gaseous elements, and the processes by which they are gradually changed in their structure. Even of the "nebular theory," so-called, all that true philosophy can say is, that it has not been proved true. It is only superstition that assumes *a priori* that such a theory must be believed to be false in order to retain our faith in a Creator.

With only such knowledge of the material universe and its laws, as could be possessed in David's time, it was clearly seen that the world was made for man, and that man is, therefore, the chief end of its existence, and so is its proper sovereign. All the discoveries of science in subsequent ages tend to the same conclusion. Of every thing that we know enough to be able to comprehend its nature, design, and uses, we can see that it has a proper subserviency to man as its object, and that its capabilities for the benefit of man are a sufficient reason why it should be created. And wherever we do not now see in man an adequate reason for the existence of any thing, the philosophical mind spontaneously infers that it is because we do not yet fully understand the matter, and, therefore, we must study and find out its laws and tendencies more fully, and then we shall understand what it was made for, in reference to the use of man.

The greatness of this end, in the sight of the Creator, is strongly exhibited in the developments made by the science of geology. The geologist properly assumes the axiom—which, in fact, lies at the basis of all philosophical investigation concerning the material world—that whatever appears to be the effect of physical causes, is to be taken to be the effect of such causes, and not the product of direct creation. Men take delight in imitating nature, to see how near they can make the resemblance. But it is not to be supposed that the Creator would create rocks in the shape of fish or shells, to show how well he can imitate those objects. But as they appear to be organic remains, they are organic remains—otherwise, creation is a register of falsehoods. The geologist then finds it true beyond a question, that the earth was once a molten and unorganized mass, that its crust in cooling to the thickness of eight or ten miles, assumed a crystalline structure, and then was broken by forces from within, and pushed up into ridges of granite and gneiss, slate and basalt. Some of these appear to be composed of materials which have first been ground fine, and spread in layers by the action of water, and then solidified by intense heat. Above these we find other species of rocks, always lying in a certain order, showing that there were periods during which the earth contained animals and vegetables of huge size and crude structure, the remains of which are preserved in the rocks and coals and clays of the older secondary formation. This crust is about half as thick as the first named. After this we have a series of layers, of chalk and sandstone and the like, which contain the remains of animals and vegetables, organized like those now living, but of species nowhere discovered on the present earth. Some of these layers show traces of water, others of heat, and many are broken up as if by internal convulsion of the globe. It is evident that these successive changes have been produced by processes amazingly complicated, by forces immensely powerful, through periods of vast duration, compared with which the existence of the earth inhabited by man is but a hand-breadth. And all this wonderful course was gone through, as a necessary preparation to fit the earth for the abode of man, as the subject of trial and redemption. The arrangements, by which the earth and sea are permanently separated, by which waters are hung up in clouds and percolated through mountains, by which metals and coals are brought within the reach of man, by which the continents are covered with soil and clothed with vegetation, and by which the air, the sea, and the dry land are peopled with animal life, and by which man was brought in as the head of the material crea-

tion, attest at once the truth of our general proposition, and the importance which the Creator attached to the great system of measures, of which man is the leading object.

The earth was thus prepared to be the abode of man, as it was furnished with materials for his use and service, as it required study and toil to make the materials available, as it presented laws of cause and effect to stimulate his intellect to inquiry, as it produced dangers and difficulties, compelling him to forethought and industry, as it tended to produce adoring views of the power and wisdom and goodness of the Creator. The arrangements for man, disclosed by geology, like those which appear upon the earth's surface, include provision for his sustenance, improvement, embellishment, enjoyment, and moral elevation. We find ample and exuberant stores of all that is needful, so as to be sure there is enough; and yet it is plain that they are exhaustible, and calculated for a world that is to be inhabited but for a limited period. And there is nothing that can be proved to be unnecessary or insubservient to the service of man, considered either as a sensitive, or an intellectual, or an accountable being. The more we know of the nature and relation of things, we find new uses and new bearings upon this one grand result, and hence it is strictly philosophical to infer that if we understood all, we should find that all are strictly promotive of the same object, and are worth being made for their utility to this grand result.

We can carry the same light with us into the kindred great science of astronomy, and just in proportion as we clearly understand the nature of things, we shall see that all are parts of the same glorious plan, and all derive their value from their utility to this one end. That which rested only in faith to the mind of the pious, and in conjecture to the philosopher in the infancy of science, becomes demonstration under the disclosures of the Newtonian philosophy. The one law of gravitation, as the governing principle of planetary motion, makes it plain that the whole machinery of the solar system is necessary to fit the world for the abode and trial of man.

It is found that all the bodies in the solar system are bound together by the law of gravitation, by which each exerts a force upon all the rest, corresponding to its weight and distance. And this law, carried out on principles purely mathematical, and capable of as perfect demonstration as a proposition in geometry, gives us the revolutions of the planets round the sun in elliptical orbits, and at rates of motion in all parts of their orbits, which make the times of describing given areas proportioned to the spaces included by the radii of the areas. We find that their motions round the sun are chiefly controlled

by the gravitating force of the sun itself, which operates upon them inversely as the square of their distance from its centre. But they are yet affected in their motion by the attractive force of every other planet, so that it is impossible to calculate the exact position of one without making due allowance for the influence of all the rest. And new planets have been searched for and discovered, because observation had shown that an additional force was necessary to explain the actual motions of the planets, which varied from the results obtained by calculation. And although each one affects the motion of every other, and is itself affected by every other, yet we find the whole so admirably adjusted as to secure apparently an absolute stability to the whole system. The derangements of motion produced by and on one another, by an influence which is changing every moment by the diversities in their relative distances and positions, are yet so admirably balanced and adjusted as to compensate for each other, so that the slight deviations are all recovered. This wonderful provision for the permanent regularity of planetary motion, is the result of just such a complication of machinery as we have, and could not be secured, so far as we can see, by any other. Hence we have the sufficient reason why the system is made such as it is, and an ample occasion for the existence and position of each and every member, when we find that they are all necessary to the orderly motion of the whole. He who could speak a universe into being with a word, would not fail to produce as many planets as the perfection of motion required—as the skilful machinist would not fail to load his engine with the incumbrance of just as heavy a balance-wheel as is needed to give steadiness to its movements. Nor can sound reason assume that such huge masses of matter are made and moved in vain, or complain of the inadequacy of their use to their bulk, if it should appear that they serve no other purpose than to balance the earth, so that it may be the abode of man during the great process of redemption. We find that there are bodies just as many, just as large, just as near, as the case requires, no less and no more, and we are therefore warranted in concluding that we have discovered the sufficient reason. If, on further inquiry, we find evidence to prove that other ends are also subserved by any or all of the planets, it will show the wisdom of the Creator, who is wont to produce many results from few causes, as we employ many causes to produce few results. But it will not prove that more are created than are required for the use of man.

Philosophical writers have shown abundantly that the cosmical position of the earth, as a member of the solar system,

is just and only that which is best fitted for the service of man. Were the earth nearer the sun, it would be too hot—its yearly revolution would be too short—its diurnal motion would be too rapid—the light would be too dazzling—and other effects would be changed, so as to render the earth less fitted than it is for the abode of man. Plants require a year of just the present length to mature them and perpetuate their kinds. Animals as well as plants have periodical functions adapted to the present division of the seasons. The present alternations of light and darkness are as necessary to them as they are comfortable and beneficial to man. The mass of the globe on which we dwell determines the power of gravitation of all objects upon it, which would be heavier if the earth were either larger or more solid. But if such a change were made, the proportion between our muscular strength and the weight of material things would no longer hold good. Nay, it is known that the flow of the vital sap in plants is regulated by the force of gravity, so that a tree would not grow, nor plant blossom, if the mass of the earth were greater than it is. Globes of different size and substance and position and motion may answer other purposes; but only our earth answers for the abode of man and the theatre of Redemption.

We find the solar system surrounded by innumerable stars, luminous bodies of vast dimensions, at immeasurable distances, concerning which it is impossible for human observation to learn more than a very little of their laws and conditions. To the most powerful telescopes they appear only as shining points, most of which never change their appearance or relative position. And yet the exact observations of Sir John Herschel have shown, in regard to certain pairs of stars, that they revolve round each other in the elliptical orbits required by the law of gravitation, which warrants the conclusion that the same force of mutual attraction, governed by the same rule, prevails throughout the material universe. What is the common cause of gravity, and what produces polarity as a condition belonging to them all, our science has not yet discovered, nor do we know how far the electric fluid extends its power.

Beside these stars, we know of six or seven hundred comets, which move in diverse orbits round the sun, sometimes coming quite near to that body, and then running far off into the immensity of space that exists between the outmost planet of our system and the nearest of the fixed stars. Some of the comets are supposed to travel half the distance from the sun to the stars. If they there interlock orbits with innumerable other like bodies having similar motions in opposite directions, and thus form a connection between our worlds and the distant

spheres, the existence of such clusters would never be learned by us with our present means. The well authenticated cases of meteoric stones falling upon the earth, prove that there is yet much unknown territory for science to explore before she can pronounce confidently as to all the uses of all the heavenly bodies. A series of systems like our own, or of isolated globes like the sun, with the light extinguished, might occupy the vacant space without being discovered by any methods of inquiry yet applied. The fact settled by astronomers that the solar system moves round an invisible centre, requiring centuries yet unnumbered to complete a revolution, leaves no room for doubt that our system is cosmically connected with the stars, and affected by their gravity. Distant as they are, they keep the planets in their places, and are no more than is necessary for that object. And thus the stars are for man. The being who "made the sun to rule by day, and the moon to give light by night," expressly for the use of man, "made the stars also," for the same use, in furtherance of the great design of establishing his moral kingdom—the reign of heaven.

That the stars, beside being necessary for their gravity, are greatly beneficial to man in many ways, will be easily realized, by only supposing them all extinguished. The light they give in the absence of the moon contributes largely to the convenience of men. Where would navigation have been without the North Star? They have served as guides to the traveller, have helped in the measurement of time, and to keep the reckoning of seasons. They have been the great lecture-room of the world, and have served at once to stimulate and to exercise the highest efforts of the human mind for the extension of knowledge. Why should not such a race as God created man to be, have these fitting appliances for their intellectual culture? The beauty and glory of the firmament, when lighted up with stars, illustrate the character of God as the giver and lover of beauty and splendor. Even the man who asks what is the use of flowers, would hardly have the boldness to ask what is the use of stars. The same being that made flowers to please and refine the minds of men, made stars to fill them with admiration and awe, and to lift their thoughts up to himself. That they do produce such effects at all, shows what they were made for; that they produce no more effect, shows that the stars are none too bright and none too many, and are not too great for their object.

There is one other view of the case, comprehending the whole field that we have been considering. The scheme of redemption, of which man is the subject, is intended to continue but for a period, and then to be terminated, and to

rest upon its accomplished results. Reason as well as revelation teaches this. And it is the universal law of material things to wear out, and decay, and become exhausted. The forests grow up and grow old, and fall and rot upon the ground. The hills and mountains are gradually washed down into the valleys. The soil and fertilizing elements of the fields are exhausted by the crops. Every river carries continually portions of the solid earth to fill up the bed of the ocean. The number and variety of animal and vegetable productions seem to be continually diminishing. Countries once productive and populous become barren wastes. Evidently there must come a time, at however remote a period, when the earth will be worn out, and no longer fit for the abode of man. But the philosophers have long taught us that the solar system is constituted for absolute perpetuity, that all perturbations are periodical, and that all deviations of time and motion will return. Later inquiries, however, have disclosed the fact that in the vast expanse in which the heavenly bodies move, there is a resisting medium, or retarding force, which, by slow and yet unmeasured gradations, will retard their motions, and ultimately, at some distant period of the possible future, will bring the whole system together at the centre, and overwhelm all in one common ruin. No matter what length of time we assign to the operation of this cause, it proves that the solar system can not go on for ever.

There may be many other causes to limit its duration, which will be better understood when we come to know more about comets, and meteors, and asteroids, and the causes of polarity, and what enables the sun to give out light and heat so long without being wasted, and what becomes of the caloric that escapes from the cooling of planets. We see that all the worlds are so interlocked with each other, as to be held to one common destiny. It is strictly philosophical, therefore, to believe that, when this visible universe shall have served its purpose, in affording an abode for the human race during the process of redemption, then the heavens shall pass away with a great noise, the elements shall melt with fervent heat, the earth also and the works that are therein shall be burned up, that the sun shall be turned into darkness, and the moon into blood, and the heavens shall be rolled together like a scroll, to make room for new heavens and a new earth, wherein dwelleth righteousness. Christianity teaches us that, at the end of the world, the dead shall be raised, that the natural bodies of the just shall come forth spiritual bodies, in quality like unto Christ's glorious body, fitted to occupy this newly-created world, whose laws and arrangements shall be so vastly unlike

our present world, that in it there shall be no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying; neither shall there be any more pain, for the former things are passed away. In that world they will have no need of the sun, neither of the moon, to shine in it, and there shall in no wise enter into it any thing that defileth, neither whatsoever worketh abomination, or maketh a lie; and there shall be no more curse there. The end for which human nature was brought into being having thus been fulfilled, the material universe, which was created what it is for the special purpose of carrying out this design, will be broken up at the will of the Creator, to be reproduced under a new system of laws adapted to the new condition of God's moral kingdom, which is then to endure for ever. The law of change and decay will be blotted out, with all other laws and conditions that furnish temptation, or occasion pain, or hinder the freedom of communication between man and his Maker.

"Ye golden lamps of heaven, farewell,
With all your feeble light;
Farewell, thou ever-changing moon,
Pale empress of the night.
And thou, refulgent orb of day,
In brighter flames arrayed,
My soul, that springs beyond thy sphere,
No more demands thine aid.
Ye stars are but the shining dust
Of my divine abode,
The pavement of those heavenly courts,
Where I shall reign with God.
The Father of eternal light,
Shall there his beams display,
Nor shall one moment's darkness mix
With that unvaried day."

We have presented a plain statement of the Unity of the World, Man's Place in the Creation, and the true relation of the material universe to God's moral kingdom, and to man as the principal subject of God's moral administration. We have aimed only to give those views of philosophy which are fully established and universally received, and those views of religion in which the great body of Christians of all ages have been agreed. It seemed desirable to have these settled principles clearly in view, in their just relations, as we come to consider the question which is put at issue in the volumes before us.

Are the heavenly bodies inhabited? Certainly, we have not a particle of direct evidence that they are inhabited. No man has ever seen, no telescope has ever disclosed, the slightest trace of the existence of living beings, or of their works, even upon the nearest of those bodies. Although observers by the

best telescopes can discern and examine portions of the moon's surface as small as a square mile, they have never seen any appearances even of the changes of vegetation, nor any trace of such changes as human industry makes upon the appearance of the earth. It is strongly doubted whether there is either air or water in the moon for the support of life. The supposition or belief of the existence of inhabitants in any or all of the heavenly bodies rests wholly upon analogy, unsupported by proof of any kind. But the view which we have here presented gives us irresistible presumptions all the other way. We can see no object for which they should be furnished with inhabitants. It is not with reference to the habitableness of the earth that the planets are inhabited, for it is not conceivable that any inhabitants of the planets can in the least affect the condition of man upon earth. It is not as a part of the great scheme of moral government, of which redemption is the crowning feature, for all the subjects of *this* system are connected together, and exist for each other, angels for men, and men for angels. There is no place for other systems. The supposed races of beings must be, in rank or worth, either superior to men, or inferior, or precisely on the same level. They are not the same, for they have no Saviour. They are not superior, for we can not suppose that God would create another race more elevated than that for which Christ died; nor inferior, for it is incredible that God would create and continue a race more wretched than men. Angels are spirits, and men are a little lower than angels in their spiritual nature, and just above the brutes in their material nature. There is no place in the system, extreme or intermediate, for other such beings. If it is supposed that they may be mere sentient creatures, like animals, having neither intellect nor conscience, the whole compass of animal life is already provided for in this earth, from the highest and noblest and grandest beasts, to the most groveling reptiles and the tiniest animalcules, and the mere multiplication for the sake of multiplying is not God's way.

We have seen that God does not create sentient beings for their own sake—to produce the insect of a day or the elephant of a century, merely that he may eat and drink and die. But all animal or sentient existence has an end beyond itself, as a part of the system of means by which the earth is made the scene of God's great moral development. But animals in the moon, in Mercury, or in Jupiter, could serve no such object, and the end of their existence would terminate in themselves—a course which we have no reason to believe is ever adopted by the Creator.

Neither is it any apparent object with him to multiply crea-

tions for the sake of multiplying them. No conceivable or possible multiplication of productions could approximate to an exhaustion of the creative power, or would have any tendency to fill the desires of the divine Benevolence. For the work of creation, carried to any extent, would still be finite in extent, in numbers, and in all qualities; and therefore would fall infinitely short of the measure of infinity—would, in fact, be no nearer to it than any other lesser number. This is mathematically certain. Hence we never rationally inquire, why creation was not earlier, or vaster, or more multiform; because, if its measure were multiplied by itself, the same question would still be asked with the same pertinency. The hairs of our heads are numbered, and the number and measure of everything that is made is determined by the rule of the end for which it is made—no less and no more.

It is quite unscientific to suppose the creation of beings the end of whose existence terminates in themselves. Such an idea destroys the symmetry of creation; it breaks up the classifications of moral science, which requires that each object should subserve some end beyond itself, and all thus ultimately turn to the consummation of the grand end of all. The moral world, as a subject of scientific inquiry, would become what botany was before Linnæus, or geology before Werner—facts isolated, without classification.

We lose, by such a supposition, the glorious and all-dominant idea of UNITY in the universe—unity in the Being who is the author of all, unity in the plan determined on by him, unity in the process by which it is carried out, and unity in the final result. Only such a design, embracing all things in due subordination, and converging all to one great end, which terminates in the infinity of God, can satisfy the demand of the inquiring mind. Only such a plan, including all beings and events, and making all conducive, in their order, to results reaching to eternity, can be thought of as worthy to meet the acceptance of the infinite Deity. There is but one Creator, and he has made but one creation.

A fresh interest has been given to these discussions by the recent publication of the works named at the head of this article. The idea that the planets may be inhabited has been often suggested by imaginative writers. Almost two hundred years ago, two distinguished authors—Fontenelle, of Paris, and Huygens, of Holland—published certain speculations or theories concerning the inhabitants of the heavenly bodies. But the discussion never assumed sufficient interest to be kept before the public mind, until the idea was seized upon by the late Dr. Chalmers, and made the subject of a series of sermons of

the most brilliant rhetorical character. The combined eloquence and piety of these discourses have imparted a fascination to the doctrines advanced, and caused them to pass as supposed truths, without ever being subjected to a logical scrutiny, until the appearance of the work we have first named. The argument of Chalmers, so far as he reduced his thoughts to the form of argument, is all comprised, for substance, in the following paragraph :

"The world in which we live, is a round ball, of a determined magnitude, and occupies its own place in the firmament. But when we explore the unlimited tracts of that space which is everywhere around us, we meet with other balls, of equal or superior magnitude, and from which our earth would either be invisible, or appear as small as any of those twinkling stars which are seen on the canopy of heaven. Why, then, suppose that this little spot—little at least in the immensity which surrounds it—should be the exclusive abode of life and intelligence? What reason have we to think that those mightier globes, which roll in other parts of creation, and which we have discovered to be worlds in magnitude, are not also worlds in use and in dignity? Why should we think that the great Architect of nature, supreme in wisdom as he is in power, would call these stately mansions into existence, and leave them unoccupied?"

Overlooking the rhetoric, a slight examination of the logic of the paragraph shows, that the whole argument hinges upon the assumption that we are to take a philosophical fact as proved, when there is no reason to the contrary. If this assumption were correct, then very slight analogies might be deemed a sufficient ground for the belief. In the preceding pages, we have made it apparent that there are strong *à priori* grounds against such a supposition, and that the theory is, in fact, contrary to the soundest views concerning creation, its end, and its Author. We have turned the tables, and reasonably put the proof of the theory as a burden upon its advocates. We reasonably require evidence of the same sort as has been held necessary to the establishment of other propositions in philosophy, or other doctrines in religion. In such a discussion, the mere question, *Why not?* is not proof. True philosophy and sound religion have long since exploded that method of establishing truth. In every department of inquiry, it is easy enough for even a sciolist to ask innumerable questions, *Why not?* God's works and ways are not thus to be studied and learned. The pursuer of truth inquires, *What is?* *Why is it?* *What does it produce?* Are the heavenly bodies inhabited? For what end are they thus peopled? What is to result from their existence?

The author of "The Plurality of Worlds," understood to be the learned Professor Whewell, of Cambridge University, author of the "Bridgewater Treatise on Astronomy and

General Physics," the "History of Inductive Philosophy," and other scientific works, has given us a rich display of learning, and of elaborate argumentation, in examining the grounds of the theory, and in presenting what he regards as a more consistent view of the Creator's works.

Beginning with a very clear and summary statement of the theory maintained by Dr. Chalmers, but in a more scientific form than Chalmers, he proceeds to discuss, as Chalmers did, the imaginary argument against revealed religion, drawn from the greatness of the universe, and the comparative insignificance of man and the earth he inhabits. Professor Whewell has, needlessly, embarrassed himself, and thereby weakened his argument, by making it hinge on such a supposed infidel objection, as well as by the assumption that it was such an apprehended inconsistency that called forth the poetical rhapsody of the Psalmist. There is no just weight in the infidel objection. A person may as well ask why the fowls of the air and the fishes in the sea have not rational souls, as ask why the planets are not inhabited, and then urge this senseless inquiry as an objection against revealed religion. The Psalmist was not groping through a perplexity when he wrote the eighth psalm; he was feasting his thoughts upon the wonderful paradox of man—so abject as a mortal sinner, so lofty in his position and proper destiny. The question is properly one of fact, not of faith. Had the professor entered upon his subject as a matter of purely scientific inquiry, his book would have been far more difficult to answer by the advocates of the plurality theory.

In arguing to prove a negative, to wit, that we have not sufficient reasons for believing in the existence of other races of corporeal intelligent beings inhabiting other planets, he gives the results of the greatest scientific research, and evinces a wonderful familiarity with the whole field of discovery in mineralogy, geology, and astronomy, united with the clearest comprehension of the great truths of the Christian religion, for which he uniformly manifests the sincerest reverence. We are particularly impressed with his arguments on the Fixed Stars, on the Planets, and on the Theory of the Solar System,* bringing out the conclusion that the physical condition of the earth is peculiar, and that "the earth is the abode of life, not because all the globes which revolve around the sun may be assumed to be the abodes of life, but because the earth is fitted to be so by a curious and complex combination of properties and relations, which do not at all apply to others."

* Chapters viii., ix., x.

"She is situated just in that region of the system, where the existence of matter, both in a solid, a fluid, and a gaseous condition, is possible. Outside the earth's orbit, or at least outside Mars and the small planetoids, there is in the planets apparently no solid matter; or rather, if there be, there is a vast preponderance of watery and vaporous matter. Inside the earth's orbit, we see in the planets no traces of water, or vapor, or gas; but solid matter, about the density of terrestrial matter. The earth, alone, is placed at the border where the conditions of life are combined; ground to stand upon, air to breathe, water to nourish vegetables, and thus, animals; and solid matter to supply the materials for their more solid parts; and with this a due supply of light and heat, a due energy of the force of weight. All these conditions are, in our conception, requisite for life; that all these conditions meet elsewhere than in the neighborhood of the earth's orbit, we see strong reason to disbelieve."—*Plurality of Worlds*, p. 220.

The proper argument from analogy is this: Seeing so long a preparation and so complex a variety of conditions were found necessary to fit the earth for the abode of rational beings, it is impossible to believe that those bodies are thus inhabited, which are known to be deficient in many or all of these requisites. The idea of inhabitants in the present planets is not a deduction of reason, but a suggestion of the imagination. It is not a tenet of faith, but a dream of superstition. It is as inconsistent with what is known of the conditions of these bodies, as it is with what is revealed concerning God's moral government and the scheme of redemption.

The distinguished Scottish philosopher, Sir David Brewster, an "Associate of the Institute of France," has learnedly and ably espoused the doctrine of a plurality of worlds, as "the creed of the philosopher and the hope of the Christian," in an elaborate treatise, first published as an article in the *North British Review*, and afterwards expanded into the volume which we have named above. The general character of the work is more theological than philosophical, and more imaginative than logical. As far as argument is concerned, he barely travels round and round, within the periphery of the single hypothesis stated in the paragraph which we have quoted from Chalmers. And he does not scruple to appeal to the *odium theologicum*, and the too common propensity of religious men to be jealous of the inquiries of science.

His scriptural argument is based on the passage in Psalm viii. Oblivious of the parallelism which belongs to the structure of Hebrew poetry, the second clause being responsive to the first, and conveying the same general idea, he represents the word *heavens*, in the first clause of v. 3, as "distinctly separated from the moon and stars of the second clause, and supposes that the "heavens" and their "host," and the "worlds," wherever spoken of in Scripture, "can only mean worlds like our own, that declare to their living occupants the

glory of their Maker," p. 22. It is difficult to say what notion could not be proved from the Bible, by such a method of interpretation. As a final proof, he quotes the declaration of the prophet concerning the earth: "He created it not in vain; He formed it to be inhabited;"* and says that "hence we draw the conclusion, that as the Creator cannot be supposed to have made the worlds of our system and those of the sidereal universe in vain, they must have been formed to be inhabited," p. 23. The proper inference from the passage is only this, that a world made to be inhabited should have inhabitants. We know that the earth was for myriads of ages quite void of inhabitants, until it was, by the slow process of natural causes, prepared to receive them, since which it has never been without them, and the text is a pledge that it never will be desolated, however desperate may be the wickedness of its inhabitants, until the time comes for it to be wholly destroyed. One might even argue, with fairness, that as the earth only is spoken of as having been created to be inhabited, the heavens were created for other purposes. In many other passages of Scripture, we have the earth alone spoken of as the abode of creatures. "The heaven, even the heavens, are the Lord's; but the earth hath He given to the children of men."—Ps. 115: 16. "He that created the heavens and stretched them out; He that spread forth the earth, and that which cometh out of it; He that giveth breath unto the people upon it, and spirit to them that walk therein."—Isa. 42: 5. Here is a plain implication that it is the peculiar distinction of the earth, that it is inhabited by rational beings, who breathe its air, and own its surface.

In carrying out an argument, of which these applications of Scripture are taken as the basis, Sir David Brewster labors to establish the existence of such an analogy of the other heavenly bodies to the earth, as to warrant the belief that they are all made to be the abodes of rational and immortal beings—"worlds teeming with life, physical and intellectual," p. 21. One can not but be struck, however, with the evident shrinking of the philosopher from the strong assumptions of the theologian in regard to the form and extent of the doctrine. At one time he speaks with enthusiasm of the present inhabitants of those bodies, and at another he only asks us to admit that they be in the process of preparation, to be inhabited at some unknown period in the future. In one place he claims only "the high probability that the other planets are either inhabited, or in a state of preparation for the reception of inhabitants," p. 63. Then he "cannot resist the conclusion that Jupiter has been created like the earth for the express purpose of being the seat of

* Isaiah 45: 18.

animal and intellectual life," p. 65. And he concludes concerning the planets Uranus and Neptune, that "*they are doubtless the abodes of life and intelligence—the colossal temples where their Creator is recognized and worshipped,*" p. 82. Then he argues from the existence of life in all classes of matter on the earth, that "universal life upon universal matter is an idea to which the mind instinctively clings; kingdoms without kings and subjects, continents without cities, cities without citizens, houses without families, ships without crews, and railway-trains without passengers, are contingencies as probable as solar systems without planets, or planets without inhabitants," p. 107. This analogy, however, is satisfied with the supposition of the universal presence of animal life, even if it is only of animalculæ. And in regard to the moon, he finds "ground from analogy for believing that she either has inhabitants or is in a state of preparation for receiving them," p. 114. But when he comes to consider the question in connection with the disclosures of geology in regard to the primitive condition of the earth, as for ages destitute even of animalcular life, and its progressive and long preparation for the residence of man, his "analogy forces us to believe that they [planets] *will be* inhabited like the earth." And "if analogy forces us to believe that all the planets have been, or are, in the azoic, or protozoic, or palæozoic stage of formation, the conclusion is inevitable that they are occupied, or are *about to be occupied*, by beings formed after God's image," p. 207. "The creed of the philosopher, and the hope of the Christian," ought to be more definite in its propositions. And at last, in the conclusion of the whole matter, he points the Christian to these sidereal systems, "as the hallowed spots in which his immortal existence is to run," p. 262; a supposition in regard to a yet future use of those orbs, which entirely supersedes the argument for their present inhabitation. For if our earth found its sufficient use during so many geologic ages, in the simple fact that it was going through a necessary course of preparation for the abode of such beings as mankind, surely it is no great thing to suppose that the heavenly bodies may well require a preparation of a few thousand years longer to fit them for the abode of the redeemed and glorified host after the resurrection of the body.

We know from Scripture that the material creation is to be reproduced in a form essentially new, to be the abode of those whose bodies have become spiritual and like unto the glorious body of the now risen Redeemer. Of course, it must be subject to a new system of natural laws, of which we can now form not the faintest idea; for eye hath not seen nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man, the things which

God hath prepared for them that love him.* And "the dead shall be raised incorruptible," and "flesh and blood can not inherit the kingdom of heaven;" but "this corruptible must put on incorruption, and this mortal must put on immortality.† And the new heavens and new earth must be equally unlike the present, so as to be fitted to the new nature of their inhabitants. And it is very rational to suppose that as the preëxistent earth was preparatory to the life of man, and the probationary life of man on earth is preparatory to the ultimate heavenly state in the resurrection, so the present existence of the celestial bodies may be in some way a preparatory process for the great transformation which is to take place in the end. That consummation, when it becomes a matter of historical contemplation, will afford a far more satisfactory solution of the problem, "What is the use of stars?" than the crude conjectures and puerile imaginations put forth in the volume before us in order to people the present planets with orders of beings that are neither men nor angels.

We now ask the attention of our readers for a moment to the fancies which are put forth on this subject, as part of a grave treatise on a most momentous subject, by one of the great lights of philosophy, who both speculates and writes under the solemn responsibilities of a Christian scholar. He is treating, in Chapter 4, of the "analogy between the earth and the other planets," as a reason for believing that Jupiter and the rest are inhabited. And after imagining several modes in which those planets might even be habitable for such beings as mankind, he rises above the "limited conceptions" of those who see difficulties in the case, and proceeds as follows:

"To assume that the inhabitants of the planets must necessarily be either men or anything resembling them, is to have a low opinion of that infinite skill which has produced such a variety in the form and structure and functions of vegetable and animal life. In the various races of man which occupy our globe, there is not the same variety which is exhibited in the brutes that perish. Although the noble Anglo-Saxon stands in striking contrast with the Negro, and the lofty Patagonian with the diminutive Esquimaux, yet in their general form and structure, they are essentially the same in their physical and in their mental powers. But when we look into the world of instinct, and survey the infinitely varied forms which people the earth, the ocean and the air;—when we range with the naturalist's eye from the elephant to the worm—from the leviathan to the infusoria—and from the eagle to the ephemeron, what beauty of form—what diversity of function—what variety of purpose is exhibited to our view! In all these forms of being, reason might have been given in place of instinct, and animals the most hostile to man, and the most alien to his habits, might have been his friend and his auxiliary, in place of his enemy and his prey. If we carry our scrutiny deeper into nature, and survey the infinity of regions of life which the microscope discloses, and if we consider what other breathing worlds lie far beyond even its reach, we may then comprehend the variety of intellectual life with

* 1 Cor. 2: 9. † 1 C. 15: 50, 52, 53.

which our own planets and those of other systems may be peopled. Is it necessary that an immortal soul should be hung upon a skeleton of bone, or imprisoned in a cage of cartilage and of skin? Must it see with two eyes, and hear with two ears, and touch with ten fingers, and rest on a duality of limbs? May it not reside in a Polyphemus with one eyeball, or in an Argus with a hundred? May it not reign in the giant forms of the Titans, and direct the hundred hands of Briareus? But setting aside the ungainly creations of mythology, how many probable forms are there of beauty, and activity, and strength, which even the painter, the sculptor, and the poet could assign to the physical casket in which the diamond spirit may be inclosed? how many possible forms are there, beyond their invention, which eye hath not seen, nor the heart of man conceived?"—Pp. 70, 72.

He even gives us specimens of what may be the intellectual attainments of these Polyphemuses and Arguses, Titans and Briareuses:

"On a planet more magnificent than ours, may there not be a type of reason of which the intellect of Newton is the lowest degree? May there not be a telescope more penetrating, and a microscope more powerful than ours?—processes of induction more subtle,—of analysis more searching,—and of combination more profound? May not the problem of three bodies be solved there,—the enigma of the luminiferous ether unriddled,—and the transcendentalisms of mind embalmed in the definitions and axioms and theorems of geometry? Chemistry may there have new elements, new gases, new acids, new alkalies, new earths and new metals;—geology, new rocks, new classes of cataclysms, and new periods of change;—and zoology, mineralogy, and botany, new orders and species, new forms of life, and new types of organization,—all demanding higher powers of reason, and leading to a warmer appreciation, and a higher knowledge of the ways and works of God. But whatever be the intellectual occupation of the inhabitants of the planets, who can doubt that it will be one of their objects to study and develop the material laws which are in operation around them, above them, beneath them, and beyond them in the skies?

"Under what suns, in what climates, and in what habitations, these planetary races are to live and move, may be conjectured from the place which they occupy in the system, and from the phenomena which they exhibit when examined by the telescope. It may not be in cities exposed to the extremes of heat and cold,—nor in houses made with hands,—nor in the busy market-place,—nor in the noisy Forum,—nor in the solemn temple,—nor in the ark which rests upon the ocean, that these seats of power and reason are to be performed. The being of another mould may have his home in subterraneous cities warmed by central fires,—or in crystal caves cooled by ocean tides,—or he may float with the Nereids upon the deep, or mount upon wings as eagles, or rise upon the pinions of the dove, that he may flee away and be at rest. Amid our bald and meagre conceptions of the conditions of planetary life, we may gather some ideas from the existences around us. In the cities and dwellings and occupations of the world of *instinct* in our own planet, rude though they be, we may trace the lineaments of the cities and dwellings and occupations of *reason* in another."—Pp. 73, 75.

And this drivel, we are to understand, must be received as "the Creed of the Philosopher and the Hope of the Christian." Our author can not be set down as wanting in courage, to invent hypotheses for the removal of difficulties, or to meet inconsistencies in his argument. The Koran and the Book of

Mormon are not more fertile in expedients for this purpose, as they hardly excel in the wildness of their imaginary creations.

It is astonishing that a philosopher should imagine he has met the difficulties of such a theory, by the mere suggestion of a few crude possibilities, that might accommodate a small number of peculiar circumstances in the cases of some of these imagined worlds, while overlooking the infinite number of facts and qualities pertaining to human nature, and the wonderful combinations of simplicity and complexity in the arrangements by which nature is adapted to man as a creature of probation. If sensation and gratification were indeed the chief good, and the highest end aimed at in creation, it might be an easy affair to people innumerable worlds with creatures naturally adapted to their several conditions. But it is not philosophical to overlook the higher end for which the world was created, to be the field of a moral administration, including a scheme of redemption, and winding up in the actual renovation and final blessedness of an innumerable multitude of those who had been condemned transgressors.

If we are to suppose the existence of such an infinite variety of corporeal intelligences as this theory requires, it is necessary above all to take into consideration their diverse adaptations to the moral government of God. Are the circumstances of the other heavenly bodies as well adapted as the earth, for the purposes of probation or redemption? Are all the natural events which take place there made disciplinary in their nature? And the beings themselves—are they constituted as to moral tendencies precisely like mankind, or are they different? Plainly, if they are more spiritual and less sensual than men, they are proportionably more in danger of running into spiritual pride and self-confidence; for it takes all the causes of humility that are found in this world to keep even the very best of men from pride. "By that sin fell the angels." If they are more intellectual and less material than man, they are liable to become absorbed in curious mental inquiries, to the neglect alike of the emotions of piety and the duties of life, for good men even now do fall into this snare. If, on the other hand, they are more sensual than mankind, and more under the control of material wants and circumstances, it would seem, from analogy with human experience, that it would be quite impossible ever to raise them from the most groveling pursuits and enjoyments.

We are accustomed to regard it as an essential point of faith to believe that the system of which man is a part is the very best that infinite wisdom could devise, or infinite power produce, for the purposes which it was designed to subserve, of a moral administration embracing redemption. Are the various

systems prevailing in the other spheres equally well adapted to this end? Then they answer the same purpose, and no more. Are they better adapted? Then ours is not as good as it might be. Are they less adapted to their object? Then it may be asked, in view of all the evil that exists in this world, how there can be any good at all from such inferior worlds?

To meet the difficulty from the science of geology, in the believed fact that the earth was destitute even of animal or vegetable life during the immense duration of its primitive formations, he retorts by the argument that "we know not what disclosures might be made" in regard to Pre-Adamite intellectual races on earth, "had we the power of examining the whole of the strata which girdle the earth." P. 56. "Their dwelling-place may have been in one or more of the numerous localities of our continents not yet explored, or in those immense regions of the earth which are now covered by the great oceans," or "the future of geology, even if restricted to existing continents and islands, may be pregnant with startling discoveries, and the remains of intellectual races may be found even beneath the primitive Azoic formations of the earth." Doubtless, the famous "*Conflict of Ages*" will be determined when those "discoveries" shall have been completed!

But this is not all. The geologists are reading chronology backwards:

"They have reached the embryos of vegetable existence, the probable terminus of the formation which has buried them. But who can tell *what sleeps beyond!* Another creation may lie beneath—more glorious creatures may be entombed there. The mortal coils of beings more lovely, more pure, more divine than man, may yet read to us the unexpected lesson that we have not been the first, and may not be the last, of the intellectual race."—P. 58.

It must be admitted that this is a specimen of pretty liberal speculation, for a believer in the Baconian philosophy and the Christian Scriptures, both of which harmonize with each other, and which together must teach all that man can know in this life, and which give neither revelation nor the slightest inkling of any such existences, or intimate any possible object for such, connected with the one great design of the one infinite Designer who created all that is or has been.

But we meet with speculations still more extraordinary, and more difficult to reconcile to the faith of a Christian, in chapter vii., where he grapples with the "religious difficulties" of the case. The main difficulty is this: If the planets and stars are inhabited by beings at once material and intellectual, "is it likely that God would send his eternal Son to die for the puny occupiers of so insignificant a province in the mighty field of his creation?" Dr. Chalmers meets it by the supposition—of course a gratuitous one—that "the inhabitants of other

worlds may not have required a Saviour." Sir David Brewster, however, sees that this is to cut the knot rather than to untie it, for the supposition "is opposed to the very system of analogy, which guides us in proving a plurality of worlds."

"If we argue that Jupiter, a planet with moons, must be inhabited because the earth which has a moon is inhabited, is not the Infidel or the Christian entitled to say, that since the inhabitants of the earth have sinned and required a Saviour, the inhabitants of Jupiter must also have sinned, and required a Saviour? To maintain the contrary opinion is not only against analogy, but it is a hazardous position for a divine to take when he maintains it to be probable that there are intellectual creatures occupying a world of matter, and subject to material laws, and yet exempt from sin, and consequently from suffering and death. A proposition so extraordinary we can not venture to affirm. If it be true, the difficulty of the sceptic and the Christian is at once removed, because there can be no need of a Saviour; and we are driven to the extravagant conclusion, that the inhabitants of all the planets but our own are sinless and immortal beings that never broke the Divine law, and are enjoying that perfect felicity which is reserved only for a few of the less favored occupants of the earth."—Pp. 136, 137.

He reasons thus: Man, "subject to physical laws," is "helplessly exposed to suffering and death;" and "the instincts of self-preservation and of parental affection" necessarily place him "in antagonism to his fellow-sufferers," and "in the collision of interests and feelings, laws human and divine are broken." P. 143. But though thus "controlled and suffering" under the laws of matter, "we feel that all is good and wise, and under this feeble gleam of reason there is light enough to show us—if we are disposed to have it shown—that the *spectre of moral evil* has been conjured up by ourselves:

"All discord, harmony not understood;
All partial evil, universal good."—POPE.

He rejects, then, "the idea that the inhabitants of the planets do not require a Saviour," and maintains as "the more rational opinion, that they stand in the same moral relation to their Maker as the inhabitants of the earth." P. 144. And he thus meets the difficulty that "God had but one Son whom he could send to save them."

"When our Saviour died, the influence of his death extended backward, in the past, to millions who never heard his name, and forward, in the future, to millions who will never hear it. Though it radiated but from the Holy City, it reached to the remotest lands, and affected every living race in the old and the new world. Distance in time and distance in place did not diminish its healing virtue.

"'Though curious to compute,
Archangels failed to cast the mighty sum.'

"'Ungrasped by minds create,' it was a force which did not vary with any function of the distance. All-powerful over the thief on the cross, in contact with its divine source, it was in succeeding ages equally powerful over the Red Indian of the West, and the wild Arab of the East. Their

heavenly Father, by some process of mercy which we understand not, communicated to them its saving power. Emanating from the middle planet of the system, why may it not have extended to them all—to the planetary races in the past, when the day of their redemption had drawn nigh; and to the planetary races in the future, when their fulness of time shall come?"—Pp. 145, 146.

And if this view should not satisfy the inquirer, he suggests, though without himself adopting, another consideration, to wit, "May not the Divine nature, which can neither suffer nor die, and which, in our planet, *once* only, clothed itself in humanity, resume elsewhere a physical form, and expiate the guilt of unnumbered worlds?"

We have given a clear and full statement of this religious view, substantially in the very words of the author, without exaggeration or suppression, that our readers might the more justly appreciate the bearing of this plurality hypothesis upon the Christian religion, because we regard this as a point deserving the most profound attention. If the theory of a plurality of worlds is proved true, we must receive it, as we are bound to receive all the other ascertained truths of science. The revelations of nature are prior in order to the revelations of Scripture, and must govern them so far as they are positively known to be true. But in the invention or adoption of a mere hypothesis, not directly sustained by a single fact in science, or a solitary text or word of Scripture, and resting only upon a few fanciful analogies, Christianity has a right to be taken into the account as one of the facts to which our hypotheses ought to conform.

The author is correct in carrying out the analogies. We have at least as good reason to believe that the inhabitants of the planets are sinners, as to believe that the planets are inhabited. But the views of the Christian religion, to which the hypothesis drives him, are quite untenable, and, in fact, alarming. He starts with the theology of Pope's *Essay on Man*, that "all partial evil" is "universal good"—a doctrine that virtually annihilates the distinction of right and wrong. The consistent poet boldly adopts the inference, that "whatever is, is right." And it is written on the hearts of men, deeper than all the instructions of revelation or deductions of reason, that whatever is truly good cannot be really wrong. Moral Evil is not "a spectre conjured up by ourselves;" it is evil, or it would not have been prohibited by a good God; it is evil, or it would not bring remorse for its commission. It is the transgression of the law that makes the evil, and nothing can make it good. The wisdom and goodness of God, which counteracts it, and brings good out of it in other relations, takes nothing from its character as evil. The remedial scheme must meet

the case as it is, which is done by the humiliation and death of the Son of God among men. The benefits of that death are not a radiation to fall upon its subjects from without, but a power upon their hearts within, to be prepared for by repentance and received by faith, and accompanied with submission to the laws of the Redeemer. And this requires knowledge, for how shall they believe in him in whom they have not heard? And who shall preach the Gospel of Calvary to every creature in the planet Jupiter? Or how is the treasure in earthen vessels to be borne to sinners inhabiting the fixed stars?

Sir David Brewster meets this difficulty by a still more extraordinary supposition, that the Son of God may go from world to world, clothing himself in the physical nature adapted to each, and in that form making expiation for every one in its turn. Then, says the Apostle, must he have often suffered since the foundation of the world; whereas, in fact, Christ was *once* offered to bear the sins of many, and, by *one* offering, he hath perfected for ever them that are sanctified; and, after he had offered *one* sacrifice for sins, for ever sat down at the right hand of God, and is to appear *the second time* without sin unto salvation.—Heb. 9: 26, 28, and 10: 12, 14.

Can there remain a possibility of doubt, to a believer of the Bible, that the great propitiation, as a measure of God's moral government, is made once for all? The nature of the case presents insurmountable difficulties in the way of a contrary supposition. If each planet and every star in the heavens is to receive its separate redemption through the agency of the same Son of God, the redeemed of all these provinces will either remain distinct and separate kingdoms of grace, isolated as they are at present, or in some future age they must be brought in communication with each other, and merged in one grand kingdom together. In the former case, it is but doing the same thing over and over, in similar circumstances, and with the same results, developing the same principles, and establishing the same successful administration, in a myriad of spheres, which is now in progress in our own; and to no end but just for the sake of multiplication. It is obvious that no possible multiplication of similar results can be any advance; for it cannot make the exhibition of God's character any more complete, neither does it come any nearer to an exhaustive exercise of his creative power or redeeming love. And on the other supposition, that all these myriads are to be brought into one fellowship, it amounts to no more than another mode of increasing the number of the redeemed, which, if desirable, could be as surely effected by prolonging the duration of the earth alone.

And, then, we must remember that after death is the judg-

ment, and the Redeemer is the appointed Judge. The doctrine is plainly taught in Scripture, that he is Judge because he is Redeemer; it is one of the established proprieties of the administration of heaven. But what inextricable confusion do we find ourselves plunged into by attempting to suppose that the tremendous scenes of judgment, as described in the Bible, are to be acted over as often as there are planets in the universe. So many repetitions of humiliation and exaltation would almost establish redemption as the rule, and law as the exception, in the moral universe. In short, there is no end to the absurdities and contradictions in which we become involved, the moment we endeavor to harmonize this gratuitous theory of a plurality of worlds, with the fundamental principles of revealed religion. There is but one redemption, as there is but one Redeemer.

It were a waste of time, in this connection, to go into the inquiries which the writers before us have started, in regard to the possibility of an atmosphere in certain valleys of the moon; in regard to the degree of heat in Mercury, or of cold in the planet Neptune; in regard to the rate of gravitation in Jupiter, or the cosmical inferences to be drawn from the polarity of certain rays of light; in regard to the spherical form of the asteroids, the causes of spiral motion in the nebulae, or their separability into distinct stars. We may admit that where two such men disagree as to the known facts of science, and the valid conclusions to be drawn therefrom, there is great need of further discoveries before the world at large can regard the question as settled. But we cannot think that either "the creed of the philosopher," or "the hope of the Christian," should rest upon conclusions drawn from facts so unknown. We must say this, however, that by comparing what is known of the heavenly bodies in the present state of astronomical science, with what was known thirty, fifty, or a hundred years ago, the progress of discovery seems to be more and more adverse to the theory of a plurality of worlds. The present knowledge in regard to the various bodies offers continually accumulating evidence that they are unfitted for the support of even animal life, and still less adapted to be the abodes of rational and accountable beings, capable of moral government and subjects of redemption. So that while all the analogies in the kingdom of morals are seen to be utterly irreconcilable with the theory, the supposed analogies in the material world are fading away in the clearer light of advancing science. We think Professor Whewell has rendered a good service both to science and religion, by the profound sagacity and the great learning which he has brought to bear on the question.

CONTEMPORARY LITERATURE OF THE LAST THREE MONTHS.

HISTORY.

NOTHING but an uncommon degree of historical conscientiousness could sustain the patience of the writer in his minute researches concerning British legislation, antecedent to the actual breaking out of the Revolution in the American Colonies.

History of the United States. By GEORGE BANCROFT. Vol. VI. Boston: Chas. C. Little & James Brown.

The topics which he has thus raked out of the oblivion of the past possess comparatively little intrinsic interest; they are connected with no thrilling incidents or picturesque scenes; they lead us away from the excitements of active life to the dim and venerable halls of Parliament; no battles are described but the wordy conflicts of legislative debate; and only the acuteness of an antiquarian eye can discern the relation of many of the political measures to the grand struggle for freedom which forms the subject of the volume. Mr. Bancroft, however, has devoted himself with singular diligence, to an investigation of the Parliamentary action which precipitated the Revolution. He has zealously explored the dusty archives of the last century, to gain a broad and integral view of the subject. Alert to detect the faintest evidence which bears upon the question, he has submitted a formidable mass of documents to a faithful examination; and with his rare skill in condensing the pith of voluminous materials into a narrow compass, has converted the repulsive details of legislative discussion into a clear, luminous, vivid, and delightful narrative.

The present volume commences with the effects of the repeal of the Stamp Act in 1766, and closes with the Penal Acts of 1774, which dissolved the moral connection between the two countries and began the civil war. Since the publication of the previous portion of the History, materials have rapidly accumulated on the hands of the writer, and the abundance of documents to which he had access in the composition of this volume, must almost have been a source of embarrassment. In addition to his own extensive and valuable collection of printed works, and the rich treasures of Harvard College, the Boston Athenæum, and the British Museum, he enjoyed the free use of a great mass of manuscript authorities, such as has seldom been placed at the disposal of a historian. Among these, he especially notices the records of the State Paper Office of Great Britain; the records of the Treasury; a variety of private letters, journals, and reports, preserved in France, England, or America, giving full and trust-

worthy accounts of the debates affecting America, which, until 1774, had something of a confidential character; a large collection of American military correspondence in the London Institution; several volumes of familiar notes between eminent public characters, including several hundred letters from George the Third to Lord North; the correspondence of the British authorities with Ministers, Agents, and others, in France, Spain, Holland, Russia, Austria, Prussia, and several of the smaller German courts; the French Archives; papers from the French Ministry of the Marine, and from that of war; the Royal Archives of the Hague; and an exceedingly rich correspondence, both official and private, from distinguished men of the country in every colony.

The immediate consequence of the repeal of the Stamp Act was the spread of universal gladness among the oppressed people. But their transports were mingled with half-suppressed murmurs. The Government party maintained that if the provinces might refuse obedience to one statute, they might to all; that there was no alternative between unconditional submission and independence. The Colonists were inclined to the latter branch of the dilemma, and began to deny the power of the British Legislature. Franklin declared that he would freely spend nineteen shillings in the pound, to defend the right of giving or refusing the other shilling; and if he could not defend the right, he would retire into the boundless woods of America, which were sure to afford freedom and subsistence to any man who could bait a hook or pull a trigger.

The tranquil determination of Franklin was but a symbol of the spirit of the people. Meantime, the British Ministry were thrown into a state of increased embarrassment. At length Pitt was invited by the king to assume the reins of government. But the great commoner had now fallen into "the sere and yellow leaf." His genius and glory were suffering disastrous eclipse. Relentless disease had exhausted his strength and wrecked his constitution; still he cherished a hankering for office. The charms of rural life could not divert his attention from public affairs. He eagerly acceded to the proposal of the king, flying, as he said, "on wings of expedition to lay at his feet the poor remnant of his life, body, heart, and mind." On arriving in London from his residence in Somersetshire, he was suffering from fever; but the disease only bewildered his judgment and increased his self-confidence. His administration proved abortive, but his disgraces were consoled by accession to the peerage.

Passing over a couple of years, during which the prospect of reconciliation had grown more and more hopeless, we arrive at the period when the towns of Massachusetts met in Conven-

tion, and the certainty of revolution assumes a fixed character. The influence of Samuel Adams—a theme on which Mr. Bancroft is never weary of descanting—is now exhibited in all its activity and plenitude. The approach of military rule had convinced the stern old Puritan of the necessity of independence. From this moment he devoted all his powers to the attainment of the object. Delighting in the austere creed of Calvin, “which, wherever it has prevailed—in Geneva, Holland, Scotland, Puritan England, New-England—has spread intelligence, severity of morals, love of freedom, and courage,” he gave himself to his glorious work, as a chosen instrument for fulfilling what had been decreed by the Divine counsels from all eternity. To secure the triumph of his cause, he was ready to serve, without claiming a reward for service—to efface himself and put forward others—seeking every thing for his country, and nothing for himself. He placed the impress of his own spirit upon his fellow-townsmen. They learned to feel with him, that the hopes of freedom had found refuge in Boston, and that they were called as its champions to hazard fortune and life in its defence. Samuel Adams produced a deep impression upon their minds by the grave earnestness of his discourse. He lost no occasion of familiar intercourse to inspire them with his own lofty enthusiasm. In the street, at the ship-yards, at all places of public concourse, he reasoned with them on the subject which engrossed his mind. The treachery of the British agents in soliciting the aid of an army was a frequent theme for his invective. He maintained the right to destroy every soldier whose foot should touch the shore. “The king has no right,” he would say, “to send troops to invade the country. If they come, they will come as foreign enemies.” “We will not submit to any tax”—these were his words—“nor become slaves. We will take up arms, and shed our last drop of blood, before the king and Parliament shall impose on us, or settle Crown-officers, independent of the Colonial Legislature, to dragoon us.” His reverence for earthly monarchs disappeared before his loyalty to the King of kings. His discerning spirit foresaw that a vast empire must be shaped from the Colonies, which were then struggling for existence, an empire which would fashion its own institutions, and impress a new law on the decaying traditions of England.

The patriots of Boston never wavered in their belief that they should recover their rights by the consent of England, or obtain independence. They did not quail under the resolves of Parliament, which fell upon them like so many thunderbolts. On the anniversary of the repeal of the Stamp Act, Samuel Adams expatiated on the grievances endured by the Americans, and the weakness of Great Britain, arising from

its corruption, its debt, its intestine divisions, its scarcity of food, and its want of alliances. On the other hand, he described, in glowing but accurate colors, the state of the American Colonies, their various climates, soils, produce, rapid increase of population, and the virtue of their inhabitants. The intrepid Calvinist kept his eye constantly fixed on the object he had at heart, and boldly expressed the conviction that the conduct of Old England was permitted by the Almighty for the purpose of hastening American independence.

But as the great providential drama is approaching a crisis, numerous episodes of singular interest occur in various parts of America, which Mr. Bancroft does not fail to present in the graphic word-painting of his pictorial style. The change of scene from Parliamentary discussions at a hackneyed and corrupt court, to the fresh and romantic life of the forest-pioneer, gives a charming variety to his pages, keeps the attention of the reader alive, and effectually relieves his narrative from the peril of dullness or monotony.

The year 1769 was a remarkable era in the history of the West. The settlement of the wilderness was promoted by native adventurers, who bravely explored the solitary haunts which had been neglected by France and Spain, as well as England. In three former years, Carver, of Connecticut, had penetrated the borders of Lake Superior and the country of the Sioux, and had even obtained more accurate accounts of the great river which bore the name of Oregon, and flowed into the Pacific. He now returned to claim the reward of his discoveries. He brought a tempting report of the richness of the copper-mines of the North-West, recommended English settlements on the western extremity of the continent, and proposed opening, by aid of lakes and rivers, a passage to the Pacific, as the best route to China and the East Indies. Illinois now presented an alluring prospect to emigrants. The Indians, reduced in number, were rapidly vanishing away. The formidable Pontiac had fallen a victim to the treachery of an assassin of the Illinois tribe. In revenge for his death, they were nearly exterminated by the savages of the North-West. The beautiful and fertile plains of Illinois, cooled during the summer months by the refreshing breezes of the West, were thus left vacant for the white man.

No one holds a higher position as a pioneer of Western civilization than the celebrated Daniel Boone. The place of his birth is uncertain. Authorities are not agreed even as to the State which may claim his nativity. For himself, he seems never to have thought about where or when he was born. He was residing on the peaceful banks of the Yadkin River, in North-Carolina, when the vision of Western promise was pre-

sented to his imagination by the reports of a successful trader. In company with his informant and four other young men, he started on a tour through the wilderness of Virginia, in quest of "the country of Kentucky," known to the savages as the "dark and bloody ground," "the middle ground" between the subjects of the Five Nations and the Cherokees. It was the month of May when Boone, then twenty-three years of age, left his wife and offspring, in search of adventure in the virgin forest. After a perilous journey through mountain ranges, the party arrived in June at the Red River, a tributary of the Kentucky. From the top of an eminence their eyes feasted on the lovely plains that stretched before them towards the North-West. Here they erected a shelter, and began to reconnoitre and to hunt. "All the kinds of wild beasts that were natural to America—the stately elk, the timid deer, the antlered stag, the wild-cat, the bear, the panther, and the wolf—couched among the canes, or roamed over the rich grasses, which even beneath the thickest shades sprang luxuriantly out of the generous soil. The buffaloes cropped fearlessly the herbage, or browsed on the leaves of the reed, and were more frequent than cattle in the settlements of Carolina herdsmen." The summer passed away in the exploration of the wilderness and the excitements of the chase. One by one, Boone's companions dropped off, till he was left alone with John Stewart. Enjoying the delights of forest adventure, they were one evening taken prisoners by a band of wandering Indians. They made their escape, and were joined by a brother of Boone. Stewart was soon after killed by the savages. Boone and his brother remained to share the dangers and the attractions of the wilderness, and built the first cottage which ever stood on the soil of Kentucky. In the following spring the brother returned to the settlements for horses and ammunition. The bold hunter was left "by himself, without bread, or salt, or sugar, or even a horse or dog." He thought with sadness of his beloved wife, in her distant and lonely home; but with this exception, he was happy in the enjoyment of perpetual sylvan pleasures; holding unconscious intercourse with beauty "old as the creation;" careless of wealth or fame; better acquainted with the use of the rifle than of the plough; of a strong, robust frame; in the stalwart vigor of early manhood; ignorant of books, but versed in all the lore of the forest; fond of tracking the deer on foot; away from men, though of a humane, generous, and gentle disposition; Nature was the intimate of the roving woodsman; and as he leaned confidently on her bosom, she responded to his intelligence. "One calm summer's evening, as he climbed a commanding ridge and looked out upon the remote venerable

mountains, and the nearer ample plains, and caught a glimpse in the distance of the Ohio, which bounded the land of his affections with majestic grandeur, his heart exulted in the region he had discovered. All things were still. Not a breeze so much as shook a leaf. He kindled a fire near a fountain of sweet water, and feasted on the loin of a buck. He was no more alone than a bee among flowers, but communed familiarly with the whole universe of life. All forms wore the character of desire or peril; but triumphing over danger, he knew no fear. The perpetual howling of the wolves by night round his cottage, or his bivouac in the brake, was his diversion; and by day he had joy in surveying the various species of animals that surrounded him. He loved the solitude better than the towered city or the hum of business. For him the rocks and the fountains, the leaf and the blade of grass had life; the cooling air, laden with the wild perfume, came to him as a friend; the dewy morning wrapped him in its embrace; the trees stood up gloriously round about him, as so many myriads of companions." About the end of July, 1770, Boone was rejoined by his brother. Soon after they proceeded together to Cumberland River, giving names to the different waters; and then returning to North-Carolina for his wife and children, determined to make the paradise of Kentucky his permanent abode.

A singularly pleasing picture, in Mr. Bancroft's most impressive style, is presented of Washington on the Ohio, during the same year that Daniel Boone resolved to transport his household treasures into the heart of the wilderness. The purpose of Washington was to select lands for the officers and soldiers who had served with him in the French war. He was obliged to descend as low as the great Kenawha. Floating down the Ohio, in a light canoe, observing the innumerable flocks of turkeys and other wild fowl which enlivened the banks of the river, and the deer browsing on the shore, or stepping down to the water's edge to drink, no tract of good land escaped his eye. Wherever he saw an inviting soil or a fine growth of timber, he would walk through the woods and set his mark on a tree, as the corner of a soldier's survey. His journey to the wilderness was not devoid of attractions. He took delight in the sports of the forest; new varieties of game excited his curiosity; and with the instinct of an experienced surveyor, he calculated the dimensions of the stately trees, one of which he found by measurement almost five and forty feet in girth at a yard from the ground. The fame of Washington had gone before him into the forest. The red man had learned to stand in awe of the fearless chief, and received him in council with public honors. From the Indian interpreter, and other skilful foresters, he ascertained the cha-

racter of the country still further west. All the eye-witnesses agreed in giving glowing accounts of the climate, soil, good streams, and plentiful game that distinguished the valley of the Cumberland. Under the influence of these reports, as well as of what he had seen with his own eyes, Washington expressed his conviction that the region of country was adapted to be the seat of a new and most desirable government. Meantime, the land of promise was more and more frequented by restless pioneers. Daniel Boone continued his explorations. A band of adventurers from Clinch River, called the "Long Hunters," made their way down the Cumberland to the limestone bluff, where Nashville stands, and where "the luxuriant, gently undulating fields, covered with groves of beech and walnut, were in the undisputed possession of countless buffaloes, whose bellowings resounded from hill and forest."

One of the most interesting episodes in this volume relates to the proceedings of the inhabitants of New-Orleans, on occasion of the cession of their country to the king of Spain. It is a memorable fact that the flag of a republic was first unfurled on the banks of the Mississippi. The treaty of Paris left two European powers as the sole sovereigns of the North-American continent. Spain accepted Louisiana with no small degree of hesitation. Its population was of French origin, and loved the land of its ancestry. The descendants of parents who had lived and died on the sunny plains of beautiful France, naturally protested against the transfer of their allegiance to a foreign power. An Assembly, representing every parish in the colony, at once sprang into being. Petitions were laid at the feet of their king, entreating him to be touched with their affliction and their loyalty, and not to sever them from his dominions. The appeal, though aided by the influence of Bienville, the time-honored founder of New-Orleans, was not successful. The arguments of the envoy and the tears of the venerable octogenarian, whose eminent services were a plea for his cause, were all in vain. They were dismissed with the answer that the support of the colony in its precarious existence was too great a charge for the damaged treasury of France.

On the tenth of July, 1765, it was announced to the Superior Council at New-Orleans, by Antonio De Ulloa—a man of an austere and unamiable character—that he had received orders to take possession of the city for the Catholic king. But the flag of France was still left flying and continued to attract Acadian exiles. At length Ulloa landed, on the fifth of March, 1766. He was accompanied by three Capuchin monks, eighty soldiers, and a number of civil officers. A violent storm of thunder and rain attended his approach. His reception by the turbulent colonies, who had been previously allured to repub-

licanism, was gloomy and repulsive. The French garrison of three hundred men refused to enter the Spanish service. The people would not renounce their nationality. Ulloa was forced to a compromise. He directed a Spanish commissary to defray the cost of government, while he administered its functions under the French flag by the old French officers.

In September, Ulloa, unable to take possession of his office, retired from New-Orleans, and betook himself to the Balize. It was only there, and in Missouri, opposite Natchez, and at the river Yberville, that Spanish jurisdiction was directly carried into effect. This state of things continued for little more than two years. The agitation of the colony did not cease. It was proposed to transform New-Orleans into a republic, like Amsterdam or Venice, with a single executive, and a legislative body of forty men. A general excitement prevailed. The people in the country parishes met together. They crowded in a mass into the city, and joined the people of New-Orleans. The vast assembly listened to earnest debates, in which Lafreniere, John Milhet, Joseph Milhet, and the lawyer Douat were conspicuous. They adopted an address to the Superior Council, rehearsing their numerous griefs, and claiming freedom of commerce with the ports of France and America, and the expulsion of Ulloa from the colony. This address was signed by five or six hundred persons. In spite of the protest of Aubry, it was at once adopted by the Council. The French flag was displayed on the public square. Women and children ran up to kiss its folds. It was raised by nine hundred men, with shouts of "Long live the king of France! We will have no king but him!" Ulloa retreated to Havana, and sent his representation to Spain. The people of Louisiana took up the idea of a republic as the alternative to renewing their connection with France. Electing their own Treasurer and Syndic to represent the mass of the colony, they sent their envoys to Paris with supplicatory letters to the Duke of Orleans and the Prince of Conti, and memorialized the French monarch to intercede between them and the king of Spain. Their only hope was to be a colony of France or a free and independent commonwealth.

But it was all in vain. The patriots of New-Orleans could not shape for the colony a secure and tranquil existence from the elements of revolution. Enthusiasm was carried to the highest pitch; and it was even proposed, rather than surrender Louisiana to his Catholic Majesty, to burn New-Orleans to the ground, and leave nothing but a desert to an unwelcome master. Towards the end of July, the news came that O'Reilly was at the Balize with an overwhelming force. The republic

cans were thrown into despair. Under pretence of clemency, the Spanish officers won the confidence of the insurgents. A committee was despatched to wait on O'Reilly at the Balize, to recognize his authority and implore his mercy. O'Reilly feared only lest the leaders of the rebellion should escape into the English territory. Hence he received the deputies with treacherous politeness, detained them to dine, and dismissed them admiring their talents and secure of an amnesty. So persuaded were they of safety, that even Villeré, who had escaped upon the Mississippi and was on his way to an English port, returned to the city.

On the eighth of August, the Spanish squadron, bearing three thousand chosen troops, anchored in front of New-Orleans. Before the day was over, possession was taken of the city in behalf of the king of Spain. The Spanish flag was raised on every post. Means were at once taken to arrest the chiefs of the revolution. This was accomplished by a perfidious stratagem. Receiving at his house the principal inhabitants, O'Reilly invited the people's syndics one by one to pass into his private apartment. The invitation was regarded as a special honor, until finding themselves alone, they showed signs of anxiety. Entering his cabinet with several Spanish civil officers, O'Reilly spoke to those who were thus caught in his toils, charging them with disloyalty to his Catholic Majesty, and arresting them in his name for treason against the government. They were ostentatiously conducted from O'Reilly's presence to separate places of confinement. Villeré was conveyed on board the frigate that lay at the Levee. His wife vainly entreated admission; hearing her voice, he demanded to see her; the guards refused his request. Frantic with love, anger, and passion, he struggled violently, and at last fell dead on the spot, either from the effect of passion or the bayonets of the guard. The blow was unexpected and spread consternation. An amnesty for the people reserved the right of making further arrests. Provisional decrees settled the government, and the inhabitants of New-Orleans and its vicinity took the oath of allegiance to the Catholic king.

Nearly two months passed in collecting evidence against the victims. They denied the jurisdiction of Spain over actions done under the flag of France. But the tribunal was inexorable. The estates of the accused, who were the richest and most considerable men in the Province, were confiscated. Six out of the twelve were sentenced to imprisonment for many years; the memory of Villeré was declared infamous; the remaining five were condemned to be hanged. The citizens of New-Orleans entreated time for a petition to Charles the Third; the wives, daughters, and sisters of those who had not shared in

the revolution appealed to O'Reilly for mercy ; but without effect. One of the number, newly married, might have escaped ; but the young and chivalrous victim refused to fly from the doom of his associates. On the twenty-fifth of October, the five martyrs to their love of France and liberty were brought forth pinioned, and for want of an executioner were shot in the presence of the troops and the people. The census of New-Orleans at that time showed a population of 3190 souls, including 1225 slaves. The whole population in the valley of the Mississippi then subject to the Spanish sway, is computed at 13,500. The privileges which France had granted were abolished, and the colony was organized like other colonial possessions of Spain.

Interspersed with the tedious course of British legislation, in regard to the American colonies of the Crown, are numerous similar descriptions of integral portions of colonial history, presenting a succession of pictures equally remarkable for their copiousness of information and their brilliancy of coloring. It is just twenty years since the first volume of Mr. Bancroft's great work—the most important production of American literature—was given to the world. During that period, with some necessary though infrequent intervals, he has been steadily engaged in its composition. A singular identity pervades the volumes. They show no marks of the lapse of time since their commencement. The first opened a new era in historical writing. It displayed the same breadth and comprehensiveness of view, the same sagacity in determining the force of evidence, and the same philosophical reference of detached events to their seminal principles, which are such conspicuous features of the last. The present volume, on the other hand, is no less distinguished by the fire of imagination, the sympathy with all that is beautiful and noble in character and in nature, and the gorgeous poetical adornments which often felicitously contrast with the severe conciseness of the narrative, than was the early production of the blossoming genius of the historian. In every portion of his immortal work are combined the freshness of vernal airs, the glow of summer, and the harvest ripeness of autumn.

The success of Mr. Bancroft as a historian—which will gain a still brighter illustration with every interval of lapsing years—has been founded on a rare union of qualities. His intellect is keen and penetrating. He has, perhaps, equal powers of reflection and forecast. With an impulsive, enthusiastic nature, he is exceedingly cautious in weighing evidence, drawing conclusions, and deciding on opinions. Prone to an ardent faith, his mental alacrity is tempered with a love of sceptical analysis. Devoted to the search for universal principles, no details escape his observant eye. He is at once introspective,

retrospective, and acutely cognizant of external and present realities. His passion for the subtlest metaphysical investigation is no less marked than his aptness for historical inquiries. In each of these spheres of intellectual activity he possesses the talents of a master. No less conversant with the writings of Aristotle, Immanuel Kant, and Jonathan Edwards, than with the documents of American history, his authority is equally paramount on a question of philosophy and on any point in the annals of the past. His systematic understanding arranges the most confused cluster of events into an integral and harmonious perspective—showing not only their isolated features, but their relative bearings—and tracing their origin to immutable causes in the nature of the individual mind, or in the collective laws of humanity. His familiarity with the practical course of statesmanship gives him a singular advantage in the discussion of public affairs, however remote their date, or dim their outlines. At the same time, his poetical temperament throws a warm and mellow glow around the march of his narrative. His senses are always alive to the charms of the material universe, and he thus gathers images of richness and beauty from the exhaustless revelations of nature. At once, a philosopher, a poet, a statesman, and an assiduous student, it is not surprising that he has produced a monument of genius and toil, which embodies the highest attributes of the intellect, and will challenge the admiration of ages.

BIOGRAPHY.

THE industry and good judgment of the author are exhibited in the preparation of this volume, although it presents little evidence of original research, or brilliant powers of composition. Devoted to the public career of five eminent jurists, its contents partake of a legal character quite as much as one purely biographical. Hence, it is better adapted to interest the professional student than the general reader. Of the subjects of this volume no adequate memoir has been written, with the exception of the first Chief Justice, John Jay. The others, Rutledge, Ellsworth, Marshall, and Taney—although three of them were prominent and active among the statesmen of the Revolution—have hitherto found no biographer to illustrate their character and services. The most important portion of this volume is the sketch of the cases tried before the Supreme Court of the United States, in which the decisions of the Judges involve leading principles of law. These are set forth in a compact and lucid manner, and give a highly favorable impression of the legal intellects from which they emanated.

Sketches of the Lives and
Judicial Services of the
Chief Justices of the Su-
preme Court of the
United States. By GEO.
VAN SANTVOORD. Chas.
Scribner.

OLD Vincent Nolte is remembered by many persons in New-Orleans and New-York, as a dashing dare-devil, financial speculator, controlling a large amount of property, a man of eminent "mark and likelihood" on 'Change, an audacious operator in the cotton-market, a swashing soldier of fortune, a terrible fellow for duels, a professed lady-killer, and at last a beggared and crest-fallen bankrupt. Tottering on the verge of the grave, and evidently put to it for bread, he has collected these reminiscences of a checkered and desperate life, doubtless with the hope of obtaining means still to keep soul and body together. His book is gossiping, reckless, mendacious—for the most part written in a lively style—containing frequent passages of piquant flavor, and, on the whole, will be regarded by the mass of readers as a very amusing volume. Egotistic, it certainly is, to a fault,—tainted throughout with a crabbed and ill-natured egotism,—showing the keen scent of a rat terrier,—more anxious to detect the failings of others than to ventilate a harmless vanity of his own. The great Mr. Nolte has less weakness than malignity, but enjoys equal delight in puffing his own merits and detracting from his neighbors'.

He first saw the light in the city of Leghorn, where his father temporarily resided for business purposes. At an early age he was initiated into mercantile pursuits, and soon showed a decided aptitude for the calling. After various youthful escapades, he was placed in the counting-house of a distinguished commercial house in Nantes; and obtaining the confidence of the partners, he was at length dispatched on a responsible financial mission to New-Orleans. He arrived in that city in the spring of 1806. His remarks in regard to the character of the great south-western emporium are by no means flattering. He found there scarcely a single house in the possession of any considerable capital, and mercantile honor seemed to be quite as great a rarity. Success in business was obtained by trickery rather than enterprise; and the Crescent City was a regular rendezvous for all sorts of rogues and rabble. Our adventurer soon became a great man in this paradise of knaves. He was in the receipt of large consignments of specie, on account of his principals, and he at once swelled up into a grandeur which knew no bounds. Every body courted and flattered the foreign millionaire. He became the idol of society—feasted by the men, and adored by the women. In the midst of this palmy state, he was attacked with yellow fever. The symptoms were of the most violent character. His brain seemed turned into molten lead. He had been ill but two days, when the cashier of the bank where he had deposited his funds came

to him with a long face, and inquired whether he had made his will. "Not at all," says the valiant Nolte; "why do you ask?" "Because you will be a dead man to-morrow." "Don't you believe it," replies the indomitable financier; "never say die. I have no idea of leaving the world at present. You will not get rid of me so soon, and I shall not bother my head with making a will." The cashier was reassured by the *sang froid* of his new acquaintance, and left him with the conviction that he bore a charmed life. Of course, Nolte, who was born for great things, and had not yet fulfilled his destiny, escaped the ignominious fate of dying with yellow fever at New-Orleans.

Sometime after, however, he nearly fell a victim to the unkind elements. On a voyage from Havana to Baltimore, in the winter of 1808, he suffered shipwreck, and came within an inch of his life. During the second day of the passage a violent gale commenced, and in the night the vessel suddenly grounded and fell over on her beam ends. The captain was laboring under the effects of a drinking carouse, in which he had spent the whole evening with the mate. Every thing was confusion dire. An incoherent jumble of commands was given, but it was full five minutes before a single sail was taken in. The vessel careened more and more, and by this time was half under water. A useless attempt was made to cut away the masts, and the only lantern was extinguished by the wind. The craft cracked as if she would go to pieces. After great exertions, Nolte, with the sailors, succeeded in getting out the boat. A keg of ship-biscuit and the compass and quadrant were put on board; Nolte's writing-desk followed; but while attempting to swing into it from the side of the vessel, the ropes parted, and the boat, with four sailors who had already leaped into it, was swept away and swamped immediately. An attempt to launch the jolly-boat met with no better success. It had hardly touched the water before the waves dashed it in pieces against the stern. A raft now presented the only hope of escape. The attempt to construct one seemed desperate; but a horrid death stared them in the face. They managed to fasten together a couple of spare spars and oars; but the mast of the vessel made a sudden crash, carrying away the raft, and leaving little more than the iron railings of the quarter-deck and the mainmast visible above the water. In this hopeless state, they lashed themselves to the remains of the ship, and waited for death. But financial Nolte's time had not come yet. Meanwhile, three of the sailors who had taken to the long-boat miraculously succeeded in gaining a footing on the wreck. Eleven men were thus clinging to the frail supports. At length, after eight hours of darkness and agony, the clouds

passed away, and land was seen some nine miles off on the horizon. The sea was still violently agitated, and the billows beat fiercely over the sufferers. A vessel passed in sight about eight o'clock in the morning, but suddenly tacked and disappeared. Another effort was made to construct a raft. This proved successful. It was a miserable, rickety affair, but it finally brought them safe to land. A small island on the Florida coast gave shelter to the despairing mariners. More dead than alive, through hunger, fatigue, and suspense, they were at last taken off by a wrecker that was cruising in the vicinity.

The long-suffering Nolte landed in a forlorn condition. He was barefooted and with no pantaloons, except a rude apology for that article, made out of a sail cloth by his deliverers. But he found a friend in the Solicitor-General of Nassau, the seaport of New-Providence, where he arrived on the eleventh day after the shipwreck. This gentleman provided him with money, and after sundry mishaps and delays, he arrived safely in Charleston, and soon made his way to Philadelphia.

Returning to Europe in 1809, he reported himself to his employers, and was soon absorbed in new financial projects and operations. These led him to make another visit to the United States, and in the autumn of 1811, he arrived once more at New-York. Anxious to increase his knowledge of the western country, with whose products he had become familiar in New-Orleans, he decided to cross the Alleghany mountains to Pittsburgh, intending there to purchase a couple of flat-bottomed boats, and float down the stream to New-Orleans in company with a young Livonian, whose acquaintance he had made in London. Sending him to Pittsburgh in advance to procure the boats, one for the party and one for a horse, he started from Philadelphia on horseback in the depth of winter. The weather was very cold. Arriving at a small country inn, near the falls of the Juniata, he was introduced by the landlord, to an odd-looking person, with a Madras handkerchief around his head, in the style of the French sailors. He apologised for intruding on the breakfast of the stranger, according to the arrangement of the landlord. "No sir," replied the unknown, with a strong French accent that made it sound like "no sare." "You are a Frenchman, then," said Nolte. "No sare, hi emm an Hinglishman." "Ah! indeed! But how do you make that out?" "Hi emm an Eenglishman, becas hi got a Heenglish wife." Without settling the question more definitely, they agreed to remain together, and to ride in company to Pittsburgh. Gradually thawing out with his sociable companion, the stranger admitted that he was a Frenchman by birth, and on further acquaintance gave his name as Audubon

—a name which has since become illustrious in the natural history of this country.

On reaching New-Orleans, Nolte found a marked improvement in the external appearance of the city, during his absence of more than four years. The character of its population, however, had gained nothing. Political intrigue and legal chicanery had tainted the simplicity and good faith that were characteristic of the old French and Spanish inhabitants. Social life had thus rather been impaired than improved. In his own affairs, the tide now began to take an unfavorable turn. The declaration of war with Great Britain, in 1812, defeated his projects. He was suddenly cut off from all resources. A severe fit of hypochondria made his existence wretched. The prevailing gloom was enhanced by the bitterness of party spirit. People would gather at the corners of the streets to give vent to all sorts of private scandals. Money became painfully scarce. The coast was kept in terror by pirates, many of whom walked openly about in the streets of New-Orleans. A quarrel broke out between the banks. Universal jealousy was the order of the day. Poor Nolte was in a quandary. Taking part in the financial controversy, he gained the ill-will of one of the high contending parties. A personal rencontre took place, and blows were exchanged in the street. One or two duels ensued, but Nolte escaped with a whole skin.

On the invasion of New-Orleans by the British, in 1814, our adventurer must have a finger in the pie. He soon had an opportunity to smell powder. He was in each of the engagements by which the enemy were repulsed, and retired from the service unscathed in life or limb.

Once more upon the waters, and Nolte finds his way back to Europe. This was just after the battle of Waterloo. But no further successes awaited his steps. Alternating between the United States and Europe, he was uniformly a loser on either side. Nothing turned to gold in his hands. His progress towards irretreivable bankruptcy is circumstantially related. He tells his story with a light heart, and frequent bursts of sardonic satire. His narrative, to be sure, does not always hold together; it is spun out to a most unconscionable length; trivial details are dwelt on with an earnestness altogether disproportioned to their importance; his garrulous descriptions are often confused and almost unintelligible; but in an old man on the very verge of dotage, his brain seething with a crowd of strange reminiscences, and probably without a friend left to advise or sympathize with him, we must expect a good deal of "bald, disjointed chat," and should be thankful that it is not poured out in still more intolerable profusion.

A few remaining copies of the following works of standard value, are offered, till the editions are exhausted, at reduced prices, viz :

HISTORY OF ANDOVER [Mass.], from its Settlement to 1829. By Abiel Abbot, A. M. 12mo, pp. 176. 50 cents.

WORKS OF JESSE APPLETON, D.D., with a Memoir of his Life and Character. 2 vols. 8vo. \$3.00.

CAMPBELL ON THE FOUR GOSPELS, with Preliminary Dissertations and Notes. 2 vols. 8vo, pp. 584 each. \$3.00.

CUDWORTH'S TRUE INTELLECTUAL SYSTEM OF THE UNIVERSE : Wherein all the Reason and Philosophy of Atheism is Confuted, and its Impossibility Demonstrated. Also a Treatise on Immutable Morality ; with a Discourse on the true notion of the Lord's Supper ; and two Sermons on 1 John 2: 3, 4, and 1 Cor. 15: 57 ; with an Account of the Life and Writings of the Author. 2 vols. 8vo, pp. 804, 756. \$4.00.

HUG'S INTRODUCTION TO THE WRITINGS OF THE NEW TESTAMENT. Translated by D. Fosdick, Jr., with Notes by Prof. Stuart. pp. 788. \$2.25.

TYNDALE'S NEW TESTAMENT. The original edition, 1526, being the first vernacular translation from the Greek. With a Memoir of his Life and Writings. With variations and marginal readings. 12mo. \$1.00.

SELECTIONS FROM GERMAN LITERATURE. By B. B. Edwards and E. A. Park. 8vo. pp. 472. \$2.00.

STORR AND FLATT'S BIBLICAL THEOLOGY. Translated, with Additions, by S. S. Schmucker, D.D. 8vo. pp. 605. \$2.00.

WIGGERS'S AUGUSTINISM AND PELAGIANISM. With Notes and Additions by Prof. Emerson. 8vo. \$1.00.

The above will be sent free of expense, on receipt of the sum set against the respective works.

W. F. D. continues to import and keep on hand a full supply of

CLARK'S FOREIGN THEOLOGICAL LIBRARY. Comprising the Commentaries of Olshausen, Hengstenberg, Havernich ; Hagenbach's History of Doctrines ; Gieseler's Ecclesiastical History, &c. ; together with many other Theological Works, published by Messrs. Clark, of Edinburgh ; also the Biblical Works of Messrs. Samuel Bagster & Sons, of London—Oriental Lexicons, Grammars, Bibles and Testaments, in various languages.

* * Catalogues of Messrs. Clark and Bagster's publications will be supplied *gratis* on application ; and any work not on hand will be imported on the most reasonable terms.

W. F. D. is also the American Agent for the Journal of Sacred and Classical Philology, published at Cambridge, England. Terms, \$3.50 per annum ; postage paid.

THE

NEW YORK QUARTERLY.

THIS Work is designed to supply America with that class of literature which the best British journals have for a long time afforded England. It will treat of such subjects as are of interest to every citizen of our common country, as those subjects are conceived of by our enlightened statesmen and able scholars.

It will be its constant endeavor to foster a noble nationality in Literature and Art; and we are convinced that a well-conducted Quarterly can do much to infuse into the popular mind those high and just views of education which are essential to the development of our institutions.

As powerful as our commercial nationality has already become, so powerful shall it be the object of this work to render our nationality in letters and art. Every subject suited to advance the American mind, every theory calculated to have a wide bearing on the future destinies of our prosperous country, shall herein find ample space for discussion.

We invite the statesmen who would promote a noble endeavor to diffuse knowledge of a superior order among the citizens of our common country—divines, who would see our people developed in mind, that they may rationally conceive of highest truths—scholars who would extend a broader and more genuine culture—to contribute to our liberal pages.

The Review will be strictly composed of original productions, and each number will contain a brief sketch of contemporary literature, and a scientific summary, recapitulating the most important discoveries throughout the world during the quarter.

TERMS.—\$3 per Annum, in Advance.

THE
NEW YORK
QUARTERLY,

DEVOTED TO
SCIENCE, PHILOSOPHY, AND LITERATURE.

VOL III.—No. 4.

JANUARY, 1855.

NEW YORK:
PUBLISHER, JAMES G. REED,
APPLETON BUILDINGS, 346 BROADWAY.
LONDON: TRUBNER & CO.

TO THE FRIENDS
OF THE
NEW YORK QUARTERLY.

OBLIGATIONS to our friends are agreeable, if not delightful. These, my obligations to the friends of the New-York Quarterly, hold me in pleasant bonds. Many of you have given your warmest sympathy since my desires were made known to you of establishing a national review, unbiased by party jealousies or sectional prejudices. You justly honored large aims, not prematurely questioning the ability to execute them. The support you gave three years ago is ever remembered with gratitude. Your generous and noble trust, even falsely reposed, had been blessed. My poor thanks are such as I can give, and these enrich not you, but me the giver. Your trust in my aims was followed by the approval of those to whom my boyhood looked with veneration.

Their sanction and your trust are held in honor of noble aims, not of my abilities.

Our enterprise has suffered from the want of a suitable person of experience in the business department, and we have found it necessary from time to time to change our publishers. We have now made such arrangements with Mr. James G. Reed, as will place this department on a permanent basis. Mr. Reed has been engaged in this city for the last five years, in publishing the Family Circle and Parlor Annual, afterwards united with the Ladies' Wreath, forming the Ladies' Wreath and Parlor Annual. This work reached a larger circulation than any work of the kind ever published in this country. We trust that Mr. Reed, by his valuable experience, industry, and perseverance, aided by the best talent of the country, will be able to realize the cherished wishes of the friends of the New-York Quarterly.

Ed.

CONTENTS

OF

No. IV.

ARTICLE	PAGE
I. AMERICAN RAILROADS, ...	483
II. MACAULAY'S ENGLAND.	
1. History of England, from the Accession of James II.,	499
2. Essays, ...	515
3. Poems, ...	518
4. Speeches, ...	520
III. EUROPEAN DIPLOMACY, ...	522
IV. BRYANT'S POEMS, ...	539
V. THE INDUSTRIAL SCHOOLS OF NEW-YORK.	
1. Five-Points Monthly Record.	
2. First Annual Report of the Children's Aid Society.	
3. The Old Brewery at the Five-Points, ...	559
VI. SIR WALTER RALEIGH, ...	575
VII. MEDIEVAL HISTORY OF ATHENS, ...	590
VIII. CONTEMPORARY LITERATURE OF THE LAST THREE MONTHS.	
1. History of the Origin, Formation, and Adoption of the Constitution of the United States; with Notices of its Principal Framers. By GEORGE TICKNOR CURTIS. 2 Vol- umes. Harper & Brothers, ...	613
2. Historical Collections of Georgia. By Rev. GEORGE WHITE, M.A. 1 Volume, with engravings. New-York: Putney & Russell, ...	614

3. The World in the Middle Ages; with Complete Historical and Geographical Indexes, and Colored Maps. By ADOLPHUS LOUIS KOEPPEN, Professor of History and German Literature in Franklin & Marshall College, Pennsylvania. New-York: D. Appleton & Co., . . . 614
4. The Elements of Intellectual Philosophy. By FRANCIS WAYLAND, President of Brown University, . . 615
5. A System of Intellectual Philosophy. By ASA MAHAN, First President of Cleveland University. New-York: A. S. Barnes & Co., . . . 616
6. Sandwich Islands. Notes by a Häolé. 1 Volume, with engravings. New-York: Harper & Brothers, 617
7. The Lands of the Saracen; or, Pictures of Palestine, Asia Minor, Sicily, and Spain. By BAYARD TAYLOR. 1 Volume, with Maps and Engravings. New-York: George P. Putnam & Co., . . . 617
8. A Practical and Commercial Arithmetic. By GERARDUS BEEKMAN DOCHARTY, LL.D., Professor of Mathematics in the New-York Free Academy, . . . 618
9. An Epitome of English Grammar. By the Rev. Dr. MILNE, of England, with important alterations and additions, adapted to the use of American Schools. By J. F. GIBSON. New-York: Charles B. Norton, . . . 618
10. Mile-Stones in our Life-Journey. By SAMUEL OSGOOD. New-York: D. Appleton & Co., . . . 619
11. Later Years. By the Author of the Old House by the River and the Owl Creek Letters. New-York: Harper & Brothers, . . . 619
12. Out-Doors at Idlewild; or, the Shaping of a House on the Banks of the Hudson. By N. P. WILLIS. New-York: Charles Scribner, . . . 619
13. Fudge Doings. By IK MARKEL. 2 Volumes. New-York: Charles Scribner, . . . 619
14. The Republican Court; or, American Society in the Days of Washington. By RUFUS WILMOT GRISWOLD. With twenty-one Portraits of Distinguished Women. 1 volume, 4to. New-York: D. Appleton & Co., . . . 620
15. The Rhyme and Reason of Country Life; or, Selections from Fields Old and New. By the Author of Rural Hours, etc., etc. New-York: G. P. Putnam & Co., . . . 620
16. Norton's Literary Gazette. Semi-monthly. New-York: Charles B. Norton, . . . 620

THE
NEW-YORK QUARTERLY.

JANUARY, 1855.

AMERICAN RAILROADS.

As in other improvements, no one person accomplishes every thing; it takes a multitude of minds to bring a complicated railroad system to any thing like perfection. Each must be content to learn something from others.

Acquainted more or less with the railway systems of Europe, we propose an examination of these and our own, and wherever great faults or great excellencies appear, to point them out. When improvements or conveniences are seen in foreign countries, if not inapplicable with us, there is no reason why we should not avail ourselves of them as soon as if they were originally American. The efficiency, the good or bad working of railways, may be considered under two heads, CONSTRUCTION and MANAGEMENT. A badly-constructed road can never be efficient or safe, and the best built railway may be one of the worst, through bad working and bad management.

There are two particulars in the construction of the "permanent way" of most English and continental railways, wherein they are superior to ours. One of these is the heavy *ballasting*. In England, they usually lay down a bed of gravel, chalk, or broken stone, from two to three feet deep, and on this the sleepers are laid. These materials are impervious to frost, always in working order, not easily washed away, and heavy enough to give a solid, permanent foundation. Gravel, taken from "gravel-pits," is the material most used, being generally the cheapest, most accessible, and easiest worked. The earth usually found where a railway is built, is too yielding, too much affected by frost, and in wet places, and on our western prairies, after long rains, the foundation becomes movable and

unsafe. In these localities, the trains shake unpleasantly, and not unfrequently the track gives way, or sinks beneath the surface. The other particular wherein most European roads are superior to ours, like the one just mentioned, is only procured by an increased outlay of money. It consists in not conforming to an irregular surface, in running the road in nearly a direct line, without regard to natural obstacles. The most eligible, or most direct route is selected, and then hills and mountains are bored, or cut down, valleys are filled up or crossed by arched viaducts, and rivers, however wide and deep, are spanned with bridges of stone or iron, that will resist the attacks of time for a thousand years. The Britannia Tubular Bridge over the Menai Straits, is undoubtedly the finest specimen of bridge architecture in the world. It has two railway tracks, contains 1,400,000 cubic feet of masonry, stands on three piers and two abutments, is 104 feet above high-water mark, 1492 feet long, and cost two and a half million dollars. Crossing the river Dee, in the vale of Llangollen, near Chirk, on the Shrewsbury & Chester Railway, is a structure that will vie with the grandest aqueducts of ancient Rome. This is a stone viaduct, a hundred and fifty feet above the river, and supported on nineteen arches of ninety feet span. Its entire length, is about one third of a mile. Viewed from the valley beneath, its proportions and size appear grand in the extreme. One of the finest railway structures in Great Britain, and, perhaps the most pleasing to the eye, of all their bridges, is on the Glasgow & South-western Railway, near Mauchline. It is a single arch of brick, 180 feet high, and 180 feet span, crossing the Ayr, about two miles from Burns' farm of Moss-giel, and directly by the wood where the poet saw the "Lass of Ballochmyle." Standing in the bed of the river and looking upwards, the arch is so high, so light and graceful, that it appears like a rainbow in the heavens. The wooden bridges on the English railways are nearly as durable as those of stone. The wood is prepared by a chemical process that renders it impervious to wet and dry rot and the ravages of insects, and effectually prevents its taking fire by sparks or coals from the engine. This method of preparing timber would be serviceable with us, as some of our finest and most expensive bridges have been destroyed by fire, before they have stood a twelve-month. Wood, as a material for bridges, will long continue to be used in America, on account of its cheapness; but without some preserving process, the structures will never be durable or safe.

We now come to one of the most important considerations in the construction of railways. Our national domain is so wide,

travel and transportation over long distances are so vast, and the increase of business so great, that not only the most direct routes, but *one continuous track* is of the very highest importance. Time, money, celerity of the mails, safety, comfort, and immunity from absolute suffering, all demand a continuous railway line entirely through the country. Some prominent examples that illustrate our position must occur to every reader. The largest and most important commercial and political cities in America are connected—or partially connected—by a railway line that certainly reflects no honor on our enterprise or public spirit. To the travelling public it is a subject of continual complaint; to those who use the mails not less so. There is not one single railway line in a similar important position throughout Europe, that does not afford double the facilities to the public, in speed, comfort, and acceleration of the mails. On the Great Northern Railway in Great Britain, the express-train from London to Scotland, by way of York and Newcastle, leaves London at 9.30 A.M., and arrives in Edinburgh at 8.20 P.M., time, ten hours and fifty minutes; distance, three hundred and ninety-nine miles and three quarters. The speed, while running, is forty miles an hour. The train stops twice for refreshments, and several times for passengers. Though the train runs over the railways of four different companies, there is not a single change of carriage, and every passenger is allowed to occupy the same seat through the entire journey. How does this railway line contrast with the most important mail route in the United States, the railroad chain that connects our largest cities? About the same distance apart as London and Edinburgh, are the cities of New-York and Petersburg, Va. On the British route there is not a single change of seats, and the time occupied is less than eleven hours. From New-York to Petersburg there are twelve changes of vehicle, and thirteen different conveyances, and the time occupied is over twenty-four hours. Except crossing the Jersey City ferry, every single change is needless and uncalled for. The bridge across the Delaware at Trenton, one that might be built over the Susquehanna, above Havre de Grace, another across the Potomac at Washington or Georgetown, and *continuous tracks through or by the cities of Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, Richmond, and Petersburg*, and the same plan pursued through the country to Mobile and New-Orleans, would give speed and comfort in travelling, and celerity and regularity to the mails. Let us imagine for a moment that we had a well-finished railway, and see the agreeable picture of a winter journey from New-York to Washington. With reading, chatting, and sleeping, we glide

smoothly along, without interruption, in six hours—forty miles an hour—to the end of our journey.

“Look here upon this picture, and on this.”

This is what we might have; here is what we do have. Any one who has been over the ground will recognize the portrait, and no doubt remember the discomfort and suffering. First comes the cold chill, the waiting for the ferry-boat, and the rough river at Philadelphia. That once crossed, and our railway-train fairly through Wilmington, we are roused up for the dangerous ferry at Havre De Grace, with all the attendant noises, annoyance of steam-cranks, bad oysters, and slipshod waiters, and then the rush for a decent seat, the jam, the crying of children, and the crushed female apparel, till we find ourselves in motion again. We have a similar scene, only worse, at Baltimore, where we run the gauntlet between ragged negroes, hotel-runners, and railroad conductors, until another railway is reached, when we take a last and final journey to the capital. To one who has travelled on good railways no language can depict the needless delay, the useless suffering of this line of travel, or describe in suitable terms the short-sighted policy that controls the great steam route between the largest and most important cities in America. What would our mail system be, if we had good railways? What is it now? How is it in Great Britain? A letter mailed in Edinburgh at night, directed to London, arrives early the next day, about as certainly as the tide rises at London Bridge. On the Great Western Railway, from London to Exeter, one hundred and eighty miles, the express-train runs in three hours and a quarter, and stops at least twenty minutes on the way. This is the best time made by any railway in the kingdom. Had we such a road as this from New-York to Washington, Cincinnati, and the West, the morning papers, leaving New-York at 6 A.M., could be delivered in Washington a few minutes after ten, at Cincinnati by half-past four, and at St. Louis before sunrise the next morning. Such a railway extended to San Francisco would carry letters and papers from New-York to California in forty-eight hours, and with a steam line across the Pacific we could, in thirty-two days, convey intelligence to the coast of China, one half the circumference of the globe! If the train ran thirty miles an hour instead of sixty, it would take four days to go from New-York to the gold diggings.

One consideration alone, the transportation of the mails, demands that our railways continue in one unbroken line. Every person in the Union is interested in the safe, rapid, and regular

transmission of letters and papers; and as time progresses, we shall be more and more dependent on railways. The people of the United States, with all their intelligence and means of education, write a less number of letters, in proportion to the population, than either France, Great Britain, or Switzerland, the only countries whose postal statistics have reached us. We write and send by mail ninety-six million letters in a year; Great Britain four hundred and ten millions. One prominent cause of this disparity is the continual and proverbial slowness of our mail service. It is a subject of universal complaint. If there be any one topic on which we are habitual and privileged grumblers—in this respect out-doing John Bull himself—it is the irregularity and failure of the mails. “No mail to-day;” “nothing south of Washington to-night;” “the cars didn’t connect at Richmond;” “the Baltimore train had not arrived at Philadelphia when the mail left for New-York,” are all stereotyped expressions, and after them usually follow some left-handed compliments towards that individual—who, by the way, should be ubiquitous—yeleped “the Post-Master General.” The mail failures, of course, are not all attributable to certain towns; but all places that make a break in a railway route contribute to the derangement, and keep up the bad system, by which our mail service is continually slow and “out of joint.” The citizens of Richmond, Baltimore, Philadelphia, and Washington write more letters than the people in country districts, and are all deeply interested in our mail service, and yet a majority of those who have any authority in the matter give their voices and their influence to help perpetuate a system, that if carried out in all other towns as it is in these, would require twenty-five days to convey the mails from Boston to New-Orleans. Carry out the principle, and certainly any town that can control the influence or the money, has the same privilege without regard to the size of the place; let it be universally acted on, and see what it would bring us to. If towns, averaging only twenty miles apart, all the way from New-York to St. Louis, were to make a break in the gauge of the railways, the same as is now done at Erie, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, Richmond, Petersburg, Augusta, and Columbus, Georgia, we should see the mails from eight to ten days in going one thousand two hundred miles. A good railway system would accomplish it easily in forty-eight hours. It is with a very bad grace that the authorities of these places urge on others, the Wheelings, the Lynchburghs, and the Lexingtons, to be sure and have their railway lines connect, and yet we often see this. It might be said that New-York should, as soon as any other place, be required to

have a through railway. Most certainly, provided it were at all practicable, by bridge or tunnel, to reach Manhattan Island from the West. Large cities may manage, by buying up stock, to control a railway, and all for a local purpose; but does it always pay? The city of Baltimore controls the Baltimore & Ohio railroad; but do the Baltimoreans never see in the ruinous depreciation of its stock that much of it is clearly attributable to the fact that it does not connect at either end with any other railway? There may be horse-cars running to other tracks, but they are no substitute for through-lines by steam-power. Why does a great share of travel between New-York and the West go a circuitous route by way of Dunkirk and Cleveland, instead of through Pennsylvania? Most unquestionably, because there are not the numerous breaks in the line. Some allowance must be made for mistakes incident to the commencement of a system, a system that no one at first could see the magnitude or importance of. But when these mistakes have grown into a chronic evil, when they have been continually repeated and perpetuated, when large and irresponsible bodies, that have a local control, hold the comfort, the convenience, and the business interests of our mercantile, travelling, and post-office-using community entirely in their grasp, it becomes a matter of great public concern. In England, several railways were commenced in the same manner; but the evil was quickly seen, and in every instance it has been corrected. At Birmingham, two roads came into town on different levels, and the mail and freight cars had to be raised or lowered by a stationary engine to get from one track to the other. It was afterwards remedied, but at an expense of over a million dollars, and far more than it would have cost had they commenced it right in the first place.

Except on unfinished lines, or for some good and sufficient reason, there are no breaks in the railways on the continent of Europe. The writer of this has travelled over the most of the railways of France, Belgium, Holland, Prussia, Austria, the German States, the two Sicilies, Tuscany, and the other Italian communities, and Switzerland; and, with the exception of Paris, not a city is recollected that makes a gap in a railway. The greatest natural obstacles are overcome; mountains are tunneled, broad valleys are crossed, and rivers are spanned with arched bridges. Under the Mount Cenis Pass, the French and Sardinian governments are cutting a tunnel seven miles in length, and in the autumn of 1855, trains are expected to run without a break, at town, river, or mountain, from Calais to Genoa. Within two years, trains will, no doubt, run through

to Trieste on the Adriatic. What will the New-Yorkers and Philadelphians say of the "formidable" rivers that run at their doors, when told that it has been seriously contemplated to put a tunnel under the Straits of Dover? Were this done, the locomotive could go from the Highlands of Scotland to Constantinople, or even to Bagdad, Calcutta, and Canton. Switzerland has already built one road and projected a complete system of railways. A route has been surveyed, and only waits a better state of the money market, to have a railway built from Lake Constance up the valley of the Rhine, through the VIA MALA, and under the Splugen Pass, to Lake Como, and Milan. This will require a railway tunnel through the Alps fifteen miles in length! The little Republic of Switzerland has already, in proportion to her territory, the most extensive system of Magnetic Telegraphs in the world. Venice, an old and not a prosperous city, of less than one hundred thousand inhabitants; a place, too, whose streets are canals, and whose vehicles are boats, is not allowed to remain "throned on her hundred isles." A splendid railway-bridge, on two hundred and twenty-two arches, more than two miles in length, and constructed at a cost of about a million dollars, carries the steam-horse into the city of the Doges.

Throughout Europe, the much-talked-of passport system, together with the frontier custom-houses, are not productive of half the annoyance or delay that a traveller experiences in the United States while journeying by railway and endeavoring to get through an American town endowed with all the consequence of "local sovereignty." In travelling from Hamburg to Berlin, when you arrive at the Prussian frontier, an officer examines your passport, glances at the contents of your carpet-bag, and in ten minutes you are under way. Crossing the Alps from Switzerland to Milan, when the vehicle arrives at the Austrian frontier, every passport and parcel of luggage is examined without a penny of expense, and the diligence leaves in a quarter of an hour; less than half the time that it takes to get through the city of Baltimore, or Philadelphia, or Washington, while travelling with the United States mail. These comparisons are not flattering to our republican pride, but they are true statements, and we can, if we will, learn a lesson from them.

It is very certain that when a central national government charters and controls the laying out of railways and other "post-roads," the public are much better accommodated than when local control is allowed to interpose every obstacle that selfishness may dictate. What would the local authorities in certain towns say—towns where the travelling public and the

mails have long been greatly delayed—what would they say, if the general government were to charter a national post-road of the first class—a railroad with a double track, and not a break or change of gauge from New-York to New-Orleans? Suppose a line was also built from Washington—where it might intersect the other—to St. Louis, Santa Fé, and San Francisco, and though the undertaking were to cost the national treasury the sum of two hundred million dollars, who would not rejoice that it was to be done, that we might have a rapid, safe, and pleasant route for travellers and the mails between the principal cities of the Union? Congress has the power to make a “post-road” from the national capital to the great commercial metropolis of the Union—but will it ever be exercised? If we are to have a good mail system, members of Congress or the citizens of our large cities, must set to work and improve our railroad communication. Mails can not move fast without steam-power, and steam does not seem to have the power to drive, like O’Connell’s coach and six, through an Act of Parliament or Legislature.

It is interesting to look at the history and progress of our railway system. The first roads built are those that cross the country connecting navigable waters. The first demand is for railways from river to river, or from lakes and streams in the interior to towns and cities on the sea-coast. The next class of roads are those running up and down valleys, parallel to navigable rivers. As the business of a country increases, inland navigation is found to be insufficient for the increased traffic, too slow and uncertain, the low water of summer and the frosts of winter often retarding or stopping communication altogether. A glance at a map of the United States will show the important lines of railway connecting the Valley of the Mississippi with the Atlantic. Some of these are nearly finished and others barely commenced. Though the general course of these roads is east and west, and many of them form continuous and connected routes from one water to the other, yet they are all more or less joined by lateral and branch roads, and in their course cross several main trunks running north and south. One of these railways will commence as high up as *Prairie du Chien* or *St. Paul’s*, Minnesota; run east to Milwaukee; connect with a road across Michigan from *Grand Haven* to *Pontiac* and *St. Clair River*; thence through Canada, by way of *Toronto*, *Kingston*, *Montreal*, and *Quebec*; and reach the Atlantic at *Halifax*, Nova Scotia. A second route will start from *Galena* or *Dubuque*, or still farther west, run to *Chicago*; then over the *Michigan Central Railroad* to *Detroit*; thence through *Canada-West* to *Hamilton*; cross the *Niagara*

River, and by way of Lockport, Rochester, Rome, Watertown, Ogdensburgh, Rouse's Point, and the Atlantic and St. Lawrence Railroad, reach Portland, Bangor, and St. John's, New-Brunswick. It also furnishes a direct route from Ogdensburgh and Rouse's Point, over the Vermont Central road to Boston. A *third* great route will commence as far west as Council Bluffs on the Missouri River; go through Iowa City; cross the Mississippi River by a bridge at Rock-Island; pass Peru and Ottowa; thence by way of the Northern Indiana and Michigan Southern Railroad, to Toledo, Sandusky, Cleveland, Dunkirk, and Buffalo; over the New-York Central road by Syracuse and Utica, to Albany, Troy, Springfield, and Boston. This route will also form a direct connection with the New-York & Erie Railroad, and convey passengers and traffic from Dunkirk to New-York. It will connect at Erie, with the Erie & Sunbury road forming a line direct to Philadelphia, and also to New-York by way of Easton. A *fourth* general route will have a commencement on the Mississippi River, opposite Burlington, Iowa; run east through Peoria, Ill., the States of Indiana and Ohio, over the Ohio & Pennsylvania Railroad to Pittsburgh; thence east through Harrisburgh to Philadelphia, with a branch to Easton; and across New-Jersey to New-York. This route will be joined by one commencing at St. Joseph, Missouri, and, running east, cross the Mississippi River at Hannibal or Quincy; thence through Springfield and the States of Indiana and Ohio. A *fifth* road will extend from Independence, Missouri, by way of Jefferson City and St. Louis, east through Illinois, over the Ohio & Mississippi Railroad, by the way of Vincennes to Cincinnati and Parkersburg; thence over the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad to Washington and Baltimore. There will be a direct line, also, from Cincinnati, crossing the Ohio River at Wheeling, and joining the Pennsylvania Railroad near Greensburgh, thus forming a direct route from St. Louis to Philadelphia and New-York. The roads west of the Mississippi, running to Council Bluffs, St. Joseph, and Independence, will, no doubt, some day connect with a great national road to the Pacific. A *sixth* route will commence at the junction of the Ohio and Mississippi rivers, opposite Cairo, and run through Nashville, Knoxville, Abingdon, Va., Lynchburgh, and Petersburg, to Norfolk. It will also form a direct route through Lynchburg, Charlottesville, Alexandria, and Washington, to Baltimore, Philadelphia, and New-York. A *seventh* route extends from Memphis, Tenn., through Huntsville, Chattanooga, Atlanta, and Augusta to Charleston, S. C. Commencing at Memphis, there will be an uninterrupted and direct line of railway without a single break or change of gauge, from the Mississippi River to

the sea-board in Virginia, so that cars will run on the same track, through Chattanooga, Knoxville, Lynchburgh, and Petersburg to Norfolk. The great advantage which this road will have over those that are cut up into sections, must be readily perceived. An *eighth* route will extend from Vicksburg through Jackson, Montgomery, Alabama, Columbus, and Macon, Georgia, to Savannah. The *ninth* and most southern route of all, will some day be built from New-Orleans to Mobile and Pensacola; thence through Florida and Southern Georgia to Brunswick on the Atlantic.

The most noticeable roads now built or building from north to south, are three. One of these is the route by the sea-board. It has numerous breaks, made by towns, cities, and rivers, and all without good reason, except the one at New-York, occasioned by the broad and navigable Hudson. Except these numerous interruptions, there is something approaching to a continuous line of railway from Bangor, Maine, by Portland, Portsmouth, Boston, Springfield, Hartford, New-York, Philadelphia, Wilmington, Baltimore, Washington, (then steamer some forty miles,) Aquia Creek, Fredericksburg, Richmond, Petersburg, Wilmington, Manchester, (thence to Charleston,) Augusta, and Atlanta to Montgomery, Alabama. Here, for the present, the railway stops. The mail route is continued by stages and steamers to Mobile and New-Orleans. A *second* north and south route, and one of the longest and most important railways projected in the Union, will extend from Milwaukee and Chicago, south; be joined by one from Galena; run to Cairo; thence through Kentucky, Tennessee, and Alabama to Mobile, with a branch by way of Jackson, Miss., to New-Orleans. This railway through the Valley of the Mississippi, extending some twelve or thirteen hundred miles, will come in direct competition with more than eighteen hundred miles of the navigable portion of the great Father of Waters. The shortest time usually occupied by the river-boats from Galena to New-Orleans, is from six to seven days. At less than twenty-five miles an hour, the locomotive and express-train will go through in two days and a half. Most important branches of this road will extend from Northern Alabama to Nashville and Louisville, and also to Lexington and Cincinnati. The *third* northern and southern road, and by far the most important—considered as a mail route—of all the railroad lines in the United States, remains to be mentioned. Nature had the planning of the road herself, and she laid it out through a beautiful and picturesque valley between the Alleghany mountains and the Blue Ridge. After the line is opened, if properly constructed, it will be the most direct,

the shortest, and most pleasant to travel, and, doubtless, through all time to come, will form the principal mail route between New-Orleans and the south-west, and Washington, New-York, and the north-east. It runs from Washington by way of Alexandria, Fairfax, Charlottesville, Lynchburg, Salem, Abingdon, Knoxville, Chattanooga, and Huntsville to Mobile and New-Orleans. Through a beautiful and healthy country, away from the swamps and marshes of the sea-coast, and, south-west of Washington, having few of those breaks in the road—it should not have any—that render Richmond, Petersburg, Augusta, and Columbus so unpleasant and annoying to the traveller; this great northern and southern route must always be a favorite one with the travelling public.

When the country becomes thickly checkered, spanned by one vast net-work of railways, the great advantages that *through and unbroken lines* will possess, will become apparent. It is impracticable to transport large quantities of freight without them. With travellers, there is necessarily much toil and exposure in going ten or twelve hundred miles by railway. Long journeys now are of every-day occurrence, and taking a seat in a train becomes as much a question of comfort, as of days, dollars, and cents. The greatest lover of sofa, slippers, and fireside, may ensconce himself in an English first-class railway carriage, and find that travelling is not a very great task after all. On the other hand, the most inveterate "rambler" may start on a journey of three or four hundred miles, by an American railroad, through some parts of the country, and before he is half-way to his destination, he will fully appreciate the comfort and quiet of the old poet of Boston, who never was thirty miles from his native city, and who often writes poems on the miseries of travelling. One thing is clear, we have not made the most of our advantages, nor do we perpetuate a broad and liberal system of internal improvements. In steamers, yachts, and clipper-ships, we have out-sailed the world; but on land our means of conveyance are behind most other countries in speed, efficiency, and comfort. We are improving, but we are not improving fast enough. We are perpetuating our original errors. Some day there will be a continuous railway line from Maine to New-Orleans. The Hudson will be bridged at the Highlands. The undertaking is not as great as two structures already commencing in British America—the bridging of the mighty St. Lawrence, both at Montreal and Quebec. Our Canadian neighbors are building railways on a broad and liberal principle.

There is a most powerful public opinion in this country that will protect local communities in making public improvements.

The same influence is as powerful in preventing local authorities from obstructing the public and the mails. The inhabitants of an obscure town on the shores of Lake Erie, can not be permitted to inconvenience ten or fifteen millions of people in their means of transit, and their daily mail service. When Virginia refuses a charter for a railway across a narrow strip of territory between Pennsylvania and the Ohio River, the State is a loser in every respect. The inhabitants of that locality are certainly entitled to a share of public improvements; they buy up the land, build the road without a charter, and are sure to be protected in a clear and inalienable right, by the entire community on every side of them. By such a course, the authority of a State is greatly weakened, and citizens lose their respect and regard for the laws. A charter was once asked to build a much-needed road in the interior of the same State, but the local and moneyed interest of a rival route prevented the legislature from granting it, except on the condition that the road should be of a certain gauge, and different from that of other roads north and south of it! There is a clear stamp of "equal right" in the railway law of the State of New-York, which allows any company to build a road in any locality, on complying with certain conditions, and depositing a certain amount of security with the State Treasurer. The pecuniary undertaking of building a railway is so great, that no one will be attempted, where a road does not seem to be wanted. One more example will illustrate our position, that the residents of any locality are clearly entitled to internal improvements, and means of communication with a near market. Some day a railway will, no doubt, be built from Lynchburgh to Danville in Virginia. The North-Carolina State Railroad from Raleigh, through Greensboro and Salisbury, to Charlotte, is nearly finished. A prominent citizen of North-Carolina, residing at Raleigh, was asked if there should not be a link of railway supplied between Greensboro and Danville, Virginia, and thus greatly accommodate the public by materially shortening the route north and south between Washington and Charleston. "Oh! no," says the North-Carolinian, "our Legislature will never allow the business of Raleigh, and the State road to be injured by allowing that line of railway to be built." In reply to that, a citizen of the State, residing between Greensboro and Danville, says, "But we have as much right to a railway as the big folks at Raleigh, and if we can't get a charter we'll buy up the land and build the road whether or no." And undoubtedly they will. Many have an idea that a railway *through* a place is an injury to it. So thought the inhabitants of Worcester and Northampton, in England. Railways were built all round

them, but they steadily refused to have any steam traffic. The consequence was, that when other towns had railway communication, trade seemed to desert these places altogether. In self-defense, they were obliged to have railways, and Worcester is now inconvenienced by being on a side branch. It is a general opinion that our railways are built far cheaper than those in Great Britain. Abstractly this is true, but when we come to consider that ours seldom have but one track, while theirs have two; that English railways are laid down in the most substantial manner, admitting a high rate of speed; that the roads in that country are built in a more direct line, without regard to natural obstacles; that land there is much dearer; that their station-houses are far larger and better, the difference does not appear so great. The average cost of English roads is not far from £33,000 (\$165,000) a mile, and ours about \$35,000. There are about 7000 miles of railway in Great Britain, which, together with the rolling stock, (technically called "plant,") cost in round numbers \$1,500,000,000; in British currency, three hundred million pounds sterling. Of this immense sum, it is a current and undeniable report that £75,000,000—one fourth of the whole—has been sunk: irretrievably lost, in bad speculations, legal expenses, opposition of companies, both in Parliament and out, projected, partly constructed, and abandoned lines, dishonest management, and rival routes cutting one anothers' throats. The average dividends of the English railway companies, are not far from three per cent annually. Some of the station-houses are models of architecture, exceeding in some particulars the most magnificent structures of ancient or modern time. They are literal "crystal palaces," built of glass and iron. Some of them have an inside measurement of from 200 to 250 feet broad, and from 800 to 1200 feet in length, without a support. Among the best stations in Great Britain are those at Paddington and at Birmingham, on the Great Western Line, the Euston Square and the Birmingham on the London and North-Western, the stations at Derby, Liverpool, Newcastle-on-Tyne, and Perth. The station at Euston Square, London, which is used only for passenger traffic, was erected at an expense of \$2,500,000. The gateway at the entrance, is supported by four Doric pillars, each eight or nine feet in diameter, and reminds the traveller of the porticoes of ancient Grecian temples.

The highest speed, safety, and efficiency of the English railways are secured by fencing them entirely out of the streets of cities and towns. They often run below the level of the highways, the latter passing over by bridges, and sometimes they are brought into a city on arches, and the streets run under

them. The main railways are thus brought into the heart of London. A stranger in the modern Babylon will often hear the roar of a train when it is entirely out of sight, perhaps rushing beneath his feet. One railway now nearly encircles London, north of the Thames, running over arches and embankments, and through deep cuts and tunnels. A plan has long been in contemplation, to bring all the railways that come to London through a tunnel, under the city, to Farringdon street, near Holborn-hill. If this be done, a branch will be carried under the General Post-Office, at St. Martin's le Grand. This will give all London from an hour to an hour and a half longer between the arrival of the afternoon and the departure of the evening mail.

The security of travel by railway in Great Britain is greatly increased, by there being few level crossings over common roads, and in these cases having a gate, and a keeper in constant attendance to shut off travel when a train is due. All railways, too, are fenced off, to guard against cattle as well as persons. No one is allowed to step on a railway in the country, to walk on the track, or make it a thoroughfare; and, any one found trespassing, is arrested and imprisoned, if he persists in remaining after being warned off. This plan will have to be adopted in America, when our country becomes more thickly settled. All parties, particularly those residing in cities, are benefited by having railways come directly into the town, but in all cases the track should be shut off from the streets.

One of the best regulations in the management of the English railways, is their manner of collecting fares. Tickets are numbered by an endless register, while printing, and the date supplied when the ticket is sold. No person is allowed to take a seat in a train without a ticket. If by mistake a person gets in without one, the conductor is not permitted to collect his fare, but he must purchase a ticket at the next station. If he refuses, or has no money, a special law meets his case exactly. "Any passenger taking a seat in a railway train, without having paid his fare, and with intent to defraud the company, is liable to imprisonment not exceeding twenty days, or a fine of forty shillings, in addition to his fare." Such passenger is arrested at the first stopping-place. How much preferable all this is to our plan of collecting pay in the cars, and "putting out" a passenger that will not pay. A few years since, it may be recollected that when a train was stopped, to "throw out" a fraudulent passenger, another train came along, ran into it, and killed several persons. It may well be asked if it be right for companies to run the pecuniary risk and throw temptation in the way of their servants, by thus allowing them to collect fares

without any check whatever on their returns. Men are not perfect, and it must follow that companies are often defrauded. One of the best regulations of all, on the English and Continental railways, can only be alluded to here, and that is the uniform dress of the servants and employés of the companies. They are thus instantly recognized, which, in the hurry of starting trains, is of great consequence, and their dress is a guarantee for their good behavior. Railway business can not be well managed without a distinctive dress for all the persons employed.

It is probably well known, that accidents on American railways, in proportion to the number travelling, are three times as frequent as in England, and nine times as frequent as in Prussia, while with us the speed is not as high. One very great safeguard which should never be omitted in any railway system is this. Throughout Great Britain, a competent person, an "inspector," traverses every foot of the railway track once a day. Working hands are under his control, and all indications of danger—a bolt starting out, sleepers settling, rails fractured, are at once repaired. Each inspector has a certain distance to look over. The effect of storms, washing up of the track, fallen trees or rocks, obstructions placed by malicious persons, are all guarded against, as far as practicable. A track often gets gradually out of repair, and the first indication we have of it is, a train "runs off," and another casualty is added to the long chapter of accidents "where no body is to blame." Can it not be perceived, that life and property with us would be far more safe with such a system of daily inspection? Some roads have them; but many do not. Inspection and superintendence cost money, but often one single accident will be of more pecuniary damage to a company, than would arise from employing a hundred extra hands, with good salaries. All employed persons, too, should be held to a strict personal accountability in case of accidents. If this were the case, we should see fewer casualties, and imprisonment for manslaughter would often follow, instead of the only punishment now frequently meted out to a culpable person, and recorded in the brief sentence, "The company discharged him."

One more excellency of English railway management. They *deliver* all their goods, as soon as received. The arrivals and departures of trains at the London end of the London & North-Western Railway, amount to sixty-five trains a day; a train every twenty to thirty minutes from morning till night. This railway alone carries into London from 900 to 100 tons, (2,000,000 lbs.) of goods daily. All London would scarcely

suffice for ware-house room, if this enormous quantity of goods were stored for the owners to call for them. It would be impossible. One firm in London, engaged in delivering goods for railways, employs 4700 horses. The sum for delivery is added to the freight, and all collected in one bill. The English railways carry boxes, packages, and parcels, by goods-trains about as expeditiously as our express companies, and from one fourth to one third the price. *But their railway lines have an unbroken track.* The writer has before him a bill of three packages—trunk, parcel, and carpet bag—weighing 176 lbs. He delivered them himself at a “receiving-house,” in London, Wednesday afternoon; on Thursday they were sent by goods-train to Liverpool, and Friday morning were delivered. The whole charge was five shillings and two pence sterling, \$1.28. By passenger-trains, small parcels are sent as expeditiously as by mails. From London to Bristol—one hundred and twenty miles—the carriage of parcels weighing from one to twelve pounds, is arranged in a scale of prices from sixpence to one and three-pence. This is by passenger-train, and includes collection and delivery. From this, we can see how dearly we pay for our transportation, through the machinery of disconnected railways and monopolizing express companies. Delivery of every thing is the true system. It is as essential in the transportation of goods as in letters and papers, but we have it with neither. The people of London reap a vast advantage from the delivery at every door, of five or six thousand tons of goods, and three hundred thousand letters, daily, an advantage that we know nothing about.

If, in our exposition of railway traffic in different countries, we have made some comparisons not altogether flattering to our national pride, we trust we have done more towards the introduction of improvements than we should, had we merely recorded the results of our enterprise and ingenuity, and fed our self-esteem with honeyed words and flattering phraseology.

1. *History of England from the Accession of James II.* By T. B. MACAULAY. Boston. 1854.
2. *Essays.* By T. B. MACAULAY. London. 1851.
3. *Poems.* By T. B. MACAULAY. London. 1852.
4. *Speeches.* By T. B. MACAULAY. London. 1853.

PROVIDENCE has wisely and beneficently diversified the genius, the capabilities, and the vocations of man. To one is given the power of being great as a warrior, to another of being illustrious as a statesman. One may shine in art, another may be distinguished in science. Commerce, too, enjoys its eminent men; there is scarcely a department of life in which are not found those who specially excel in some single capacity, who would have excelled in no other. In the world of literature, the same, of course, holds good. One writer is great in prose, another is brilliant in immortal verse. We have the essayist, the romancist, the dramatist, and the historian. Several have attempted to unite all, and superadd the fame of the orator and poet too. But it is rarely or never given to one man to excel in all. Cæsar is the only one who has shone as a general, as an orator, and an author. There may have been minor stars, such as Peterborough and others, who were ambitious of combining all, with philosophy too, like Frederick the Great. But their genius has been erratic, or their pretensions have been flimsy. Even in the field of literature alone, no one has been equally powerful as a poet, an essayist, and a historian. Southey is the only great name of recent times whom we remember; and the greater part of his works may already be classed with the dead. Voltaire is a more brilliant exception; yet his keen wit will scarcely save three parts of his productions from oblivion. We doubt whether there are ten men now living who have read the whole of them. Posterity has already made a selection; and by only a few of his seventy or eighty volumes will he be known to a later generation. Sir Walter Scott also will experience the same fate. Shakespeare alone has escaped it, by the greater part of his works being confined to one department; and we can not help thinking it was in a moment inauspicious for Mr. MACAULAY'S fame, when to his character as an essayist, an orator, and a poet, he attempted to add that of a historian.

For history indeed he is in no respect qualified. He lacks the most important and essential point. A brilliant essayist—the most brilliant perhaps in the language—an able but not an

extemporaneous advocate, a vivid though not strikingly original poet, he is utterly destitute of the calmness, the impartiality, and the solidity of history. He exhibits but little philosophy, and is wholly without either fairness or temper. He enters upon history with all the animosity and asperity of a writer of the present day. It is astonishing to witness the venom and the malignity with which he contrives to mark men and events that have passed nearly two centuries ago. No heated debater of our day could bestow more hearty censure on an opponent, or view him with a hatred more intense, than that with which Macaulay looks on the era of the Stuarts. Time, which usually assuages passions, has for him no amenity. The grave, which so often extinguishes all, secures from him no respect. He misrepresents James II. with a rancor as untiring as if he were alive, or had refused him office to-day; and distorts the character of William Penn with a zeal as untiring as if six generations had not closed over his remains. Judging, indeed, from the eagerness with which he frequently relinquishes the historian's path to pay some courtier-like compliment to Queen Victoria, we question whether, if the much-lampooned king had been alive, he would not have received the acclamations of a writer from the ranks of a nation notorious for its submissiveness to living sovereigns, and its abuse of dead; and we entertain no doubt that he would never have dared to impute such motives and imprint such insinuations against Penn, could the calm and majestic figure of the great patriot rise before him. In a word, partiality is the great feature of Mr. Macaulay's history. He exhibits a gross adulation of the living, and a grosser vituperation of the dead. His work is utterly destitute of the impartiality and calmness which we expect from lofty narrative. To this character indeed it has no pretension, or at least no claim. Instead of being a calm and profound and contemplative history, it is merely a discursive, extended, and occasionally brilliant essay, designed to glorify the existing English Whigs, and stigmatize the extinct family of the Stuarts. Above all other ends, Mr. Macaulay seems to have in view the bedaubing with utterly undue praise the present house of Russell. He has prostituted himself to politics, and perverted his talent to faction. He is the sycophant of a vile party, and the slanderer of an unhappy race.

We say this with reluctance, for we yet remember that Mr. Macaulay, in one of the most brilliant of his speeches, quoted in the *London Times* of March the 3d, 1831, gave utterance to the bold and patriotic sentiment, that "If the people of England supposed they could be better governed by

a republic, they undoubtedly had the right to make the choice by the voice of their representatives." There is, indeed, a loop-hole for escape in the latter part of the sentence; for it is ludicrous to imagine that a body of representatives chosen as the British House of Commons is, by bribery, aristocratic influence, and intimidation, would ever make the demand; yet still the sentiment was manly, and it mainly contributed to secure him popular applause when he was shortly afterwards gazetted to an appointment of £10,000 sterling a year in India. It was not at the time supposed that after acquiring a fortune of £50,000, Mr. Macaulay would in a few years return to England, and in the capacity of a cabinet minister employ all his ability, rhetoric, and sophistry in increasing the power of the crown and crushing the liberties of the people. Yet this was precisely what Mr. Macaulay did. He became the mere instrument of the Whigs, when he might have been their master. He entered office as a subordinate minister, and as a subordinate minister he consented for many years to remain—until, in fact, he had divested himself alike of influence, popularity, and independence. He quitted only when the whole party was summarily ejected from power; and it redounds scarcely to his honor that he has not reëntered upon place, inasmuch as he is not supposed to have been cordially, if at all, solicited. The orange was sucked, and, as in the instance of Brougham, the rind was contemptuously cast away.

In the few words we have to say of Mr. Macaulay, we intend subjecting him to a power which he himself has never exhibited. We purpose to consider his works analytically; and this is a process which he himself has never employed. We know not how it is—whether it be from want of industry, of care, supreme contempt for the author, or unbounded complacency for himself—but Mr. Macaulay, though professedly one of the most voluminous reviewers of the day, has never in reality yet reviewed a book. The numerous professed reviews which he has written are, properly described, only essays, apparently produced solely for the purpose of displaying the opinions and erudition of Mr. Macaulay. With the exception of the snarling paper on Croker's "Life of Johnson," (Boswell Revised,) where party spirit induced him to cite numerous passages containing real or fancied errors in that generally highly accurate and marvellously industrious work, we remember not one of Mr. Macaulay's nominal reviews in which he has ever quoted the author, or done more than merely cite his name at the beginning of the article, for the purpose of using it as a peg on which to hang his own

lucubrations. A sparkling essay is thus usually produced, but generally at the utter sacrifice of all fairness and credit to the author. The latter is wholly overlooked or forgotten in the enormous mass of words, ideas, ornament, and erudition with which Mr. Macaulay overloads the subject. Many of these words may be elegant, ideas correct, ornament refined though often meretricious, and erudition great but frequently more pompous than profound—and the whole may form an admirable essay when separately or collectively read; but still they constitute no review, and the reader rises from their perusal with a heavy and vague and overburdened sense that they in no way relate to the author under notice, but are designed solely to set forth the resplendent abilities and acquirements of Mr. Macaulay. It is not exactly that the *materiem superat opus*; but the reviewer thus shows himself destitute of the higher power—*ars celare artem*. In his history the same fault is visible. We are excluded in the one instance from every view of the author under notice, and in the other from the subject under treatment, and eternally reminded only of Mr. Macaulay. An effect is thus produced similar to that resulting from an imperfect representation of the great characters of Shakespeare. When we see a Kean or a Kemble performing them, we utterly lose sight of the individual portraiture, and imagine we behold a Richard or Othello, or a Hamlet before us. When an inferior artist, and highly accomplished one—but still a mere actor, like Macready, attempts the same delineation, the vivifying power of genius is wanting—the illusion is destroyed; we forget the immortal creation of Shakspeare, and see only Mr. Macready before us. Thus it is of Macaulay in comparison to a great historian such as Gibbon. The one eternally obtrudes his *Is* and egotism, and mere opinions upon us. The other rarely if ever employs the obnoxious pronoun, but he carries us along by a strain of eloquence and a force of ratiocination which almost invariably convey conviction, even to the most obtuse, along with them.

Another peculiarity of Mr. Macaulay is his inordinate love for display. We allude, not to the memorable parade he made on the occasion of his first invitation to Queen Victoria's Palace, when he could not restrain himself from inditing, dated "Windsor Castle," to his constituents at Edinburgh, that noted epistle which induced the worthy electors of the Cannongate to exclaim, "Eh! maun! has na oor Babbie got far ben!" (that is to say, has not our Babington got far into her Majesty's good graces)—an outburst of vanity which caused his future visits to that royal establishment to be for many years some-

what like those of angels, remarkably few and far between. On many points of his assertions—those for instance, in which he, with more devotion to party principle than adherence to truth summarily whitewashes the Whigs, and, above all, the house of Russell, from that imputation of corruption by Louis XIV., which is notoriously a fact established in history—we should like to see the authority whereon he bases his conclusions. We should also like to learn his sources of information concerning many other startling affirmations which he founds upon no particular ground, but rests merely upon some vague reference cited in a mass at the end of the topic. But we could dispense with the immense farrago of unnecessary quotations which he has made from every inconceivable source—from legitimate history down to obscure private letters and vulgar ballad songs—evidently for no other purpose than to parade his learning; inasmuch as, had he but adopted merely a line from each of the works he so pompously names, not a single word of the superstructure he builds upon them would be his; and in a historian of his stamp or pretensions we are accustomed to look for originality in the delineation of character and description of events.

A still greater fault, and a source of more serious imputation with Mr. Macaulay, is that he generally contents himself with a mere reference to these obscure private letters and doggerel documents, instead of openly quoting them. Parties at a distance from the scene are not favored with any means of testing the value of papers concealed in some lumber library at Oxford, or in the family archives of a Whig nobleman. We should like to see the documents themselves before implicitly confiding in the view he gives of them; and on no other conditions can we consent to yield the importance which he attaches to them, or even agree to their introduction as sources of authority in legitimate history. Were the private letters and opinions of the present Lord John Russell thus to be disinterred and referred to after the lapse of a century or two, we have little doubt that no such paragon of a minister (in his own estimation) ever existed as the late premier of England, and that no such cabinet of perfection was ever found as the present Aberdeen administration. Whiggery is, in fact, Mr. Macaulay's besetting sin. His genius is its clique, its exclusivism is his passion. He is a small despot in the world of letters, and looks upon all mankind with disdain unless they chance to belong to the favorite *coterie*. Could we get admission by any possible means to any of these select circles at Oxford, or Cambridge, or some snug Whig family party, we question whether Mr. Macaulay would allow us to have the liberty of forming an independent

opinion. *Sic volo, sic jubeo*, is his motto. We must decide expressly as he thinks, and arrive at our judgment precisely as he oracularly propounds. He would monopolize every source of information as well as every species of literary merit, and looks with disdain on all who, from fortune, position, or a more unbending spirit, have not had entrance to the same pampered and pampering circles as himself.

Nor is it only toward his readers that Mr. Macaulay adopts this contemptuous course. Every other writer, past or present, seems to be viewed by him with the same sovereign disdain, unless each and all of them concur with his opinions, or implicitly acknowledge him as monarch in every department of literature which he may think proper to claim. In this respect he is the most exacting of living authors. He would monopolize every branch of the *belles lettres*, and allow no author to be named but himself. In this intense selfishness and insatiate vanity he far surpasses Dickens; for Dickens has the art to affect a virtue if he has it not, and will occasionally tolerate a living rival, though he prefers to praise a dead contemporary. Macaulay, however, would rule his little realm with the rod of a despot, and has been humorously compared to the concoctor of a pantomime who insists on thrusting it on the public night after night, and at each trick, tumble, and feat of the *saltimbanque*, exclaims, "Is it not wonderful? I alone did it. See my genius, learning, and applaud. Don't presume to form any independent opinion; but go home to your friends, and say it is my work—the work of the renowned, the clever, the omniscient, and astute T. B. Macaulay."

We could smile at this ludicrous portraiture given of Macaulay by an anonymous English reviewer, who denounces him as "a fatted little Napoleon in the world of letters," were it not that the grounds on which he is thus held up to ridicule afford warrant for far more serious inculpation. The reviewer is merely laughing at Mr. Macaulay's incessant attempts to represent every thing modern in England as *couleur de rose*, and stigmatize all the past as barren and rude. We assuredly are not amongst the number of those who would cry up the glories of a by-gone age, and look with contempt on the acquisitions of the present. In the advance of education and progress of human affairs, every child ought naturally to know more than his father knew; but it is not the less certain that the latter was once, and long, the more intelligent of the two. We readily admit, with Mr. Macaulay, that a laborer of the present day enjoys luxuries and possesses advantages unknown to a nobleman in the time of the Tudors—that he may wear cotton hose, need not sleep on straw, may occasionally tread

a carpet, and sip his tea or coffee. But all things are comparative. Such luxuries being then unknown, men troubled themselves no more about them than we should and do about those which our posterity may discover in the twentieth century, and wonder that we could have existed without. The stalwart race who then lived were contented with their hay trusses, bacon and ale, and, so far as we can discover, were in no respects inferior to their comparatively effeminate descendants of the present day. Still less can we admit that such men as Washington, Chatham, Mirabeau, and others of their great contemporaries, were inferior to the clique of lawyers who manage most of our American elections, and the aristocrats who control the destinies of England and France, though the former were necessarily ignorant of those triumphs of steam, the railway, and the electric telegraph, which are familiar, as matters of every-day occurrence, to the worthies we have named. We scorn the gross ignorance and vulgar flattery which prompt Mr. Richard Cobden to declare that one copy of the *London Times* contains more useful information than Thucydides ever wrote, though the former makes us familiar with the state of the market, prices, the variations of stock, politics, and affords, as every well-conducted journal ought, a tolerably accurate history of the world for a day. We prefer the superior wisdom of the author who, amidst cares, and dangers, and difficulties, and surrounding ignorance, wrote a history for all time, or at least which posterity in the hundredth generation still admires. We therefore differ in this respect from Mr. Macaulay *toto cælo*; but should differ from him without the slightest asperity, were not his laudations of the present age designed to induce mankind, and especially the English people, to bend submissively to the yoke under which they at present groan. The burden of Mr. Macaulay's song, and the bearing of his tenets, is, "Submit unrepiningly and unreservedly to the Whigs; leave a selfish and arrogant band of aristocrats to dominate exclusively over you; be content with your present condition as hewers of wood and drawers of water." For our part, we prefer the good old times which he stigmatizes, and that good old cause for which Cromwell fought and Hampden fell.

But, to enter more into detail of Mr. Macaulay's History. The work promises to be exceedingly voluminous, and its object assuredly is to be vast. In an introduction abounding with those profuse uses of the pronoun I, to which we have already alluded, he says, utterly heedless of being supposed to copy Swift, or Thiers' famous initial, *Je me propose*, in his far more interesting publication on the French Revolution:

"I propose to write the history of England from the accession of King James II. down to a time which is within the memory of men still living. I shall recount the errors which, in a few months, alienated a loyal gentry and priesthood from the race of Stuart. I shall trace the course of that revolution which terminated the long struggle between our sovereigns and their parliaments, and bound up together the rights of the people and the title of the reigning dynasty. I shall relate how the new settlement was, during many troubled years, successfully defended against domestic and foreign enemies; how, under that settlement, the authority of law and the security of property were found to be compatible with a liberty of discussion and of individual action never before known; how, from the auspicious union of order and freedom sprang a prosperity of which the annals of human affairs had furnished no example; how our country, from a state of ignominious vassalage, rapidly rose to the place of umpire among European powers; how her opulence and her martial glory grew together; how, by wise and resolute good faith, was gradually established a public credit fruitful of marvels which, to the statesmen of any former age, would have seemed incredible; how a gigantic commerce gave birth to a maritime power compared with which every other maritime power, ancient or modern, sinks into insignificance; how Scotland, after ages of enmity, was at last united to England, not merely by legal bonds, but by indissoluble ties of interest and affection; how, in America, the British colonies rapidly became far mightier and wealthier than the realms which Cortes and Pizarro had added to the dominions of Charles V.; how, in Asia, British adventure founded an empire not less splendid, and more durable, than that of Alexander."

The object here assuredly is exceedingly vast, and, barring the occasional egotism, it is stated in terms not unworthy; but Mr. Macaulay's first and two or three following chapters by no means keep pace with this lofty tone, nor with the philosophy and dignity of history. In considering the early annals of Britain, and in his description of the original differences and final amalgamation of the various races which peopled it, we in vain search for the fine though often erroneous philosophizing spirit of Hume, and in many instances Mr. Macaulay is not a whit superior to that great historian in numerous matters of detail and fact. Hume is notoriously weak in this respect, and in approaching the time of the Tudors and the Stuarts, he shows himself to be remarkably under the influence of prejudice. But Mr. Macaulay, in both, far surpasses him. The early part of his work, if not altogether flimsy, exhibits little of the profundity and research which mark the labors of Lingard and many others who have written on this subject; and, so soon as he approaches the modern period, we in vain look in his pages for either impartiality or fairness.

But it is in the brief interval, or one or two chapters intervening between this early period, that Mr. Macaulay's shortcomings as a historian are most conspicuous. He almost wholly glides over the great and glorious period of the English Commonwealth, and concerning Cromwell he is almost wholly

silent. We can easily conceive, indeed, that he sat on the Royal Commission, with Prince Albert at its head, which excluded that illustrious man's statue from the new houses of Parliament. Mr. Macaulay, if he could, would make us forget all the glories of the period, and treat us to a description of stage-coaches, coffee-houses, the badness of roads, the difficulties of travelling, and the early history of such trumpery English towns as Tunbridge Wells, Bath, and Buxton instead.

Macaulay is indeed capable, but his present courtly habits and party entanglements prevent him from duly depicting the glorious character of Cromwell. Were he free from these, he might have recognized the great Protector's sagacity and decision, and the other striking characteristics which enabled him so dexterously to avail himself of the circumstances of the times in which he lived. While describing the early history of Scotland in connection with England, Mr. Macaulay might have represented that all parties concurred in extolling the equity of Cromwell's government there. He might have shown his historical lore by citing the fact that the clergy of the northern kingdom were highly scandalized by the soldiers of the Commonwealth voluntarily choosing the penitential stool when they attended mass, and that the judges were ordered to deliver their decrees in writing, that contemporaries, equally with posterity, might be able to comprehend the barbarous language they spoke. He might have admitted that the Protector's court was in every respect an example of domestic purity—far exceeding that of the vaunted Queen Victoria; that under him commerce flourished, and the revenue was administered with a frugality of which the present reign affords no example; that, instead of truckling to France, he dictated to her, and overawed at once the Vatican and the Escorial. He might have found a curious coincidence in the fact that the great republican succored the Turkish captive and the persecuted Protestant, and that in the Indies as well as Europe, he made the name of England an object of admiration not less than of terror. But no, Mr. Macaulay of course follows the great Whig leader, Fox's opinion, that Cromwell's system ought to be condemned equally by reason and by prejudice. He acknowledges him to be a religious enthusiast, but will not admit that he was a sagacious statesman, an unconquered soldier, and that some of the best blood in England flowed in his veins. The old story and vulgar falsehood, that Cromwell originally was a common brewer is, of course, revived. Mr. Macaulay will not allow that under the hard breast-plate and harder aspect of that rugged man there beat a heart that could respond, when need were, to the touch of all the gentler emo-

tions. He concurs rather with the conceited and coxcombical Jeffrey,* that Cromwell's severities made republican institutions hateful. With the Irish libeller, Barrington, Macaulay thinks that the wrecks created by the great dictator's desolation are still scattered profusely over every part of Ireland; and we in vain search for any such admission, as even the French historian Guizot has made, that his troops, especially the old immortal Ironsides, were denied all the comfort of domestic, all the license of military life; that ill clad, ill shod,† they marched on, confident in their leader and proud of their glory. From Mr. Macaulay's pages we should never learn that these troops were so disciplined though so haughty in their mien, were at once so obedient to their leader and so terrible to the foe. Cromwell's skill in commanding them is not even admitted; nor, though his severity is duly noticed, do we find the slightest acknowledgment of the remarkable facility with which he passed from severity to gentleness, and that on all occasions—even when Charles the First offered a price for his assassination—he showed a spirit too lofty for retaliation. To the historian Guizot, not to Macaulay, we are indebted for the fact that Charles exclaimed, "Who will bring me the head of this Cromwell, dead or alive?" though Mr. Macaulay in his early days is said to have dined off a calf's head at Cambridge on the anniversary of the unhappy Charles' own decapitation. All, however, is now changed; and when the great Protector is alluded to in the course of these pages, he is depicted not in terms of dazzling brilliancy, but in tones of immortal gloom.

Great commendation is, of course bestowed upon Richard, Cromwell's feeble son and successor, because he restored, mainly by his incompetence, that monarchy under which Mr. Macaulay has now the happiness to live and thrive. Mr. Macaulay evidently dwells with rapture upon this deplorable ruler's sense and honesty, on his want of decision, and on his incapacity for taking a part in mighty events. We are only surprised that, in his passion for details, he did not mention that the young Protector was overwhelmed by debt; and that, when in one of his ambitious moralizing moods, he failed to remark that this degenerate son of so great a sire was the puppet of a fortune he never enjoyed, and the victim of a fate he never felt.

Nor to his great opponent, Charles I., does Mr. Macaulay render more justice than to the towering dictator himself. All Mr. Macaulay's fierce hatred of the Stuarts is here brought into action. The unhappy prince's private virtues

* Works, vol. 1, p. 162. † Guizot's English Revolution, vol. 1, p. 183.

might have been acknowledged even in a denunciation of his numerous acts of public faithlessness. At this distance of time, the most unbending republican may admit that in all the domestic relations of life Charles was amiable, that he was only too fond and confiding a husband, that he was a generous patron of literature and art, and that, like almost all his race, he was preëminently a gentleman. We in vain search for any such in the members of the house of Hanover. George IV., the only one of them who lays claim to the title, though he made the best bow in Europe, was only one of the Chesterfield or dancing-school order, and in all other respects was a selfish and heartless voluptuary. The only generous allusion to Charles in the whole of Mr. Macaulay's works is, that he confronted justice with a placid courage which half redeemed his fame. All the falsehood and duplicity in which Charles is said to have habitually indulged are freely dwelt on, without any of the allowance which is to be made for the frequent employment of these vices amid the contentions of war and politics, and their possibly equally free use on the other side. Charles indeed, unfortunately, never knew the expediency of yielding in time or with a good grace. He authorized commissioners to sign a bill for preventing the dissolution of one parliament, and he offered the utmost resistance to the assembling of another. He obstinately contended for names and held out for shadows when all appearance of principle or of the substance had disappeared; and this fault, so natural to the great majority of men, was the main cause of his downfall. Grave, pure, of dignified conduct and undoubted piety, it was his misfortune to be at once self-confident and timid, to oppose tumults by proclamations which were treated with contempt, and to attempt maintaining his authority by protestations which were universally discredited. He commenced a career of despotism without reflection, thinking he could at any time abandon it; and repudiated advice, as the self-willed generally do, until the time for acting on it was past. Though lofty in his deportment and serious in his demeanor, he possessed not sufficient depth of mind to comprehend the difficulties of absolute government; but he had dignity enough to present an aspect the most impressive when, in his person, the previously unparalleled scene was witnessed of a monarch arraigned at the bar of his offended people, and, amid the silent amazement of Europe, royalty doomed to undergo the ordinary fate of a criminal. Affable even at this moment—at a moment when, amidst the coarse insults of the guard, timidity might well in his mind have alternated with defiance, he walked with serenity to the scaffold between compa-

nies of hostile soldiers; and afforded the most memorable instance of mutability in human affairs when, in the fiftieth year of his age, he finally fell a sacrifice to the love of that arbitrary power which he naturally wished to retain as almost inherited from his ancestors.

Charles, indeed, was often haughty to his courtiers, and sometimes rancorous to his people; but in the midst of his haughtiness he was unassuming, and, with all his occasional asperity, he was mild. It was his misfortune that, after being worsted in the field, he attempted to over-reach his enemies by diplomacy; and we could have excused Mr. Macaulay had he brought forward the fact cited by Guizot, that in his last journey to Scotland the moody and now wavering monarch was meditating the darkest designs against his English subjects at the very moment he was making them the most glowing proposals. But this insincerity is mainly to be attributed to the desperation of his position, and to his education under a father who ascribed the highest excellency to that shuffling, trick, and chicanery which he immortalized under the name of "kingcraft." Charles, like James, was generally the dupe of his own deceit, and the attempts which he made to entrap others invariably recoiled upon himself. At an early age he breathed the very atmosphere of vice and pollution, yet he escaped out of them, personally uncontaminated; and it is vain, at an after period, to charge him with a want of courage or with timidity, when it is a matter of notoriety that at Naseby, when all was lost, he courageously dashed forward, sword in hand—despair in every feature indeed,* but still his eyes glaring with resolution—and vehemently exclaimed, "One charge more, and we regain the day!" None of his craven courtiers or surrounding soldiery, it is well known, followed him on that occasion, else the result might possibly have been fatal to freedom; but still we must respect a monarch who, in this extreme hour of peril, exhibited that zeal for his honor which others exhibited for their safety, nor can we be surprised he felt indignant that such a cowardly band should have presumed to judge of him by the occasional wavering of his words instead of the resolute example of his acts.

We could have wished that Mr. Macaulay had done more justice to the redeeming traits in the character of this ill-starred prince; but all his laudations seem to have been reserved for Charles's immediate successor and baser son. The infamous career of Charles II. is of course thus passed lightly over, partly because he yet forms a conspicuous feature in the English liturgy, but chiefly that the historian may have an

* Guizot.

opportunity of more effectually blackening, by contrast, the reputation of James, the first Charles's far more virtuous offspring. No character in history is indeed more revolting than that of the second Charles. It was he, far more than his father, who outraged humanity by publicly offering a reward for the assassination of Cromwell. He is equally worthless as a man and detestable as a sovereign. Cold, heartless, sensual, his private character was adorned by no striking virtue, nor was his public career ever illustrated by one splendid crime. All is selfish, and mean, and mediocre about this man. Still he had that external aspect of refinement characteristic of all the Stuart family, except perhaps his rough but more honest successor, and his half-idiotic grandfather, who inherited an ungainly aspect from a premature fright ere his eyes opened to the light of day. Under this plausible exterior, Charles was cruel, unfeeling, faithless; only too indolent to attempt despotism, and too unenergetic even for revenge. In the midst of profligacy, venality, and turpitude, of which the previous annals of England afford no parallel, he pursued a public career which it is difficult to find equalled save in the worst reigns of the Cæsars; caring seemingly little for power, so long as his selfish passions were gratified, and still less for glory, provided he were not disturbed. He was indeed gay, affable, courteous, and free from that haughtiness by which his father so often offended; but in the homely words of Fox,* "he was a bad man and a bad king;" the only one of England's monarchs for whom even a Tory reviewer admits† it is impossible to feel the slightest touch of either sympathy or respect.

Yet the man, and the monarch, Macaulay comparatively whitewashes. The whole tenor of Mr. Macaulay's remarks seems based on his leader's (Fox's) trivial reprobation, that "this was the era of good laws and bad government." Charles James Fox's feeble history of the epoch is now meritedly consigned to oblivion. All his great fame as an orator, and many undoubted claims as a patriot, can not redeem it from this fate; and our author assuredly would have done well to adopt a better guide. But this is at once the besetting sin and ruin of English Whiggery, and Mr. Macaulay is too much interested in his party to depart from the inculcation. Even Fox laughs at "the secret of what Charles was pleased to term his religion—that is, his pension;" but Mr. Macaulay draws a most touching picture of the corrupt monarch's death-bed, and scarcely even admits, with his leader, that Charles was "unprincipled, ungrateful, treacherous;" that his public

* *Life of James the Second*, pp. 64, 66. † Lockhart, *Quart. Rev.*, ut cit.

conduct was against all the maxims of policy, and his private life opposed to all the dictates of virtue.

But with James II. a new era supervenes, a new style is adopted, wholly inconsistent with the proprieties and fairness of history. "Of his sincerity there is no doubt, and there is just as little of his bigotry," is the most charitable remark Mr. Macaulay makes upon him, and many pages of his History are full of the most malignant attacks on this monarch. He wholly excludes the fact that the Whigs first, and long, intrigued to drive him from power, and then declared the throne vacant by his voluntary abdication. The treasonable conduct of Russell, Sidney, and others, is of course overlooked, though by all the laws of England it merited punishment, and had not even the excuse of being designed for the benefit of the people. It was solely to found and perpetuate aristocratic domination that these men first sold themselves to France, and then plotted against their own monarch; yet, if we did not gain the information from the pages of Barillon, we should in vain look to Macaulay's for the fact that they were all in the pay of Louis XIV., and, if we believed our author, we should suppose they were only actuated by the purest patriotism. In his zeal for the house of Russell, Mr. Macaulay even denies that its representative was corrupted at all, though no fact is more established in history than that he was privy to the corruption of his party, and freely employed the French king's money to save his own. Mr. Macaulay laboriously revives all the calumnies concerning that birth of a son which were so dexterously employed to subvert James's throne; yet no point in human annals is clearer than that the alleged Pretender was really legitimate. Though Fox has avowed it, and called especial attention to the circumstance,* Mr. Macaulay conceals that the Church party were not averse to the despotic exercise of the royal authority in all affairs save their own; and he would therefore render the monarch responsible alone for all the tyranny they encouraged. James's chief error, in fact, was the impracticable design of endeavoring to unite the irreconcilable Churches of England and Rome, and he expiated it by arousing the indignation, or exciting the apathy, of a people who otherwise would have quietly awaited the accession of the Prince of Orange. We are yet ignorant how Mr. Macaulay will treat the declining days of the unhappy sovereign, when he concluded his career by presenting amidst the monks of La Trappe a picture of self-torment so prolonged that nature eventually gave way in the contest.

* History, etc., pp. 153, 154.

But, so far as the work proceeds, the monarch scarcely yet receives credit for disinterested attachment to his creed. He is represented as brutal, sensual, and immoral. All those beautiful traits of feeling exhibited in the touching exclamation, "My children, too, deserted me!" are omitted by Mr. Macaulay in his eagerness to divest the fallen king of any sympathy; and he even insinuates that neither Mary nor Anne was privy to their father's deposition. William III., whose ambition caused all this ruin, and laid the basis of a national debt which England still deplores and staggers under, is naturally lauded in terms the most extravagant. We have not space for even an extract from the forty or fifty pages which are exclusively devoted to singing the hyperbole of his praise; but regret it the less because Mr. Macaulay is so diffuse that a brick would give about as just an idea of an edifice as any quotation of ordinary length would of this monstrously protracted character.

As a favorable specimen of Mr. Macaulay's style, and light, sketchy skill in historical portraiture, we extract the following outline of his character of the ill-fated Monmouth:

"In this respect he [Grey] differed widely from his friend the Duke of Monmouth. Ardent and intrepid on the field of battle, Monmouth was everywhere else effeminate and irresolute. The accident of his birth, his personal courage, and his superficial graces, had placed him in a post for which he was altogether unfitted. After witnessing the ruin of the party of which he had been the nominal head, he had retired to Holland. The Prince and Princess of Orange had now ceased to regard him as a rival. They received him most hospitably; for they hoped that, by treating him with kindness, they should establish a claim to the gratitude of his father. They knew that paternal affection was not yet wearied out, that letters and supplies of money still came secretly from Whitehall to Monmouth's retreat, and that Charles frowned on those who sought to pay their court by speaking ill of his banished son. The Duke had been encouraged to expect that, in a very short time, if he gave no new cause of displeasure, he would be recalled to his native land, and restored to all his high honors and commands. Animated by such expectations, he had been the life of the Hague during the late winter. He had been the most conspicuous figure at a succession of balls in that splendid Orange Hall, which blazes on every side with the most ostentatious coloring of Jordaens and Hondthorst. He had introduced the English country-dance to the knowledge of the Dutch ladies, and had in his turn learned from them to skate on the canals. The Princess had accompanied him in his expeditions on the ice; and the figure which she made there, poised on one leg, and clad in petticoats shorter than are generally worn by ladies so strictly decorous, had caused some wonder and mirth to the foreign ministers. The sullen gravity which had been characteristic of the Stadtholder's court seemed to have vanished before the influence of the fascinating Englishman. Even the stern and pensive William relaxed into good humor when his brilliant guest appeared." (Vol. I., pp. 417, 418.)

Mr. Macaulay, in one of his essays, objects to the old

balanced style of delineating character; but we are disposed to prefer it to this. It will be seen how tautological and inelegant is the frequent use he makes of the expletive *had*, and the same tiresome reiteration is conspicuous throughout the whole of his History. From so consummate a master of style as Mr. Macaulay we assuredly did not expect this, and had any other author been guilty of such carelessness or poverty of language, he undoubtedly, as a reviewer, would have laid on the lash with much severity.

Speaking of Seymour, the haughty but profligate plebeian:

"He *had* *sate* [another of Mr. Macaulay's peculiar expressions] many years in the House of Commons, *had* studied all its rules and usages, and thoroughly understood its peculiar character. He *had* been elected Speaker in the late reign under circumstances which made that distinction peculiarly honorable. During several generations none but lawyers *had* been called to the chair; and he was the first country gentleman whose abilities and acquirements enabled him to break through that long proscription. He *had* subsequently held high political offices, and *had* *sate* in the cabinet," etc. (P. 403.)

Of the great Marquis of Argyle's son, we are told,

"He *had* on some occasions, opposed the administration which afflicted his country; but his opposition *had* been languid and cautious. His compliances in ecclesiastical matters *had* given scandal to rigid Presbyterians; and so far *had* he been from showing any inclination to resistance that, when the Covenanters *had* been persecuted into insurrection, he *had* brought into the field a large body of his dependents to support the government." (I., 423.)

Rumbold, the bold and patriotic rebel, the only one who at this period expressed himself with sincerity, Mr. Macaulay informs us,

"Surrounded by factious and cowardly associates, *had*, through the whole campaign, behaved himself like a soldier trained in the school of the great Protector, *had* in council strenuously supported the authority of Argyle, and *had* in the field been distinguished by tranquil intrepidity." (*Ibid.*, p. 445.)

These are but instances of what occur in almost every page. But we have now far more grave objections to urge against Mr. Macaulay than any mere faults of style.

We allude to his attack upon Penn, and the hatred which prompted him to assail him, merely because the individual inculpated chanced to be a personal friend of the sovereign whom Macaulay abhors. William Penn requires no eulogium from us. In one of the sister states, his name will survive when that of Macaulay perhaps is forgotten; but regard for truth, and the dignity and decency of history, constrains us

to denounce the utterly unwarranted terms in which he has been assailed. The charge has already been disposed of, and another pen has proved that the gross imputation so unjustly cast on Penn was, if founded at all, in reality due to another person of somewhat similar name. Penne, we believe, was the family designation of the individual whom Mr. Macaulay has held up to opprobrium as worse than a panderer; but our author has in no degree retracted. He only, on the contrary, insists more strongly than ever that the great founder of Pennsylvania was guilty of the vileness of extorting money for frail and flagitious maids of honor at home. Without any adequate proof, Mr. Macaulay still adheres to this foul insinuation.

Mr. Macaulay is capable of fine, sparkling writing. Many passages of great brilliancy occur at intervals in the course of this work; but so far as we can yet judge by the solitary description of Monmouth's wretched engagement, he does not shine in the delineation of battle. Nor, though often pointed, is he much more happy in the portraiture of character. He is too diffuse—too contemptuous of the old historical style, and too fond of his own, or ambitious of striking out something new. Two ponderous volumes are already occupied by him; and he brings the narrative down only to the accession of William III. We know not how many must follow, if he designs to record at equal length all the events of the following century, down to the period of persons who yet survive.

We have hitherto spoken of Mr. Macaulay as a historian, and regret that in the impartial discharge of our duty, we have felt constrained to allude to him in accents more of censure than of praise. We have now to consider him briefly as an essayist, and in this respect it affords us pleasure to say that we can bestow upon him hearty commendation.

As an essayist, he is by far the most voluminous and in many respects the most vigorous and brilliant in the language. Addison, whom he commends so much, sinks into tameness in comparison, and Swift is the only author who at all surpasses him in vigor. Macaulay possesses all the fastidious elegance of the one, and is wholly exempt from the habitual coarseness of the other. We miss in him that genial feeling which so strongly marks the pages of Steele, and that cordial sympathy which lends such an invariable charm to the works of Goldsmith. Mr. Macaulay is more gifted with endowments of the head than of the heart, and hence he never yields to the sensibilities displayed by either of these writers. He is evidently of a temperament too cold ever to indulge in the excesses which dis-

figured the gay but luckless Richard, and is far too prudent for a moment to give way to any of the acts of unreflecting generosity so general with the careless but amiable Oliver. We can not admire him as we do the first, nor love him as we love the second; yet in this department of his works, he, in the interest he excites, is perhaps superior to both.

It is almost impossible to say in what the charm of Macaulay's essays chiefly consists. It is not in their geniality, for, as we have already said, he possesses no heart; nor in their power of exciting susceptibility, inasmuch as he is wholly incapable of either feeling or raising sympathy. It is not in their unity, for he is the most discursive of writers, and it is utterly impossible to divine from one paragraph, or even sentence, what will be the next. From every subject on earth, in air, sea, science, the metaphysical and the material world alike, he draws his similes and figures; and if the mind be astonished by the wonderful diversity of his reading, and the multitude of his tropes, it is also so bewildered that he loses all the advantages derived from a consistent and harmonious unity.

Yet it is this excess of imagination, or almost unprecedented power of memory, to which Mr. Macaulay, owes his principal popularity. His enemies have accused him of keeping a most extensive common-place book and of freely referring to it on all occasions. But it is undoubted that his imagination must be vigorous, and that his reading must have been varied and vast. The one is wholly destitute of the highest or poetic glow, and his study seemingly has seldom been profound. Still the power of fancy must exist in a high degree to bring together the wonderful diversity of materials he has associated, and the industry must have been great even hastily to have glanced at the enormous number of works he has enumerated.

But giving Mr. Macaulay credit, and bestowing on him the highest approbation, for his great imaginative powers and indefatigable industry, it is impossible to deny that in the concoction of these essays he has been mainly indebted to the labors of others. He is not an original or creative writer. The style may be his, but the substance generally is another's. Scarcely a new idea is ever struck out by him; but he possesses a wonderful aptitude for seizing and appropriating those of previous writers. Almost every striking thought or expression might thus be traced, and he often unscrupulously adopts even the language. But the whole is generally worked up so admirably, and with a style so peculiarly his own, that he is fully entitled to the merit of original composition.

Though admirable as essays, these works are, as we have

already stated, entitled to little commendation as reviews. Mr. Macaulay, in fact, shows off too much at the expense of his author; nor, though he is more impartial than as a historian, are we disposed to attach any high degree of confidence to his judgment. He often arrives at an accurate conclusion, but his decision is frequently warped by prejudice, and it is almost invariably disfigured by paradox.

A passion for paradox is the main failing of these essays, as indeed of all Mr. Macaulay's other writings, and it has been the chief source of those imputations of conceit and self-sufficiency so freely laid to his charge. That exquisite literary coxcomb, Lord Chesterfield, was in the habit of saying that a common proverb in nine cases out of ten was a common falsehood, and Talleyrand, in recent days, owed no small share of his celebrity to merely reversing maxims of this order. Mr. Macaulay seems to have studied both with effect, but, instead of vulgar imitation, he prefers surprising us by startling affirmation.

In, for instance, the case of a coxcomb equally exquisite but far less refined than Chesterfield—Boswell, the biographer of Johnson—Mr. Macaulay thus descants:

"If Boswell had not been a great fool, he would never have been a great writer. Without all the qualities which made him the jest and the torment of those among whom he lived, without the officiousness, the inquisitiveness, the effrontery, the toad-eating, the insensibility to all reproof, he never could have produced so excellent a book. . . . Of the talents which ordinarily raise men to eminence as writers, Boswell had absolutely none. There is not in all his books a single remark of his own on literature, politics, religion, or society, which is not either common-place or absurd. . . . He has reported innumerable observations made by himself in the course of conversation. Of these observations, we do not remember one which is above the intellectual capacity of a boy of fifteen. He has printed many of his own letters, and in these letters he is always ranting or twaddling. Logic, eloquence, wit, taste, all those things which are generally considered as making a book valuable, were utterly wanting to him. He had, indeed, a quick observation and a retentive memory. These qualities, if he had been a man of sense and virtue, would scarcely of themselves have sufficed to make him conspicuous; but because he was a dunce, a parasite, a coxcomb, they have made him immortal."

We could have adduced instances much more striking of Mr. Macaulay's love for paradox: they must be familiar to all of his readers: but we prefer quoting this, inasmuch as we doubt whether, with all his ability, any of Macaulay's works will live so long in the language as that of the coxcomb thus denounced. By the essays to which we have just alluded, he will doubtless longest be known; but they will not have upon posterity the same charming effect which they originally had upon contemporaries, when they first appeared in the

pages of the *Edinburgh Review*. Even already, collected in a mass, they become tedious and monotonous in perusal. They remind us of *toujours perdrix*, and are tiresome from their perpetual efforts to be smart.

Though inferior praise as a poet than as an essayist must be accorded to Mr. Macaulay, there are few more sonorous things in the language than the battles of Ivry and Montcontour:

"Now glory to the Lord of Hosts, from whom all glories are!
And glory to our Sovereign Liege, King Henry of Navarre!
Now let there be the merry sound of music and of dance,
Through thy corn-fields green, and sunny vines, O pleasant land of France!

And thou Rochelle, our own Rochelle, proud city of the waters,
Again let rapture light the eyes of all thy mourning daughters.
As thou wert constant in our ills, be joyous in our joy,
For cold, and stiff, and still are they who wrought thy walls' annoy.
Hurrah! Hurrah! a single field hath turned the chance of war,
Hurrah! Hurrah! for Ivry, and Henry of Navarre.

"Oh! how our hearts were beating, when, at the dawn of day,
We saw the army of the League drawn out in long array;
With all its priest-led citizens, and all its rebel peers,
And Appenzel's stout infantry, and Egmont's Flemish spears.
There rode the brood of false Lorraine, the curses of our land:
And dark Mayenne was in the midst, a truncheon in his hand:
And, as we looked on them, we thought of Seine's empurpled flood,
And good Coligni's hoary hair all dabbled with his blood;
And we cried unto the living God, who rules the fate of war,
To fight for his own holy name, and Henry of Navarre.

"The King is come to marshal us, in all his armor drest,
And he has bound a snow-white plume upon his gallant crest.
He looked upon his people, and a tear was in his eye;
He looked upon the traitors, and his glance was stern and high.
Right graciously he smiled on us, as rolled from wing to wing,
Down all our line, a deafening shout, 'God save our Lord the King.'
'And if my standard-bearer fall, as fall full well he may,
'For never saw I promise yet of such a bloody fray,
'Press where ye see my white plume shine amidst the ranks of war,
'And be your oriflamme to-day the helmet of Navarre.'

"Hurrah! the foes are moving. Hark to the mingled din,
Of fife, and steel, and trumpet, and drum, and roaring culverin.
The fiery Duke is pricking fast across Saint André's plain,
With all the hireling chivalry of Guelders and Almayne.
Now by the lips of those ye love, fair gentlemen of France,
Charge for the golden lilies—upon them with the lance.
A thousand spurs are striking deep, a thousand spears in rest,
A thousand knights are pressing close behind the snow-white crest;
And in they burst, and on they rushed, while like a guiding star,
Amidst the thickest carnage blazed the helmet of Navarre."

But we protest against such poetry as the subjoined in his ballad on the Horatii, and especially the passages which we have marked in Italics. Aytoun himself, who has parodied these Roman songs, never wrote any thing that limped more horribly:

"A yell that rent the firmament
From all the town arose.
On the house-tops was no woman
But *spat* towards him and hissed;
No child but screamed out curses,
And shook its little fist.

"But fiercely ran the current,
Swollen high by months of rain;
And fast his blood was flowing,
And he was *sore* in pain,
And heavy with his armor,
And spent with changing blows;
And oft they thought him sinking,
But still again he rose.

"Never, I ween, did swimmer,
In such an evil case,
Struggle through such a raging flood
Safe to the landing-place:
But his limbs were borne up bravely
By the brave heart within,
And our good Father Tiber
Bare bravely up his *chin*.

"'Curse on him!' quoth false Sextus;
'Will not the villain drown?
But for this stay, ere close of day
We should have sacked the town!'
'Heaven help him!' quoth Lars Porsena,
'And bring him safe to shore;
For such a gallant feat of arms
Was never seen before.'

"And now he feels the bottom;
Now on dry earth he stands;
Now round him throng the Fathers
To press his gory hands;
And now, with shouts and clapping,
And noise of weeping loud,
He enters through the River-gate,
Borne by the joyous crowd.

"They gave him of the corn-land,
That was of public right,
As much as two strong oxen
Could plough from morn till night;
And they made a molten image,
And set it up on high;
And there it stands unto this day
To witness if I *lie*.

- "It stands in the Comitium,
Plain for all *folks* to see—
Horatius in his harness,
Halting upon one knee:
And underneath is written,
In letters *all* of gold,
How valiantly he kept the bridge
In the brave days of old.
- "And still his name sounds stirring
Unto the men of Rome,
As the trumpet-blast that cries to them
To charge the Volscian home;
And wives still pray to Juno
For boys with hearts as bold
As his who kept the bridge so well
In the brave days of old."

There is vigor in these lines, and in many other of his "Lays," but they are not poetry. They are inferior to the old Scottish ballads, and want the fire and finish which distinguish the modern productions of Burns and of Beranger. Mr. Macaulay is a powerful rhymester and laborious rhetorician, but he is not a poet.

The mention of the word *rhetorician* brings us to the concluding part of our subject. By the piratical audacity of a base London publisher, Mr. Macaulay has lately been constrained to give his speeches in a printed form to the world; and, how much soever he himself may have occasion to complain of it, the world assuredly has no reason to regret the unprincipled conduct which led to such a result. Mr. Macaulay's speeches are in reality, treasures of information for the youthful politician and incipient orator. Even men of a higher and more experienced order may profit by them; but oratory, of the true stamp, they are not. They contain, still more than his essays, an enormous mass of heterogeneous information, brought together from every point, whether in the realms of matter or in the realms of thought; and all these seemingly irrelevant materials are ingeniously made to support or hasten on his argument, though it is frequently difficult to distinguish the purport of them. His copiousness is wonderful, and his labor great; but, after all, the result is merely rhetoric—it is not eloquence. It is a splendid achievement of scholastic art, but it presents no glowing thoughts nor burning words. The whole is marked by the labor of the study; it bears not the fervid stamp and fiery impulse of nature. Nor as an authority is Mr. Macaulay to be relied on. He would scorn a falsehood indeed, and rarely descends to sophistry; but his strong preju-

dices and party feelings invariably prevail over his fairness and his judgment.

Mr. Macaulay's physical peculiarities, moreover, disqualify him from appearing advantageously as an orator. It would be gross flattery to assert that he is either elegant or intellectual in his aspect. His person is short and stout, his eye-brows are protuberant and heavy, his forehead, though spacious, is singularly receding, and his face unintellectual. The eye is keen, almost approaching to ferocity. His bearing is most haughty, his address dictatorial and arrogant. He lays down his dogmas with all the authority of a village pedagogue, and it is evident he will allow no one to dispute the authenticity of the oracle. He is, however, most laborious in his oratory. He enjoys not the advantage of being an extemporaneous speaker; almost each word is carefully prepared beforehand, though seemingly he is most eager to have the whole considered as the effusion of the moment. A few introductory remarks, or some transient incident, are generally employed or seized to conceal the manœuvre and invest his speech with this aspect; and after blazing away for an hour, with a harsh and monotonous tone of voice, inelegant action, but incredible rapidity of utterance, he suddenly sits down as if he had been wound up like a clock and found the chain appropriately arrested. The audience consider it a high intellectual treat, but they evidently at the same time look upon him as a mere intellectual gladiator. The effect is wearisome, and he has the prudence to observe this, inasmuch as he never tires them out by frequent appearances. He speaks only once or twice in a session—invariably on great historical occasions—and is thus always received with attention. Still, his speeches are more advantageously perused than heard. His partialities and his prejudices may thus become more prominent; but his wonderful industry, art, information, and powers of illustration are rendered more conspicuous; and no one can fail to be inspired with lasting regret that such a man should ever have sunk into the condition of being a tool of the Whigs and a traducer of the Stuarts.

EUROPEAN DIPLOMACY.

DIPLOMACY has been defined as an art invented by human refinement, to promote national amenities, and assuage national asperities. The recent politics of Europe seem to have imparted a new meaning to the term. We should have been disposed to surmise from these, that the art was one for arousing national passions, and complicating national difficulties, were it not that Metternich, the oldest professor of the school, assures us that the present seemingly inextricable web of anarchy and embroilment, in which that Continent is involved, arises solely from a slight perturbation in the diplomatic system.

This veteran professor is too experienced in the diplomatic art for us, at the outset, to dispute his assertion. He was one of the founders of the present system of diplomacy in Europe, and will probably be destined to witness its fall. Long before the great majority of existing men appeared upon this sublunary stage, Metternich was a practised diplomatist. The glories of Tilsit, Eylau, and Wagram—all of which he more or less neutralized—rest upon his head. All the triumphs which rescued the House of Austria from its humiliation, and elevated it to the pinnacle of fortune, forty or fifty years ago, were his. The battles of Napoleon and their effects are gone, but those of Metternich survive. He is as powerful at this moment as when he associated with Alexander and Nesselrode to restrain Napoleon's ambition, or intrigued with Talleyrand and Castlereagh to promote its overthrow. Of all the diplomatists of that by-gone era, he and Nesselrode alone survive. He saved Austria in 1810, and raised her to the summit of glory in 1814. His counsels may perhaps be instrumental in saving her during the present year of 1855. The boldest political prophet could not venture to declare what will be their result in 1860, unless indeed he hazarded the prediction that long before that time the whole of the system would be cast away.

Still, giving Metternich every degree of credit for extraordinary ability and extraordinary foresight, for unsurpassed spirit in moments of defeat, and still more exemplary moderation in moments of triumph, we are not disposed to over-estimate either the man or the art. We hold that the course pursued by the one has been erroneous, and that the other, as at present practised, is noxious. The first has interrupted human progress and civilization, by governing too much; the second threatens to destroy both, by involving all things in obscurity. If there be any worse form of government than that "paternal

government," as it is termed, which interferes in all things, it is that system of *laissez faire* or *laissez aller*, which compels the governed in all things to submit to the governors, and enables the latter to enshroud all in obscurity. The one abuse is fast exploding, but the other seems daily coming into vogue. Despotism, we hope, will soon have had its day; but secret diplomacy is apparently coming into bloom. It is a plant, it must be admitted, of rapid growth; for already England has its two courses of diplomacy established—one open and avowed, to be laid before Parliament and the people, for the purpose of deluding both; the other, secret and undivulged, or communicated only to the privileged few on whom the duties and emoluments of office devolve. The despotic governments of Europe have, of course, long had the machinery in operation, less for the purpose of deceiving their subjects (for to them they rarely or never deign explanation) than for deceiving each other.

It is to a "perturbation" or "disorder" of this double system of diplomacy that, we can easily conceive, the present difficulties in Europe arise. The open professions of the various governments have been so different from their unavowed proceedings, that it is no matter of surprise to find discords and anarchy have been the result. No government has boldly proclaimed its policy, or honestly divulged its designs. The present proceedings in the East are but a renewal of the old days of Tilsit, Alexander, and the elder Napoleon. The real aim of the two despots who then governed the continent of Europe was not more completely masked under their avowed treaties and secret provisoes, than are the objects of their successors in reference to the same subjects to-day. The Czar then stipulated, in secret, for the possession of Constantinople, leaving Napoleon in turn at liberty to pursue uninterruptedly his views relating to Spain and the West. The autocrat of the present day has the merit of pursuing his course more openly. He unhesitatingly avows his intention to dictate his behests at Constantinople, if not openly seize upon it; while the younger Napoleon, in conjunction with England, hypocritically professes to be solely influenced by a desire of maintaining the "balance of power." Could the secret aim of either of the two last-named belligerents be declared, we entertain not the slightest doubt it would be found equally selfish and egotistical.

If we briefly review the policy of England, this will be found transparent. The great object of its government for many years has been to keep Europe and the world in discord, for the purpose of increasing the country's dominion abroad, and maintaining the ascendancy of its aristocracy at home. To

secure this, it is utterly careless of what crimes it commits, or of what hypocrisies it is guilty. Every state in the Old World and the New has been successively convulsed by it. The people of foreign climes have been invariably excited to insurrection by it, and just as invariably deserted in their hour of need. Italy, Poland, Hungary have all in turn witnessed this. Their inhabitants have all been stimulated to rebellion by emissaries of the British government—generally an ambassador, ordinary or extraordinary—and just as regularly abandoned when on the eve of triumph. So recently as the year 1847, the Earl of Minto, Lord John Russell's father-in-law, was dispatched on a most lucrative tour by the British government, for no other purpose than that of exciting discontent; and, when this burst forth into revolt, the unhappy insurgents were mercilessly left to their fates. The annals of Sicily yet record the dreadful story; and Poland, Hungary, and every other spot where oppression has engendered rebellion, corroborate its painful truth. The objects attained by this atrocious policy are two-fold. By exciting disaffection on the Continent, the oligarchy which governs England is enabled to maintain its power at home. Commerce and industry being interrupted by the latent or fermenting insubordination, the trade and manufactures of the United Kingdom flourish. The deluded people, seeing their government thus interfere nominally in behalf of freedom, are taught, in the midst of slavery, to believe themselves free. See what a "plucky" government is ours, exclaimed the duped English people in 1847; and, above all, see what a "plucky minister" is Palmerston, was their outcry in 1848-9, at the very moment when Minto was abandoning Messina to the tender mercies of Naples, and Palmerston, openly declaring himself "the bottle-holder of Europe," to a deputation from the deluded borough of Marylebone, was secretly congratulating the Czar on having successfully put down rebellion in Hungary—as the published dispatches subsequently proved.

England's aim, in this Eastern question, is consequently solely selfish. Little does she care whether Constantinople stands or falls, so long as it remains in possession of a power which can offer no obstacle to her oriental aggrandizement. Were the torpid government of Turkey in a condition to oppose her Indian aggressions, or to refuse her a passage through Egypt to her Eastern dominions, we should hear no cry raised about succoring "the sick man," but, on the contrary, he would be as vigorously assailed as he is by the ruthless Czar. Were the latter in possession of Constantinople, she knows well her Asiatic supremacy would be extinguished in a day. Every menaced and outraged or insulted nation between the shores of the Bos-

phorus and the plains of Scinde, would be at once aroused against her. We should no longer find her extending her conquests towards China in the east and Persia in the west. An effectual check would be put to both, and, worse than all, by the interruption of the overland route, she would be comparatively cut off from her Hindostanee possessions, or driven to communicate with them by the old and circuitous route of the Cape of Good Hope.

This, then, is England's aim, transparent and palpable. But the policy of Louis Napoleon is more dark and inexplicable. We do not give that personage credit for any extraordinary talent. We never denounced him as an idiot and an imbecile, when it was the custom to do so in the days of Louis Philippe; and we are just as little disposed to acknowledge him as an extraordinary genius, when it is, as now-a-days, the fashion to cry him up as the successor and surpasser of his uncle. We hold that he acquired his power, not by inherent ability, but by unprecedented atrocity. He succeeded in duping all his opponents in France, not by any stroke of genius or dazzling deeds of glory, but by perjury and falsehood previously unexampled. He succeeded in deceiving them just as a pick-pocket or a common thief might succeed in picking our pockets or plundering our plate; were he by any accident introduced to our company or table in the disguise of a gentleman. No one who heard him raise his voice in the French Assembly in the autumn of 1848, and, calling God to witness, declare with all solemnity, both on oath and "as a man of honor," that he would maintain the Republic, and at the end of four years descend from power, leaving its authority consolidated and its liberty untarnished, could be prepared for the horrid course of violence, fraud, and perjury that followed, when, from the first moment of his entering upon the presidency, he commenced to undermine it, and finally in 1851 overturned all. Existing men had witnessed France take oath to thirteen different forms of government, but no one had ever heard man so profane the word of a gentleman. With Frenchmen, especially, the word of a man of honor had been spotless, and his reputation priceless. We can therefore excuse them for having been so easily duped; and we can give Louis Napoleon no credit for his *coup d'état*, or his policy up to this date, as it was merely imitative, and a repetition of his alleged uncle's. The 2d *Décembre* was an imitation of the 18th *Brumaire*—a copy without either its actual perils or its previous glory. In the accomplishment of the one, the First Napoleon, boldly took the field at mid-day, and triumphed after a career of victory in Italy and in Egypt previously unsurpassed. In the

achievement of the other, Napoleon III. ingloriously lay in bed, or, after giving orders to plunge Paris in fire and bloodshed, got up merely that he might find safety in flight, if unsuccessful or disobeyed. The whole of his exploit was that of a thief in the night. Still, even his enemies must admit that he planned it ably and played it well. Barring originality, it was otherwise a stroke of ability, though ability of an order which we can neither admire nor commend. Many of his subsequent acts were similar. They were either imitative, or, having such unscrupulous yet astute men as Persigny, De Morny, and others around him, he got no credit for originally devising them. Now, however, all these agents and supposed counsellors have been successively dismissed, and yet he stands, seemingly with the same ability, alone. It is impossible, therefore, to deny that he is a man possessed of talent, however perverted we may consider this talent to be; and it must be admitted he is a man of policy too, considering the position he occupies in the present question.

The views of Louis Napoleon are as yet unknown, and we question whether he has yet maturely formed them himself. A man of impassible taciturnity—he enjoys the advantage of being in a position where necessity does not oblige him to speak. This silence is of inestimable advantage to a ruler, as it enables him to mature his plans without in any degree revealing them, and obtains him a reputation for profundity even when he does not possess it. *Vir sapit pau pauca loquitur* is a school-boy maxim in which there is much truth, and a fool often acquires credit for wisdom merely by holding his tongue. It is not every one, however, who can thus assume and maintain this taciturnity. The most independent could scarcely do so in the affairs of daily life, and despots alone can practice it in the ranks of rulers. It has its advantages, notwithstanding, and of these Louis Napoleon is well aware. It conceals a man's emptiness, if he be empty, and enables him in secrecy and with success to mature his designs, if he be designing.

That Louis Napoleon is designing, we entertain no doubt; but it may be questioned whether in the present state of affairs his designs are yet fully formed, and whether they are not more directed to the West than to the East. All his antecedents point to England instead of Russia, as the true object of his hostility. The one indeed beat back his great predecessor's forces, but it was England that sent him to die shivering on a rock. To those with whom the present ruler of France formerly associated, at a time when taciturnity was neither practicable nor desirable, he made no secret of this sentiment.

When in England, without half a crown in his pocket, one of the few sorry jokes he ever uttered was his conviction that he would one day have a *whole one*. In the depths of exile and poverty and degradation, he declared that he had two objects in life—one to restore the empire: the other, to avenge his uncle's memory; and he expressed his resolution to do both. How he has accomplished the one, has been already seen, and it remains to be determined whether he will not essay the other. It may be conciliatory to England to know that he added his conviction that he should fall in the attempt. "His star," he said, "foretold him he should fall in London;" and those who then looked upon him as a crazy idiot, striving to ape the predestinarianism of the first Napoleon, may shudder now at the thought that he will endeavor to realize it. At the moment he expressed this unalterable conviction and unchangeable resolution, the accomplishment of the one seemed to be about as hopeless as the other; and yet we have seen the first accomplished. *Ce n'est que le premier pas qui coute*—it is only the first step which is troublesome, replied some witty Frenchman on being told that a noted saint had walked a league with his head off; and difficult as the latter exploit which Louis Napoleon then reserved for himself may seem, the former at the time it was uttered appeared more difficult still.

He has indeed defeat and humiliation to avenge upon Russia, but they were the result of aggression, and they were fairly the result of battle. No impartial person can hesitate to acknowledge the fairness with which Russia met the first Napoleon's invasion in 1812, or the firmness with which it sent him staggering back. But though defeated, there was no dishonor. It was an unjust attack boldly repelled, or, granting that it was justifiable, the assailed party was still more justified in defeating it. But the conduct of England was otherwise. By her uncalled-for opposition to the great French Revolution of 1789, she aroused Napoleon's wrath; by her constant hostility to him, she excited his resentment; and by his final overthrow and imprisonment at Waterloo and St. Helena, we can not wonder that she has given rise to thoughts of revenge which yet slumber in the breast of his nephew. It is accordingly against England that we believe the third Napoleon's arms will, in the end, be turned, and directed with far more fury, vehemence, and vengeance than they ever will be against Russia.

But important events must intervene before that day. Whatever may have been the motives which induced Louis Napoleon to enter upon his present Eastern war, he has engaged in the struggle and there is no retreat. We do not think that at the outset he had any much higher aim in view

than to resent the ostracism in which he was placed by legitimate sovereigns. His successive rejections as a bridegroom must have sunk deeply into his mind, and still more keenly must he have felt the contemptuous terms in which he was alluded to by the northern autocrat. He undoubtedly too, had the desire of seeing a French army established in another capital of Europe, and thus ministering to the national ambition as well as the national vanity. Algiers being quiet, it might have been necessary to find another field for the turbulent spirits of the French soldiery; and considering that their standards were already implanted in the bosom of the mistress of the ancient world, he might have been desirous, or have deemed it politic, to essay the ambitious task of extending them to the scarcely less noted city which rose upon her ruins and at last overshadowed her supremacy. The French have always had a hankering for this species of occupation, and have often seized or temporarily held a city, though they rarely colonize or ultimately retain it. By doing so, he knew he should attain two objects—a field for his troops, and food for the national ambition. He was also following the first Napoleon's policy. The great emperor had always a vague dream of Eastern grandeur. When disappointed of a general's rank in early life, he offered his sword to the sultan of that day, and attempted to fall back on Constantinople when he found his position untenable in Egypt. The noted repulse at Acre effectually dispelled this design; but still Napoleon I. entertained it, and, whatever Napoleon I. entertained, Napoleon III. will attempt to realize.

Yet we adhere to the opinion that his ideas on the East are vague, and that circumstances will never permit them to become realized. No force that he could send would ever enable him permanently to occupy Constantinople in opposition to a fierce and excited Mohammedan population, even if England could be induced to acquiesce in such a course. That she should do so, is impossible; for France in possession of Constantinople, would be a foe not less formidable than the Czar, and more impulsive as well as more capricious. He perhaps entertained some undefined ideas of establishing a throne there for his unquiet cousin Jerome, as the English cabinet did of founding an eastern kingdom for the indisposible Duke of Cambridge. A few months' occupation, however, must have satisfied both that, even should the Sultan fall, such views are impracticable, and that the most sanguinary of all modern attempts would be the sanguinary endeavor to establish a Christian upon the Ottoman throne. Even with a scion of the accommodating house of Coburg, and his adoption of the Mo-

hammedan creed, such an attempt would be hopeless; and of this the allies are already well aware. Whatever originally were their views in this respect, they have consequently long since been abandoned.

Louis Napoleon's policy in the East is therefore yet undefined. But, whatever be his views—whether they be still unformed—whether he desires for the present merely to find employment for his restless and aspiring soldiers, and to escape from his own position of isolation, or, finally, whether he contemplates some other dark deed of the future—that *grand coup Européen* which he has already hinted—there is no doubt that he has now taken a decisive course. He has crossed the rubicon, and there is no return. He expected at first, possibly, little other than a mere movement of parade. The allies evidently labored under the impression that the very threat of their march would arrest the movements of Russia. But both have seemingly committed an important error, and to Louis Napoleon this error may be fatal. He is now engaged in deadly conflict with one of the greatest powers on earth, and, whatever be the issue, it must be momentous. If he be defeated, we shall almost to a certainty see another revolution in France, and probably a restoration of the Bourbons by foreign arms—Prussia and Austria again uniting with Russia to bring about this consummation. If he merely maintains his ground, discontent will not less assuredly arise amongst his soldiery. Already they are disposed to weigh and compare his empty proclamations against the splendid deeds of the original emperor; and so soon as he hesitates, he is lost. Victory alone can establish his power or consolidate his throne; and this victory he must obtain at any price. No matter what be the sacrifices in men, in money, in good faith, or in principle, he must have it. If he can not effect it over Russia, he must effect it over England; and so soon as he finds the struggle hopeless, we shall be in no degree surprised to see him retreat from his present conflict with Russia, and suddenly seize some pretext of quarrel with England. The vast fleets he is now equipping, the needless steamboats which he is organizing for communication nominally with the West-Indies—are, we entertain no doubt, designed solely with this view. A descent on the English shores will be the last and most popular card in his hand. When the game becomes desperate, he has only to throw up his hat and cry, "Hurrah for England!" to unite every man in France, save the extreme republicans, in his favor.

Of the three powers, the position of Russia is alone clear and defined. We attach little credit to her declaration, and those of

her envoys, that the only object of the Czar in entering upon this struggle is to protect his co-religionists in Turkey. History may possibly afford him a precedent for doing so, and neither he nor his representatives fail to point out the parallel case of Queen Elizabeth acquiring so much renown by extending her protection to the Protestants of the Continent. Cromwell also in like manner obtained no small share of his glory by thus interfering; and what holds good in one religion may be assumed with equal claims to equity by another. In considering this point it is vain to enter into the respective merits of the Greek and English Churches. What is true in the abstract must also be true in the sequence; and the right to interfere once established by these rulers two centuries ago, can not be denied to the Czar, at least by their descendants. All such interferences are perhaps injudicious; but as they were practised by the English then, and so recently as the past year were again practised by the English in Italy—to say nothing of the analogous instance of the noted Duchess of Sutherland in relation to American affairs—it is too late in the day to deny them to the Czar.

But, as already remarked, we feel by no means disposed to give him either credit or belief for his professions in this respect. On the contrary, we consider them to be wholly assumed, and that they form but part of that cloak of hypocrisy with which sovereigns and nations conceal their aggressions. We have scarcely ever seen a war entered into without some such hypocritical pretext. Conquest is at the bottom of it all, and the assumption of religion is but a mask for aggrandizement. Viewed in this light, the Czar is just as much entitled to extend his dominions in Europe, as the English are to widen their frontiers in India. In the eye of reason and equity, the philosopher may deride, and the moralist deny them all. But, unhappily, neither philosophers nor moralists govern the world; and, so long as the present code of national ethics exists, it would be idle to dispute the rights of the Russian emperor. The conquest of Constantinople and the dominion of the Sound seem necessary to his existence. So long as he is shut up by the Dardanelles on one hand, and the Northern Straits on the other, it is vain to assert that he has any use for his fleets, or liberty for his commerce. Neither England, nor France would submit to any such impediment to the freedom of their flag, and, what they would spurn, we can not expect a first-rate power like Russia to suffer.

But a momentous question, it must be owned, concerns us and the world in this spread of Russian dominion. The time seems at hand for the accomplishment of that extraordinary

prediction, uttered nearly forty years ago, by the elder Napoleon, on the rock of St. Helena—that, “before another half-century elapsed, Europe would be either republican or Cossack.” The issue appears at hand, and which of the alternatives it shall be is impossible for us to predicate. Did freedom in aught exist in Europe, we should experience no difficulty in prophesying the result; but unfortunately, the whole of its Continent is involved in a state of serfdom as abject as are the dominions of the Czar, and, so far as the influence of the people is concerned, liberty in England is almost equally a name. Were we called upon to make a selection between the present autocrats of Russia and France, we should not for a moment hesitate in giving a preference to the former. Nicholas is an absolutist by birth, and has the same right to maintain his authority as we have to uphold our constitution, or a private individual has to preserve his estate. His subjects, moreover, acquiesce in this, and seem contented or enamored with their slavery. He has broken no oaths, and invaded no rights; whereas, Louis Napoleon, in overturning that freedom and constitution which he swore to uphold, has been guilty of perjury and every crime which it is possible for a man or a monarch to commit. Success may momentarily gild, but posterity will duly execrate his baseness.

As to England, it will with many remain a question whether its boasted constitution is aught superior to that of Russia itself. In theory, seemingly fair and specious, the British system of government is in reality one of the most exclusive and despotic in the world. An aristocracy of birth, or, what is worse, an aristocracy of money, governs all. The power of the people is but a name, their existence a non-entity; and, for our part, we should prefer one despotic authority, who governs all, to bending the knee or crouching in slavery before a thousand who have only their own selfish interests to promote. Except in affairs of state, it is generally the interest, and usually the inclination, of a single despot to dispense justice between man and man; whereas, in the instance of an aristocracy, be its numbers few or many, it is invariably the interest, and the inclination too, of every member to assail and crush all who threaten to interfere with their privileges and monopolies.

As to the power of Russia upon the other parts of Europe, and upon us, the consideration becomes momentous. If she prevail in the present struggle, she may overshadow the Continent, endanger Britain itself, and extend her influence even to us. Were the Russian eagle to come in deadly conflict with the American, we entertain no doubt as to the issue, or which should first stretch its beak prostrate upon the fatal

plain. But a republican movement in Europe must first put it down; and hence, in the conviction that they will ultimately triumph, and that they alone can do so, arises the feeling at present existent in the breasts of European republicans in favor of the Czar. It is not that they love the autocrat, but because they detest the allies. If the former triumphs, they feel convinced they will again have an opportunity of action, and that they will gain the day. Should the other be victorious, they know well that nothing but misery, slavery, or want and exile will be their lot.

Concerning the fate of the unhappy land which is the object of all these disputes, it is impossible at present to predicate, or to write save in accents of equal praise and blame. Turkey is in many respects entitled to our commendation. She set an example of tolerance at a time when the Pope was anathematizing Luther, Calvin burning Servetus, and Christians were daily immolating each other for some trivial and often imperceptible difference of creed. To her, or to the provinces she governed, we owe some of our most useful arts. Chemistry and algebra came from Arabia, and we are indebted to these eastern lands for many of our most important sciences. Few, now-a-days, commit the error of considering Mohammed as an impostor; and to many of his immediate followers Spain owed that early refinement and splendor which she lost under the ascendancy of a Catholic ritual. Other parts of Europe, and America too, still radiate or reflect the lustre of those distant days; and no impartial mind will be found to deny their important agency in the acceleration of human progress. But still, Turkey has for many generations been a power of the past. She alone, for upwards of two centuries in Europe, has never advanced, but perpetually retrograded. She it was who over-ran with barbarism, and crushed with brutality, the great and ever-glorious shores of Greece. She it was who retained the horrible punishments of the crucifixion, the sack, and impalement, when all other parts of the world had abandoned such atrocities; and she it is who has plunged the fairest provinces of the world into a state of darkness and degradation worse and more hopeless than Scythian ignorance.

Still, notwithstanding all these enormities, Turkey had of late years enlisted the sympathies of mankind on her side. In the reforms instituted by the last Sultan, Mahmoud, the world was disposed to forget or overlook the horrid crime of which he was guilty in the massacre of the Janizzaries; and in the protection extended to the Hungarian exiles, by his present son, Abdul Medjid, a generous mind felt inclined to regard with more pity than anger his debasing private excesses. We admired, too,

the spirit with which she entered the field against her colossal northern antagonist, and gladly bear witness to the gallantry with which she has opposed it. But, with this our gratitude and esteem for Turkey must cease. Her conduct in throwing herself into the hands of the allies, instead of the people, has for the moment arrested the onward march of liberty, and threatens to cover herself with subjection and disgrace. Had she accepted the offers made her by the republicans of Europe, and invited Italy, Hungary, Poland, and every heaving part of the Continent to her aid, the cause of freedom would now have been predominant, and she herself triumphant. But the profers of all were contemptuously rejected, and every aspiring spirit was insulted when eager to rush with exultation to her aid. She preferred the assistance of despotic governments instead; and the consequence is that, though Kossuth and others are still in exile, she herself is overwhelmed by debt and calamities; and, unless implicitly obedient to their counsels, will be abandoned by her allies to disgrace.

The Ottoman government must be blind indeed, if it is not now impressed with the conviction that for their own interests alone, and not for its existence, do the Western powers fight. The whole course of the allies has indicated this. They arrived, in the first instance, too late upon the field, and they preferred sacrificing their armies to inaction and disease sooner than assist the Turk when they at last came up. The troops of Omar Pasha were either thus checked in victory, or restrained when in mid career. The Baltic as well as the Black Sea has witnessed the same ruinous delays. The gasconading admiral, who vowed that in three weeks he would be in St. Petersburg or —, seems to have had his hands tied by superior orders still more than they were palsied by dotage, and his brother officer in the Black Sea contrived to spend a still more protracted period in idleness, till the commencement of operations against Sebastopol. The regular Turkish Ambassador, the noted "Greek Prince," meanwhile renders himself obnoxious in London by his individual profligacies; an extraordinary envoy, dispatched to raise a loan on its exchange, notoriously intrigues against the object of his mission. Each makes a point of insulting the friends of freedom, whether they emanate from this side of the Atlantic or the other; and both threaten them with expulsion if they attempt to land in Turkey without the express permission of the allies. Austria, in the interval, steps in and seizes the disputed provinces, to retain them in trust either for Russia or herself. The poor deluded Porte meanwhile looks tranquilly upon all. Surely, this is an instance of "disordered" diplomacy.

The power from which this noted phrase emanated has hitherto alone profited by the struggle, and the advantages accrued to her may mainly be attributed to the veteran statesman who first gave utterance to the expression. Without detracting in any degree from the well-earned character for ability and address which Buol, the present nominal premier of Austria, has earned for himself in the course of this struggle, it must be admitted that he is indebted for his triumphs chiefly to the fidelity with which he has followed Metternich's advice. Within the last two years, all the old circumspection and energy of the aged minister seem to have revived. The insult so grossly offered by Palmerston, in ordering him out of England, merely because he expressed a harmless (and probably true) opinion that "the British aristocracy had a day of reckoning yet to settle with the people, and that day was not a distant one," seems to have aroused all his former pride as well as his former vigor; and, though for the moment borne down by affliction and disease, he quitted its shores as haughtily as he had left the presence of Napoleon forty years before, when the emperor charged him with venality to England. Aroused by the recollection of the recent insult, Metternich has since as effectually restrained the continental policy of Britain as, in retaliation, he formerly scattered to the winds that of the first Napoleon; and wheresoever there may lately have been "mistakes" in diplomacy, assuredly they can not with any justice be attributed to him.

However much a calm and ingenuous mind may disapprove of the tortuous and insidious policy of Austria, even her worst enemies must give her credit for signal success and ability. Every generation has for ages past alternately seen Austria rising triumphant from her ashes and prostrated in the dust. The genius of Eugene raised her to her former splendor a century and a half ago, when her power was threatened with extinction by the Turks. Chance, more than the fortunes of war, or the assistance of England, in a subsequent era, witnessed her emerge unimpaired from a contest with Frederick the Great. Metternich, by organizing a European alliance, rescued her from the yoke of the first Napoleon, and enabled her in a few years to subvert him after she had been subjected to the humiliation of submitting one of her daughters to his embrace. The miraculous energy with which she again started into life, after having been seemingly broken up and dismembered by the events of 1848, must yet be fresh in the minds of our readers; and Metternich, to whose counsels she was almost exclusively indebted for her triumphs on these two last occasions, seems destined to raise her to a still more important position

now. So long as under his control, or subject to his advice, we may rest assured she will not commit the political error of separating from Russia, which has already more than once saved her in the hour of need, and allying herself with a distant power like England, who can not save her, or a Punic friend like France, which has already more than once threatened her with annihilation.

The course of Prussia seems equally obvious. Personal as well as political ties connect its sovereign still more closely with Russia. The brother-in-law of the Czar, it is monstrous to suppose that he ever can be induced to enter the lists against him. "Nations have no cousins," was a truth once reported by Lord Palmerston to Prince Albert, on the occasion of His Royal Highness soliciting the aid of England to prop up some trumpety interest of the petty house of Coburg; and the vehemence with which it was resented, in the insulting dismissal of its propounder from office, excites surprise now when we find the efforts made in the same quarter to array Frederick William against a relative so near. Every species of cajolery was for upwards of six months essayed in vain; and, when cajolery failed, the columns of the London Press bear witness to other six months of abuse. In language disgraceful only to the parties who use it, the king of Prussia has been, during the whole of this period, held up to reprobation as a traitor, a drunkard, an imbecile, and a knave. The aid of the pencil as well as the pen of—*Punch*, as well as the weather-cock *Times*—has been employed in this undignified service. His deposition has also been freely hinted at, not less than the assassination and alleged insanity of the Czar. Considering the peculiarities of the British court and British sovereign, it is a matter of some astonishment that the fear of retaliation did not alone restrain this disgraceful species of warfare; but it can be none whatever that Frederick William should refuse to join the parties who have so assailed him.

But political motives, equally with personal, withhold the Prussian monarch from entering the lists against the Czar. He is not unmindful of the terrible wrongs inflicted on his country by the elder Napoleon at Jena, the savage insults offered by the conqueror to his mother, the late Prussian queen, the utter spoliation of the country that followed, and the long dismal years of prostration consequent, until its fortunes were finally restored by Blucher, with the aid of the northern allies. The politics of the present ruler of France being avowedly based on those of the previous sovereign of his name, Frederick William naturally shrinks from any alliance with such a prince, and gives a preference to one who is united to him by ties of

consanguinity as well as by past support and the prospect of future help. He may for the moment temporize, remembering the attachments which formerly bound him to England; but it is preposterous to entertain any hope that he will ever seriously join in an alliance against Russia.

The king of Prussia, moreover, has his mentor too; and this veteran statesman, the world-renowned Humboldt, it is well understood, entertains small respect for things as they at present exist in England. Visiting that country in the train of his master a few years ago, all the courtly flatteries and attentions there lavished upon him failed to close the acute though aged philosopher's eyes to the abuses which he saw around him; and in well-informed circles he was pretty generally known to have expressed an opinion that constitutional monarchy, as flourishing there, was merely an ingeniously devised system for retaining an aristocracy in power and a sovereign in wealth at the expense of the humble tenants of the hive. Some other remarks were made by him concerning the grasping character of the one, and the indolent disposition of the other, which failed not to leave a lasting impression on the mind of Frederick William; and the Prussian monarch returned home determined, so far as he could, henceforth to abjure the trammels of "constitutional monarchy." The experience which he had of it for a short time, after the outbreak of 1848, still more contributed to confirm this resolution; and he now notoriously concurs in the opinion of his more energetic brother, the heir-presumptive of the kingdom, and the astute and decided Nicholas, that only two forms of government are to be recognized—unlimited republicanism, or unlimited despotism; all others being abjured as equally dishonoring to the monarch and injurious to the people.

The fate of Russia's northern neighbors, Denmark and Sweden, seem in some degree to confirm this opinion, repulsive as it may at first appear to our tastes and the gradual advance of the interests of humanity. In each of these countries we have witnessed, within a few years, all the usual restraints upon monarchy either openly or tacitly set aside by the sovereign, without any serious protest or detriment on the part of the people; and the disclosures in England only twelve months ago proclaimed to the world that Prince Albert, as consort to the queen, virtually governs there. These startling doctrines were acquiesced in by the British House of Commons with a spirit quite as slavish as that of the Northern Wittenagemote. Not a member had the courage to raise his voice against them in either. The peers, of course, still more dependent upon the luxuries of a court, were equally mute; and as the Danish

king has only a few months ago openly dispensed with all constitutional restrictions, we shall be in no degree surprised that they are more or less avowedly set at defiance by the others in word as well as deed, in precept as they at present are in practice.

Constitutional monarchy and constitutional diplomacy, as exhibited in other quarters of Europe, do not indeed impress us with any high opinion of their merits. The Dutch sovereign and his counsellors probably offered the best example of either, and they are at present embroiled with the republic. The adjoining power, Belgium, has perhaps more than any other in Europe—France, under Louis Philippe, alone excepted—contributed to inspire the world with disgust toward the system. It is impossible to contemplate the career of Leopold without strongly feeling some such sentiment. A penniless adventurer, or princeling with only one thousand dollars a year, he is suddenly elevated to the position of consort to the heiress-presumptive of England, with an annual allowance of two hundred and fifty thousand dollars. During fifteen long years he sordidly pockets all this money, without doing a single generous act, or entertaining apparently one solitary generous thought. So soon as Greece is converted into a kingdom, he becomes an aspirant for its throne. Without ever mounting this, he vaults into that of Belgium, because it affords a better prospect and the promise of a dowry with the daughter of Louis Philippe. Ever since his accession, in 1830, he has continued to draw his pension from England, though he makes the beggarly pretext of refunding a few hundreds annually into its exhausted exchequer. When revolution again breaks out in 1848, he has not even the hardihood to show the little courage which Louis Philippe possessed, and a few weeks ago only have seen him paying his obsequious court to the ruthless spoliator of Louis Philippe's family. A readiness to submit to his people or yield to his Parliament in all things seems to be this monarch's sole redeeming feature, and he has preserved his throne more than once solely by professing his readiness to "go." The circumstance that he would retreat to his pension and palace in England, however, in some degree detracts alike from the merit and the alacrity. In other respects, where his policy has not been hateful, it has been sufficient to cover monarchy itself with ridicule. The world yet remembers with disgust the revolting details and correspondence which passed between Louis Philippe and his daughter, Leopold's wife, and the British court, concerning the marriage of the Spanish queen; and of the whole of this, Leopold was the active instrument. His subsequent intrigues to

promote the interest of the house of Coburg have been positively ludicrous. Not content with his own position on the throne of Belgium, his nephew's (Prince Albert's) almost on that of England, another nephew wielding the sceptre of Portugal and coveting that of Spain, a third progressively increasing by purchase the limits of the native duchy through the savings of the family, a sister mother to the queen of England, and a niece upon its throne, Leopold has countless other nephews and nieces allied to the various royal families of France, Spain, Austria, Portugal, and Russia; princes and princesses of the Coburg race being systematically reared in the Roman Catholic, Protestant, and Greek Church creeds, according as the wants of the various countries require; and there can be little doubt that should the existing Sultan feel inclined to dismiss his present numerous connubial establishment and attach himself to a solitary member of this matrimonial family, or the Jew Baron Rothschild "conclude" to foreclose his mortgages and mount the throne of Jerusalem, we shall have other of its offshoots elevated in the Mussulman and Hebrew rituals too.

A policy such as this would alone cover constitutional monarchy and its diplomacy with ridicule.

In the midst of all this misgovernment, all this misdirected policy and diplomacy in Europe, a bright field presents itself to the United States, could we only profit by the lesson and be warned by the example. Hitherto, we have avoided the disorders of Europe because our territory is wide, our population sparse, and our position distant. But the same elements of discord are dormant in us—undue devotion to wealth, suicidal competition, want of social feeling and brotherly affection. The poor exile, who in Europe has poured out his fortune and poured out his blood in the cause of freedom, is too often the subject of insult and spoliation by the more worthless part of our citizens, and he is too generally that of neglect by even the more worthy. Several dozens of starving Italians lately arrived in this city, victims of the intolerance of the Pope; but, though they had sacrificed all for religious liberty, they found no food nor work nor shelter in this Protestant country, save at the hands of struggling foreigners, poor almost as themselves. We say this in no depreciation of the American character; for here, as in every other country, there must be a deep feeling of humanity existing in the human breast. But an insane devotion to wealth, an unintermitting passion for luxury, and a ceaseless and selfish love of pleasure, have produced this seeming heartlessness, and caused us to overlook every generous feeling.

America is not the land of any exclusive party; it is

the land of the free, the land of the oppressed. Nearly all have at some time been exiles on its shores, and it is not for those who have first arrived to exclude future victims of oppression. Their more fortunate position should rather stimulate them to aid their hapless brethren. Let them do this in benevolence, let them do it in policy, and, above all, let them do it in time. Let sectarian strife be put down, and universal beneficence substituted. Let a course be adopted which shall unite Protestant and Catholic, Englishman and Irishman, German and French, the exiled Italian and the wandering Pole, alike in defense of the institutions of America. Let our country adopt the same lofty tone abroad as at home. Let there be no secret diplomacy—one series of instructions to delude the people; the other, truckling to foreign governments. Let such policy be adopted, and there will be no want of heads and hearts, in any emergency, to uphold the star-spangled banner in honor wherever it is unfurled. We then may anticipate a bright career for our country, and a brighter prospect for our race. Our flag will float over regions where modern conqueror never yet has penetrated, and the Roman eagle never flew.

Poems. By WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT. Collected and arranged by the Author. Two volumes. Appleton & Co.

"GONE are the glorious Greeks of old—
Glorious in mien and mind—
Their bones are mingled with the mould,
Their dust is on the wind.
The forms they hewed from living stone
Survive the waste of years alone,
And scattered with their ashes, show
What greatness perished long ago."

MIGHT not an almost similar lament be breathed—if indeed we may fairly call this stanza of Bryant's by such a name, for it seems to us as though a subdued spirit of intellectual triumph, evoked by the sculptural preëminence of Greece, was mingled with its living utterance—over the poets which sprung from the Anglo-Saxon race in the last great age of the world? These are now, almost all of them, passed from us, and their glories already count with those of a by-gone time. Byron, Shelley, Scott, Cooper (for, in our idea, the poet is not merely to be considered as the manufacturer of verse, but as

the creator and combiner of thought,) Wordsworth, Southey, and other names, which have exerted in their day as great a potency for arousing our enthusiasm or enchaining our attention, as they at present possess for enkindling our memories, have been slowly and gradually, one by one, blotted out from the roll-call of human life. Three only left from that mighty band yet remain amongst us; and Time, whose tireless foot has trodden so heavily amongst their fellows, bids us look up to these with reverence and affection. These men are, William Cullen Bryant, Washington Irving, and Walter Savage Landor.

Differing only in their degree of excellence and the critical quality of their minds, when we take up the works of any of these three men, we do it with a feeling of the warmest admiration. Long years have almost consecrated this feeling into worship. It is more than difficult for us to mingle with it, that more purely critical valuation with which we have been so long accustomed to weigh and to examine the works of their younger brethren. As we turn over and peruse the pages which contain their writings, we do so under a similar impression to that which would fill our minds in scanning the relics of those earlier ages in which there were giants of toil and invention. We gaze upon their metre or we measure their expression and their euphony, with a similar wish to discover only their beauties, while we wilfully close our eyes upon all those errors in taste or construction which are, as it were, inseparably connected with humanity.

Of these men, Bryant is indisputably that one in whom the poetic power has been the most vividly and decidedly developed. Landor, at times, has exhibited the *afflatus* of poesy in perhaps a stronger degree, but in Bryant it is more consistent and more uniform. By no means a prolific poet, he is a singularly and most evenly finished one. But our readers are not to imagine that we would here attribute to him any undue labor with the file. On the contrary, he supplies but few places in which this labor may be traced. We are rather alluding to the completeness, finish, and clearness of the thought embodied in his verse, and this is an excellence in which all of more modern poetry is, with some rare exceptions, lamentably deficient. Possibly, we may cite our own Longfellow and the English Tennyson as the only two of more purely modern poets—if we except some few of Bulwer Lytton's more polished and careful works—whose writings stand out from the mass, free upon this point. And if we might be permitted here to say so, we would express an opinion, that in these two writers the finish of the form too

generally surpasses that of the thought. The chisel is used too prodigally to enhance the grace of the invention, and not **unrarely** is the energy or beauty of the idea impaired by the over-elaboration of the expression. This is, however, in **Bryant** seldom—or, ought we not to say, never?—the case. As a mere boy, we can remember reading his poems with as fervent and thorough an appreciation, although scarcely perhaps with as perfect a valuation of his powers, as that which we now accord them. All who are genuinely inclined to love and relish poetry, will understand us, when we adduce this as a proof of our belief.

But in speaking of poetry in this manner—in weighing it as a mechanical exhibition of the mastery of intellect over words, we feel that we are lowering with an insolent hand that standard, by which the true poet has a right to ask for judgment at our hands.

Poetry is not, and never ought to be considered as a mere mechanism. It is the voice of God. The great poet speaks to man, for and from him.

His lips enounce His glory. With a vigorous hand and a strict, coherent and impulsive power he summons around him the beauties of the earth, as freshly and as vividly as they were at first shapen or painted by the will of their Creator. He colors them with his own living words. In their consistent and perennial loveliness, he develops Deity. His thoughts are, as it were, one grand and conscious hymn of power in which Godhead is ever to be found palpable and visible.

While we are saying this, we feel that there are many who will unhesitatingly dissent from this expression of our opinion. They will summon our attention—they will point out to us many of the works which have been written by some of the greatest poets, and allege that these bear but scantily and faintly the impress and mark of divinity. Nay! They will bid us look at some, on whose lines and in whose verse none of it can be traced. Yet to us, certain is it, that as Prophecy once was, so is Poetry now. Even as the one has formerly been, so is the other in the present age, the voice of God. Sometimes even the olden Prophets failed in their duty. So may have done, or so may do, the dead or living Poet. Not all whose souls the Almighty has touched with the flame of genius, are true to that work to which His hand has summoned them. Many a modern Balaam is there, who may have turned a deafened ear to the still small voice that at times has spoken in him, and has but occasionally shapen into words the impulse which was awaking on his tongue. This, however, can no

more detract from that truth which lies within our view of the poet's actual position and calling, than the sin which Balaam was guilty of, can rob from Esaias a portion of his prophetic glory. It is not because Tom Moore has dabbled with the unworthiness of worldly passion, that we should for a single moment hesitate to listen to and forget ourselves in the mighty and sublime grandeur of Milton's sacred song. Neither, because there may be portions of "Don Juan" or "Quevedo Redivivus," which we might perchance wish to blot, can we wilfully close our eyes and blind our senses to the numberless gigantic and holy thoughts, which may be traced upon so many of the pages that Byron has breathed over, and written upon with the love, the anguish, or the hope of his splendid and vigorous soul.

Indeed, truly may we say, that there is no great poet who has ever written and bequeathed his writings to posterity, from whose works we could not readily select text after text from which sermons might be preached only inferior to those which might be woven from the sublime words of the Gospel. The Sermon on the Mount, as it is called—we say it reverently and with all due humility—being one of the noblest and tenderest poems which was ever breathed from lips of clay.

Look around you. Gaze for a moment on the majestic grandeur of the ocean, slumbering in all its tranquil and wondrous loveliness beneath the calm and even azure of the tropical heaven. Count the fleecy clouds that spangle the broad and spotless blue above you. Look into the depth beneath, flowering, as it were, with its drifting masses of tangled weed, and cleft by the shining fish that glimmer from its depths. Then view it, with its broad surface tossing and lashing in tempestuous fury. Mark the mountainous roll and long sweep of its plunging and whirling waves; reckon the white sails which dot its troubled bosom, tossed upon it like so many shaken and fleeting feathers, and then, tell us whether here is present neither Poetry nor Godhead. Then cast your eyes in your waking dream, over the silent lap of the Middle Sea, from the coast of Naples, as it couches beneath the mellow heaven in the yellow glory of an Italian sunset. Can you not trace in the broad and all-pervading depth of that holy calm the living presence of that Poetry? Does it not touch your soul in the breath of that fresh wind which fans your cheek? Is it not germinating in that grand and solemn silence? Does it not breathe the essential spirit of the Almighty One upon yourself and all around you? Upon the bleak summit of the broad Appenines, or on the lonely and snow-capped heights of the

higher Alps, with nothing round you but the sky, and no living thing in sight but the broad-winged eagle balancing in its steady flight upon the air, would you not feel that the person of God was more visibly and closely nigh? As you were gazing upon the continuous and changeless rush of that vast torrent, whose foaming waters have indented and scooped out the Horse-Shoe of Niagara, would not your inner sense bend adoringly beneath the typified awe of that mighty Poet whose will has wrought out and made that gigantic marvel? Yea! the Poet; for the poet signifies the maker or the creator, and that is God.

Let us ask whether, then, we are to be considered as wrong in assuming that the place which should be filled by the poet upon earth, ought at the present time to be corresponding with, or analagous to, that which is filled by Him towards man? Ought he not to be considered as His prophet and His apostle? Should we not, in the generality of cases, accept the truly great poet as the commissioned interpreter and expounder of His will and of His glory?

It must be remembered also that in the olden time, the Jews had no class whose genius corresponded to that of our poets, unless we accept as such these teachers. No renown is handed down to us which we can in any way compare with the royal writers of the Psalms of David, and the Songs of Solomon, or the still grander and more inspired breathing of their prophets. Their poetry was in every respect simply religious. It was received as the true and genuine working of a holy inspiration. As we recall this to our recollection, the question not unnaturally arises in our own mind, whether we have done well and wisely in dividing the mechanism of poetry in our greater and more pronounced practicality, from that which has formerly inspired it; and, whether we may not attribute the greater portion of its more evident errors, to that critical disposition which has in such an almost invariable manner regarded it as purely and merely an intellectual exercise? In how much of Dante, may we not detect and recognize a portion of that splendid energy and glorious might of language and imagery which so largely characterize the greater names among the Jewish prophets? Are there not in the dramatic pages bequeathed to us by the mind of Shakspeare, thoughts and words which might have seemed shapen in the same mint, and stricken out by the same hammer in and with which they elaborated their inspired diction? Has not Racine portions which might seem to have proceeded from the lips of one who himself was wrapped in the prophetic mantle? With these great and abiding memories speaking to our souls,

let us ask whether it must not be admitted to be our own fault, when we find that the spirit of mankind in common has asserted its share in these poets, and laid its blemishing touch upon their mantle, teaching human belief that the poet was not to be considered as a being apart from mankind—blending the purity and majesty of his song with mere passion, and teaching its holier capacity the baser language, at once, of earthly love and mortal impurity?

It is feeling thus, and feeling it strongly in every pulse that beats within us, that we take up the works of a truly great poet. It is with no common degree of reverence that we do so, when we see that he has conscientiously written scarcely one line which he might in his riper and more mature years wish to blot from the pages of his works. Under these circumstances, he assumes in our eyes a graver and more august proportion. He comes to us, not so much appealing for a favorable verdict as demanding a respectful hearing. If he has already been received by the world as one of its chosen, on the score of his talent he demands from us our veneration. Such is preëminently the case with Bryant. Other poets are there, many perhaps, who have displayed a greater versatility of power, or exhibited a more perfect and thorough art in combining their thoughts and language with themes of human interest. They may have possessed a more vivid and brilliant imagination, or developed a completer fire and more potent energy. But, let us add that there is scarcely one who would appear to have been possessed so completely with the dignity and grandeur of his calling. Scarcely one is there, who seems to have been impressed so firmly with the honest purpose to permit himself in no single instance, to tamper with that which might detract from the great educational purpose to which poetry is so evidently and so distinctly called.

Among the purer in intention of the bards of that great era in Anglo-Saxon poetry to which, although one of the youngest, he so clearly belongs, he stands preëminent.

Not a blot can be seen which sullies his robe of light. There may undoubtedly be moments in which it becomes dimmer and more clouded in our eyes, but this is from no wanton stain which he has heedlessly permitted it to contract. Rather is it, from our own incapacity to enter into the full appreciation of that poetic purity of spirit which has invariably guided his pen, and permitted it in no instance to accommodate itself to the too prevalent temper or to lend itself to the more profligate impulses of the age in which he first became a writer and a poet.

Listen to him. He is now speaking:

"Raise then the hymn to Death—Deliverer!
God has anointed thee to free the oppressed
And crush the oppressor. When the armed chief,
The conqueror of nations, walks the world,
And it is changed beneath his feet, and all
Its kingdoms melt into one mighty realm,
Then, when his head is loftiest, and his heart
Blasphemes, imagining his own right hand
Almighty, thou dost set thy sudden grasp
Upon him, and the links of that strong chain
Which binds mankind, are crumbled; thou dost break
Sceptre and crown, and beat his throne to dust;
Then the earth shouts with gladness, and her tribes
Gather within their ancient bounds again."

In taking this quotation from the volume in which it occurs, it has not been our intention to pluck from it one of the most striking passages of the noble poem from which we excise these lines. It has rather been taken as a fair and average example of the grave and elevated tone of feeling which characterizes the whole of the grand Hymn to Death—a feeling which amply entitles him to claim a brotherhood, in our opinion, with that apostolic line of poets which ranks itself, as we have previously implied, far above that state which the world too generally accords to poetry. In connection with it, we are about to make a few observations upon the more particular æsthetical characteristics of Bryant's poetical powers. Rarely, perhaps, does he elevate himself above us, with the eagle-flight and on the mighty and soaring pinion of the stronger birds of song. But although this is seldom done by him, we must remember that his wing never appears to tire, or seems to flag upon its sustained and equal course. All which he touches becomes grand and poetic under the charm of his calm and powerful will. His blank verse, from which the above is quoted, is admirably equal. In these days it more than favorably contrasts with that which is written by the greater portion of our modern American and English poets. Take up and read, should you have the leisure for doing so, Bailey's poem—we believe it is called "Festus." At the time when this volume first made its appearance, its author was, in the momentary blush of its novelty, actually accepted as a great poet, upon the other side of the Atlantic. Nay! He even found admirers—and these were not a few—upon this side of that huge landmark. Now, upon the pages of this poem, you will find the grossest and most obvious inequalities, whether in sentiment or in diction. Portions of it may certainly be selected which must be pronounced indisputably fine. These would—had they been at all equally sustained—have entitled the author from whose pen they had proceeded, to have assumed the right of taking

the foremost rank in modern literature. Unfortunately they do not do this, being in most cases followed by something so grotesque, or such a childish piece of pathos, as at once impairs any and every prepossession in favor of the writer, which may previously have originated or been inspired in our minds.

So, at least it does now, although, at the time when "*Festus*" was first published, these blemishes were literally accepted as portions of the beauties. Perhaps, if we were inclined to ransack our memories at the present moment, we might recall many a criticism in which they were not only palliated, but actually received a large portion of admiration.

Or, take up the second portion of a poem which has been written by an infinitely greater man, (we allude to the "*Faust*" of Goethe,) and which has, unfortunately, begotten too many modern poems which have emulated the original in its peculiarities of manner and language, rather than in its sublimer excellencies. Is not this section of that fine drama—if indeed we may call it a drama—open to precisely similar objections? And ought we, when such poetry courts our attention on the score of its author's name and reputation, to shrink from marking it as a puerility unworthy of his native manhood?

Therefore is it that we, not without reason, dwell upon this great element in the poetic excellence of Bryant. Never for a single moment does he condescend to trifle with his calling. None of these wanton pettinesses of diction or littlenesses of feeling, which blemish their writings, are to be met with in his verse. Although, it is possible, that he may not rise to a similar height, or plume his wing in as lofty a song as some of his abler and mightier brethren, it must be remembered that on the other hand he never sinks helplessly into that trifling inanity which marks with no infrequent touch so many of these poets.

Neither is he; as we have previously remarked, by any means a voluminous writer. And this is the more wonderful when we recall the age which Bryant is now living in.

Consider amongst what impulses, and in how singular a situation, this great poet has of late years been cast. That which might perhaps not have been worthy of prolonged and definite curiosity at the close of the last century, demands the attention of the thinking man at the present day; and what possibly might not have arrested our notice in the country gentleman, or him who might be placed in a situation remote from the whirl and bustle of public life, becomes more than remarkable when it is noticed in the editor of a daily newspaper—one who is engrossed in the turmoil of daily politics, and to whom the use of the pen of the journalist has almost become as a second nature. This is emphatically the age of celebrity. Or rather—

for we are not willing to permit our meaning to be mistaken—it is the age of celebrities. Men and women who possess what the world chooses to call genius, but what is more strictly a talent for the mechanical use of their advantages, are scattered everywhere. You can appear in no *réunion* in the fashionable world, where some of these talents may not be met with. Not the commonest bar-room is there in New-York, in which something approaching it may not be found. A man may retire to his bed, this night in obscurity, and wake on the morrow to find his name decorated with this false celebrity. It is certainly possible, that he may be unlucky enough to find his fame snuffed out for him in the papers of the following day. But what does this matter? In the next month he may perchance blossom anew into a fairer amount of fame. "Fanny Fern" is the last year's marvel, and "Fashion and Famine" has been the literary celebrity of this one. Barnum rises into a novelty with his confessions, and scarcely has his claim upon their attention been recognized by the public, than a new man of mark in literature disputes it with him. This is the Chevalier Wikoff. We are no longer sliding through life in the easy stages with which our fathers were accustomed to progress through it. We whirl through it upon the rail. Reputations are no more formed as they were wont to be. Collisionists and catastrophe-makers have taken the formation of them into their own hands. They organize them upon a grand scale. They are no longer shapen by units, but are turned out largely and incessantly by the hundred.

Now, amid such a constant din and roar of daily life, it is one of the most difficult things that we might well imagine, for the voice of the real poet to be heard. Where is he to find an audience amidst such a clang of wheels and such an uproar of human voices? His sweet notes run the risk of being stifled in the clattering of carriages, the shrieking of news-boys laden with the fact and intelligence of the outer world, the screeching of steam-whistles, the rush of railway trains, the announcements of Ethiopian serenaders, the mixture of music and machinery, opera and typography, carriage-wheels and banjoes. It is true, that in the olden time, a stray flower might be found by the road-side, and its perfume and beauty did not altogether fail of attracting attention from the loiterers near it. But now, alas! the roads have been graded. You must travel miles from the city ere you can alight upon the solitary bloom which was wont to sparkle and glisten in the green-sward that couched beside the hedge-row. When it is found, must we not, in our sorrow that it should be so, lament to say—that your soul will have gradually grown so completely deadened to its charms, while your memory will have become so hardened to all that loveliness

which you once admired, that you will in all possibility have managed to forget its very name? You will find your eye as dimmed to its beauty as your nostril is choked against its perfume.

It is true that you may find, here and there, some of those rare intelligences, that can for a time divest themselves of that ceaseless and restless turmoil. These men do not entirely and altogether exist in the money market. They will return from their counting-houses and places of business at the close of their day of toil, and will shut out from their hearth and the bosom of their families all memories of it. These few will possibly love that genius with an infinitely keener relish, which they, because it is the fashion with the rest of the world, exclude from their daily life. They will take it home to their inner selves, and enjoy its outpouring, with a more intense and thorough delight, from that very contrast which it makes them feel between the life without, and that more silent world whose action and whisperings they feel within them. To such as these we address our remarks upon Bryant's genius. From men like these we ask a reverential hearing for his poetry. To them we speak, for we know that they will listen to us.

From every American who professes truly to love and relish poetry, Bryant demands something more than that attention which is accorded to the numerous poetlings and few poets that America has yet produced. Can our readers for a moment entertain any doubt wherefore we say this? Emphatically is Bryant the Sire of all American poetry. That poetry has not yet possibly acquired its full growth, but if it has not, be assured that it will do so. Bryant was the first amongst us, who taught the American spirit to find a vent for its purer and more elevated feelings in song. It is in this respect, that his name will be long hallowed and remembered by our children and descendants, or at least amongst such of them as can more effectually free themselves for a time, however brief, from that world of merchandise and barter which threatens to engross them. What is there that can be finer or more purely American in feeling, for example, than the opening of the "Forest Hymn?" We take it from the volume in which it is contained, as one of the grandest examples of that devotional feeling which we everywhere find in Bryant:

"The groves were God's first temples. Ere man turned
To hew the shaft, and lay the architrave,
And spread the roof above them;—ere he framed
The lofty vault to gather and roll back
The sound of anthems; in the darkling wood,
Amid the cool and silence, he knelt down,
And offered to the Mightiest solemn thanks."

Wondering, why man should, in the more advanced and riper age of the world, forget "God's ancient sanctuaries, and worship only in the fashionable temples reared to his name amongst the crowd," the poet has betaken himself to the broad forest. There, amid the leaf-crowned pillars which support the coping of the primal temple—those glorious heavens which encircle life—he bends himself in humble adoration. Listen to the words which fall from his parted lips:

"Here is continual worship: Nature, here,
In the tranquillity that thou dost love,
Enjoys thy presence. Noiselessly, around,
From perch to perch, the solitary bird
Passes; and yon clear spring, that, midst its herbs,
Wells softly forth, and wandering steeps the roots
Of half the mighty forest, tells no tale
Of all the good it does. Thou hast not left
Thyself without a witness, in these shades,
Of thy perfections. Grandeur, strength, and grace
Are here to speak of thee. This mighty oak—
By whose immovable stem I stand and seem
Almost annihilated—not a prince,
In all that proud old world beyond the deep,
E'er wore his crown as loftily as he
Wears the green coronal of leaves with which
Thy hand has graced him. Nestled at his root
Is beauty, such as blooms not in the glare
Of the broad sun. That delicate forest flower
With scented breath, and look so like a smile,
Seems, as it issues from the shapeless mould,
An emanation of the indwelling Life,
A visible token of the upholding Love,
That are the soul of this wide universe.

"My heart is awed within me when I think
Of the great miracle that still goes on,
In silence, round me—the perpetual work
Of thy creation; finished, yet renewed
For ever. Written on thy works I read
The lesson of thy own eternity.
Lo! all grow old and die—but see again
How on the faltering footsteps of decay
Youth presses—ever gay and beautiful youth,
In all its beautiful forms. These lofty trees
Wave not less proudly that their ancestors
Moulder beneath them. Oh! there is not lost
One of earth's charms: upon her bosom yet,
After the flight of untold centuries,
The freshness of her far beginning lies
And yet shall lie. Life mocks the idle hate
Of his arch-enemy Death—yea, seats himself
Upon the tyrant's throne—the sepulchre,
And of the triumphs of his ghastly foe
Makes his own nourishment. For he came forth
From thine own bosom, and shall have no end.

"There have been holy men who hid themselves
 Deep in the woody wilderness, and gave
 Their lives to thought and prayer, till they outlived
 The generation born with them, nor seemed
 Less aged than the hoary trees and rocks
 Around them;—and there have been holy men
 Who deemed it were not well to pass life thus.
 But let me often to these solitudes
 Retire, and in thy presence reassure
 My feeble virtue. Here its enemies,
 The passions, at thy plainer footsteps shrink
 And tremble and are still."

Would it not be difficult for us to find in the whole range of modern poetry, a passage more full of sublime and tranquil beauty, than this one is? Passages of more mystic and clouded loveliness you may find in Shelley. In Byron there are more vigorous and potent thoughts. Longfellow may supply us with tenderer and as chaste ideas, but one and all are deficient in that predominant and plastic feeling of devotion which, passing beyond the image of death, bows itself in worship at the shrine of its and nature's Godhead. Not a charm is there which could be met with in the forest and woven into verse, but ~~is~~ here present, hallowed by his powerful and devotional faith. Or if we judge it by the mere happinesses of poetic expression, what can be more pure and grand in its verbal form—more vividly poetic, than, speaking of the earth, when he says—

"Upon her bosom yet,
 After the flight of untold centuries,
The freshness of her far beginning lies,
 And yet shall lie."

How finely does he bring youth and age together! With how picturesque and poetic a feeling does he evoke among the trees, which rise around him in their youth and glory, the shadows of those which have fallen, and whose limbs are rotting beneath them. With what a magnificent contrast does he place Life and Death side by side—seating the former upon "the tyrant's throne—the sepulchre"—and painting him as drawing nourishment from the triumphs of "his ghastly foe." To read such a noble poem is better to one who can relish poetry, than wading through hundreds of the daily sermons which are woven for us by those accomplished divines, whom fashion has rendered popular, and the dollars and dimes of the world have induced to publish their lucubrations. The purest and the broadest spirit of a syncretic religious faith is enounced and evolved through it. It is upon this, that its appeal is based to all whose piety is not merely based upon convention—the worn-out shibboleth of

words and signs—but a feeling whose impulse enters alike into their hearts and their souls. Nor is this the only merit of Bryant's poetry. Its courage also appeals to the world at large. For it must be observed that his philosophy is no new thing. It needed no small degree of unshrinking honesty, for the great poet of the last age to put aside the Utopian dreams of the speculator and free-thinker, and consecrate himself to the legitimate ends of his lofty calling. We urge this the more steadily upon the attention of our readers, that in our opinion it marks him out the more distinctly from all his companions, in that great epoch of Anglican poetry to which he more decidedly belongs. Stronger or weaker—we on our own part implicitly believe that this fact is owing to his greater strength of mind—than many of his leading and most popular contemporaries, he has broached no new theories, or dealt with no transcendental doctrines. Never has he suffered himself to be betrayed, for the mere purpose of momentary effect, from his better self and purer nature. Nor, has he suffered his pen to deal with those laxities of religious belief which disfigure the works of many of the nobler and more vigorous of his brethren. In this respect he stands almost alone. Save Wordsworth, there is scarcely another great poet of the last general development of the poetic intelligence, whose works are so unequivocally fitted for all hands. The strait-laced dissectors of the books that are written for the world at large, would have no pretense for publishing expurgated editions of the works of either of these two celebrated men. And when we remember that even Shakespeare has been submitted to this excision, we confess that we regard it as one of their proudest and surest claims to universal admiration. But Bryant has been now largely rewarded for the purely voluntary abnegation by his muse of one of the safest and securest means of obtaining popular appreciation. The consciousness that resides within his inner self—that feeling which makes a man's real value visible to his own eyes—has justified him in his contempt for this, while it has accorded him that reward. Yet there was needed another and a more outward manifestation of it, that which even to himself would be a sounder and securer evidence of its possession. This evidence he has been slowly and safely acquiring. Gradually has he won his way into popular estimation, as one of the first—if not the very first—of those who are accepted as the classical authors of his own country. Few, indeed, or very possibly none, are there amongst us who would feel inclined to dispute this. He himself must be conscious that it is so. He himself must feel his bosom dilate with no unworthy pride in recognizing it, and appreciating the ready assent of all those

who read and relish the grander and more lofty works of human genius, to this fact.

Had it so happened, that Bryant had been born in any other country than America, who is there that can doubt but he never would have felt himself necessitated to engage his pen in the political struggles of daily life? We may—although there are but few who may presume upon their own knowledge to fathom the secret bias and hidden promptings of another man—venture on saying, that it is in positive contradiction to his own impulses and predilections that he has been compelled to do so. Rather would he have been joyous, had his fate permitted him to follow that path to which his own more earnest spirit and more exalted hopes summoned him, than to have immersed himself in the petty and arduous toils of journalism. Yet we confess we know not, whether this chance does not give us, in some measure, a keener relish for those poems on which his claims to reputation are based. We have a pleasure—albeit, it is in no small degree a malicious one—in feeling that this genius does not altogether stand so far above and beyond us, and in knowing that he too uses the talent which has been given him, even in his age, as a support and a stay, by mixing himself up with our daily interests, and dealing with those matters of the moment whose passing significance may in the next hour perchance be rendered worthless.

It is in fertility and a ready plenteousness of the power of invention, that Bryant is possibly the most lacking. Any thing but a fecund and abundant writer, how numerous and abundant are the compensations which he offers us. What an exquisite and absolute readiness in every thing that hinges on material description he possesses. With how keen and vivid an appreciation of the external does he seize upon and detail its beauties. Whilst, in no instance, does minuteness of manner overpower the broad and lucid character of his mind. How profound, yet at the same time how simple—how sublimely earnest, and yet how unwearisome are his meditations. What a full and finished, yet how chaste and pure a language does he transcribe his thoughts in, and with how subtle and admirable a skill is he accustomed to place a picture upon the paper. Not a line—scarcely a single word—is there which the most fastidious critic could censure as redundant. As you run over the thronging yet never hurried ideas which are traced upon his pages, each one reproduces itself upon your mind. They are colored with the fire and energy of the true poet, and paint themselves as vividly upon your impressions. Nothing is there to be found in his poetry that imprints itself vaguely and dubiously upon the understanding of the reader. Indeed, this last is

one of those qualities which more decidedly characterize Bryant's genius. More essentially than most of the poetic brotherhood, does he possess the power of eliminating on his reader's sense the conviction of that which he has himself felt. Let us ask of you, whether this faculty alone is not to be considered one of the principal qualities which enter into the formation of the great poet? What men are there who have possessed this more strongly than Shakespeare, and Byron, and Dante? However various their ways of doing it may be, each of these workmen has acquired an almost omnipotent power over the plastic material with which his creations have been fashioned. When, therefore, we notice the possession of this faculty by Bryant, we recognize in him a degree of excellence which renders him not unworthy to be named after these poets. Standing far beyond those with whom it has been the fashion amongst some of our critics to classify him, he holds his place firmly and securely within no great distance from these names in song. Although he may not be reckoned at the side of the first and last of these three men, the star of his mind has lent no scanty ray to that mighty lustre with which poetry has lit the modern world. We have at length begun to recognize his real position amongst the numerous pretenders to glory, whose names have risen and jostled with and thronged around him.

Take up his "Thanatopsis"—the first poem in which we made the acquaintance of Bryant—the first poem in which, as we believe, he attracted the attention of the world to himself. This poem is, as a work of art, almost perfect. Not a line is there in it which does not bear the characteristics of the man visibly stamped upon it. Scarcely a phrase is there which one who has studied its writer as attentively as we have done, would not pronounce as being his, did he hear it quoted. For this peculiar idiosyncrasy of style is the stamp in many cases of the real poet. Can any dozen lines which have been written by Shelley be attributed to another writer? Does not all the poetry of Shakespeare belong to him alone? Would it be possible for you to imagine the famous soliloquy of *Hamlet*, to have proceeded from the brain-forged of any other writer of dramatic poetry? Could a single line of the "Faust" be attributed to any other inventor than Goethe? If then we are right in this assumption, tell us whether this feature in Bryant, as a poet, ought not to be considered as one of the surest stamps set upon him by nature? Suffice it that we know no poem of a similar length with this, that is so replete with beauty, or that contains within itself so thorough and holy a love for natural loveliness. It literally sparkles with—but we have used a word which falsely conveys our meaning—we ought to have said, that it

glows equally and consistently, with this love. The delicate and fanciful connections which may be traced between scenery and thought, are touched with a wonderfully acute and sensitive hand. There are innumerable passages which might be excerpted and quoted from it, for the purpose of justifying the opinion which we have expressed, did we not implicitly and honestly believe that there are none of our readers who have not this poem stored away in some nook of their own dwellings. To these, it must be far too well known for us to offer them the insult of quoting from it, with a view to their edification upon its merits, great as we ourselves conceive these to be.

One fine portrait is there which has been drawn by the hand of a veritable master. It might almost seem to have been colored with the broad, earnest, and masculine brush of Spagnoletto. This limning we must take. It is from a poem named, "The Antiquity of Freedom," by its author.

"O Freedom! Thou art not as poets dream,
A fair young girl with light and delicate limbs."

What a swimming character is given to this line by the redundant syllable. Does not the image brought before your eyes by these admirably selected words seem actually to float before them?

"—and wavy tresses gushing from the cap
With which the Roman master crowned his slave
When he took off the gyves. A bearded man
Armed to the teeth art thou. One mailed hand
Grasps the broad shield, and one the sword. Thy brow
Glorious in beauty though it be, is scarred
With tokens of old wars; thy massive limbs
Are strong with struggling."

To us the contrast between these two pictures—the fanciful and the actual portrait, is fine in the extreme. The "waving tresses *gushing from the cap*, with which the Roman master crowned his slave when he took off the gyves," is one of those happy touches—those brief and admirable bits of handling which imply more than a volume of ponderous thought. It tells us that the poet is really and honestly American—that he sees and feels Freedom as we see and feel it, and that he can express this mental vision of its nature, in a way that we at once recognize the terse vigor and exquisite beauty of, although we might have plodded on weeks, months, and years, without being able to find an efficient tongue to phrase and express it. How grandly is his description of the early life of Freedom given in that passage which commences, "Thou were twin-born with man." Every line which follows this, is a clear and

admirable painting, and justifies to its fullest extent that valuation which we have set upon his poetic powers and their thorough although not puling finish.

We were not aware, until some weeks after we saw the announcement of the new edition of Bryant's poems which has induced us to write this article, that the position of a great lyric poet had ever been claimed for him. Still less were we aware that it had ever been accorded him.

The lyric poet is a poet through himself alone. He can never be a poet through the great thoughts of others. Yet such is the main element in such men as we have been ranking Bryant with. They have run over the philosophy and the vitality of humanity. With a daring and bold will they seize upon all they choose, where and from whom it pleases them. They weld it into their own mass of thought and produce it in new phases. To them it forms the text upon which they elaborate a more costly and gigantic edifice of wisdom or of beauty. The lyric poet is at the same time humbler and in his tone more original. Or we feel that we are wrong in using this word. He is less original, although poetically more so. He takes not the splendid thoughts and ideas which he finds everywhere scattered in the works of his greater brethren to form the body of the woof in which he weaves his own thread. His search is, on the contrary, directed into daily life. With a subtle and crafty finger he plucks his material from those amongst whom he lives and breathes and has his being. Now, it must be evident that these are by no means among the qualifications of Bryant's intellect. His genius but rarely develops that harmony which finds its birth in the promptings of daily life. It does not throb with the purposes of common passions, neither does it ruffle the surface of the heart with the playfulness of casual emotion. Even in his shortest, and, in their mechanical texture, his most lyrical effusions, his form is infinitely completer, his end far more elevated, and his imagery grander and more elevated in its character, than that of the purely lyrical poet. Indeed, we have, with one solitary exception, not a single specimen of this class of poet extant in America, and perfect as he is in his own line, there can be scarcely a doubt, we should conceive, but that he must rank in an infinitely lower scale than that to which we would assign the impulse and the aspiration of Bryant.

There is none, or next to none, of the rushing vehemence of common thought and passion in his brief poems. None of those startling lines are to be found in them which condense into their limited form the energetic ideas of years or the wider life of nations—ideas which their extent or duration alone

redeem, when taken in conjunction with their condensation and brevity, from the censure of being common-place. Bryant's genius and intellect is the very reverse of this. He accomplishes his end by means which must be admitted to be singularly different from those employed by the writer of the mere lyric. Elegantly poetical as are many of his minor productions, such, for example, as the "Hunter's Serenade," the vigorous sketch which he calls the "Greek Partisan," or many others, these effusions are rather descriptive than lyrical. None, or at any rate few, of his words have been set to music, and in our opinion, this fact affords one of the most conclusive testimonies to his possessing too high a poetic power to be treated to that collocation of words with notes which music specifically demands. What class of poets are those who have furnished the largest range of opportunities to the musical composer? Look at the last age and count them up. Are Byron and Shelley of the class which have done so? Is Wordsworth one of the men whose words have supplied a theme to the composer, which has ended by being ground upon barrel-organs or whistled in the streets by the news-boy? May Schiller be considered of these, or have Goethe and Coleridge accomplished this descent? Very certainly not. Rather is it Moore, or Beranger, or Burns—three certainly, of the greatest and most complete poets in their peculiar class—who have exhibited most largely that which he requires. Yet must it not be candidly admitted that this class, whether in this country with its Morris, or on the European continent with its Beranger, stand in an infinitely lower grade in the scale of poetic excellence than does that one to which Bryant is emphatically attached, and to which he the more specifically belongs?

In truth, this man is much more strictly a meditative than he can be considered a lyrical poet. This last exhibition of the poetic genius, toys almost exclusively with the things which are actually placed before him. He deals with the realities of life in quick, glittering, and terse description. In him there is but little of the painter, but much of the rapid designer in mere black and white. This element in his character cleaves to and shapes him. Bryant is, on the other hand, a man who is very differently formed. His thought manifests itself more readily in calm and tranquil observation. It develops itself in carefully sustained and sedulously finished expression. To him the more serious portion of the duties of life, its deeper and purer affections, and the steadier and more lofty aspirations of the soul, are the more genial and general incentives to thought. His poems in themselves, possess a charm, which is almost entirely distinct from, and in genuine inspiration, far superior

to those troubled and playful yet vigorous impulses which find their expression upon the lyre of the mere transcriber of daily impressions. For Bryant's poems are calculated to find not only an equal, but a growing acceptance in ages which are long subsequent to that in which they were written, while these men may pass away from the memories of our children, with the taste and impressibility of the times in which they were begotten.

We say this, be it observed, in no irreverent spirit. Not a school-boy is there who does not know the name of Homer, or has not heard of that of Virgil. He can tell you what it was that these men wrote of. If he has any gift for relishing the divine breath of song, he will be able to repeat you many a fragment which has struck his mind and fastened upon his memory from their works. But rarely indeed will you meet with a boy, whose recollections will recall to his tongue a line that has figured in the lyric verse of Sappho, or the convivial song of Anacreon. The first he perchance has heard of. Her tragic fate has in all probability supplied him with a theme for versification at some time or other, when his boyish ambition prompted him to contend with his pen for one of those prizes which supply young minds with the necessary stimulus to exertion. But of the last, it may be considered more than probable that his only intelligence or appreciation has been rendered by or conceived from the recondite pages of Lempriere.

Bryant has now passed through the first stage in that life of the true poet—for the poet's life is not to be reckoned by the years which constitute his physical existence: it is the existence that measures itself by his thoughts, and endures with his works—which once passed, leaves him secure or despairing of his future position. There are few who, like Milton, can look forward with a resolute and unshrinking eye, across the lapse of years of pecuniary suffering and struggle, in the calm consciousness of their after reputation. Old as he is, and as he looks when we gaze upon him, he exists in that green age which gives a personal acquaintance with the man, a greater charm even than that which is derived by us from a knowledge of the youth of genius. The struggle and the labor have swept over him, and sunken from our view. We may lack—that is possible—the wanton and vivid thrill of pleasure when we are gazing upon him, which flashes and quivers through our intelligences, as we see a young, vigorous, and healthy soul contending with those hardships which would almost seem as though they were inseparably connected with every literary career. But even while we do this, a glow of delight awakens in us. In our secret heart, we promptly acknowledge, that

after all which we may have said of the compulsory toil that the world directly thrusts upon genius—the hard, broken, and tortuous paths with whose numerous obstacles and difficulties that genius has had to strive—the active and bitter enemies with whom it has been forced, as it were, to do battle, that there is nevertheless a triumph and a compensation for all this. The world is singularly just, although this is scarcely attributable to its instinctive sense of what is right. God himself rules its fancies, and sways it, in spite of its willful attempts to do otherwise, into the legitimate path. Rarely indeed, does it bestow the crown with which it decorates the successful royalties of earthly intellect where it has not been deserved. Still more rarely does it withhold it, where actual desert applies for it, from its hand.

Some few there may possibly be of those whom the Almighty has anointed with the precious oil of genius, who may have struggled through life unknown and unvalued. But these are not many. Few Chattertons have there been, whose talent has been reduced to forge its claims upon the moment in another name, and who quit this life ere their toil has earned them that stamp which success can alone imprint upon the human coin.

At any rate, Bryant has not been one of these. He struggled boldly and successfully for the prize, and secured it early. Held by him with a sure and steadfast grasp, it has been slowly augmenting in its value and its worth. It is no longer a token of merely passing admiration which he has gained. On the contrary, it is the positive and abiding appreciation of his genius—the first, both in point of excellence and in date, which America has given birth to in poetry. To the men of the present, he rears his head preëminently over all competitors, as the Bard of America. More distinctly national in the character of his mind than any other of our poets, he stands alone in the grandeur of his diction, the sustained and consistent glow of his thought, and the clear and tangible power with which he brings his images before you. In the future, it is possible that greater stars may break from the heaven, and somewhat dim that steady radiance with which his light is now glowing. Yet nothing can extinguish his settled lustre. His star burns with the true fire. It has been lit upon the altar of Genius. What is there that may rob it of its glory?

THE INDUSTRIAL SCHOOLS OF NEW-YORK, AND
THE CHARITIES CONNECTED THEREWITH.

1. *The Five-Points Monthly Record.* March to Oct., 1854.
2. *First Annual Report of the Children's Aid Society.* Feb., 1854.
3. *The Old Brewery at the Five-Points.* By LADIES OF THE MISSION. Stringer & Townsend. 1854.

IN the year 1830, or thereabouts, John Pounds, a poor and lame shoemaker, of Portsmouth in England, was endeavoring to bring up his nephew, whom he had adopted. The boy was a cripple like himself, and in order to make study easier and more pleasant to him, Pounds found a companion for him in the son of a widow and neighbor. The two got on well together, and others were presently added to the class, until it consisted of forty scholars, of whom twelve were girls. He took his pupils from the needy and degraded, and would often go into the streets and upon the public quay, and tempt the little blackguards, as he used to call them, to enter his school by the offer of a roasted potato or some such simple thing. He was a truthful and earnest man, we are told, and the kind tones of his voice seldom failed with the children he met. Once at school, he easily kept them. He taught them not only to read and write, but also his trade; he fed them when they were hungry, and gave them what clothes he could when they were ragged; and equally potent with all this in winning their hearts, he played with them when study and work-hours were over. And these children came so to love him that when he died, at the age of seventy-two, they cried bitterly, and some even fainted at their loss.

John Pounds had no successor in Portsmouth, but his example was followed soon after in Aberdeen. The Sheriff of that town, a Mr. Watson, formed a society for the purpose of teaching its vagrant children. One hundred pounds were advanced, and the school was opened with twenty scholars. His first attempts seem to have proved a failure, for hungry boys and girls can hardly be expected to be very fond of learning. Food was therefore given them, and after a while the police were ordered to pick up all children who were found begging, and bring them to a large room hired for the purpose. On the 19th of May, 1845, seventy-five were thus

gathered. The day was spent in reducing the children to order, in hushing them into silence, in checking their oaths, and in stopping their fighting. They were then told they might come the next day, if they chose, and that whether they came or not, since food was offered them in school, their begging in the street would be stopped. Most of them returned on the morrow, and the school has ever since prospered. The managers reported in 1850, as the result of their undertaking, "That whereas a few years since there were three hundred and twenty children in the town and three hundred and twenty-eight in the county of Aberdeen, who, impelled by their own or their parents' necessities to cater for their immediate wants, prowled about the streets and roamed far and wide through the country, cheating and stealing their daily avocation, now a begging child is rarely to be seen, and juvenile crime is comparatively unknown." We learn from the police returns, in confirmation of this report, that in 1841 the number of juvenile prisoners was 61; in 1845, 49; and in 1850, 14. The number of vagrant and begging children met by the police in 1845, the year the school was opened on a large scale, was 62; in 1849, 1 only.

These were the beginnings of the movement which now attracts so much notice towards the education and rescue of the vagrant children of our large cities. Schools of this description, as will readily be believed, were soon established in London. In 1844, the Earl of Shaftesbury organized a society called the Ragged-School Union for the purpose of giving greater efficiency to these attempts. It has flourished nobly. In 1852, it raised by voluntary subscription fifteen thousand dollars, and had under its care one hundred and ten schools, in which 13,000 children were taught by two hundred paid and sixteen hundred voluntary teachers. Besides these schools in London, others of a similar character have been established in forty of the largest towns of Great Britain.

It was natural that these attempts to reclaim the vagrant children in the cities of England should attract the attention of humane men in New-York. With us, however, the movement in its origin was not confined to the young alone. It also included the reformation of the abandoned women who had congregated in greater numbers than in any other portion of our city in the Five-Points. It is a blessed thing that they have not been neglected; for of all our kindred, none appeal half so touchingly to our deepest pity and loving kindness as they who, once pure, tender, and loving girls, have changed themselves, through the persuasions of men, into the very images of whatever is vile and hateful.

We propose giving a brief history of the efforts which are being made in New-York to reclaim this unfortunate class, as well as educate the children of its most vicious and degraded people.

Nearly five years ago, Lewis M. Pease, a Methodist missionary, was sent into the Five-Points to preach to its abandoned population. He went from house to house; the women everywhere receiving him kindly, and listening to his exhortations attentively. Some even shed tears of sorrow over their past lives, and earnestly promised to do better. As he left the square, he came upon two or three dirty and ragged boys, playing at marbles. One of them, as he passed, made a bad shot; "I can do better than that," the missionary said, and joined them. They showed him how to hold the marble, and then, with their hands upon their knees, and eager, down-turned faces, watched the trial of his skill. He, too, missed the mark, and a contest at once arose between him and the boys for the victory. Other children, of course, joined the sport, and when a score or more had collected, he asked them if they had had any thing to eat that day. One had had his breakfast, another had only eaten a mouthful, others nothing at all; but all were willing to go with him to a baker's shop. He fed them there with bread and cakes, and got their promise to come to a school which would be opened on the next Sunday in a house hard by.

The urchins were true to their word, when the Sunday came. But it was impossible to keep them still. They sang, they hurraed, they swore, they fought with one another; but they would not listen. Once only were they got into their places, and coaxed into something like silence. But so soon as the superintendent closed his eyes to pray, with a wild yell they broke through every restraint, and rushed out of doors. They could bear any thing but praying. Nevertheless, there was no cause of discouragement, as the sequel has shown. These same children have, many of them, become orderly, industrious, advancing scholars; and the riotous, untamed exuberance of animal life they displayed that day was the proof of their capacity for improvement.

Soon after, Mr. Pease again visited the women whom he had before striven to reclaim. He was not met in the spirit with which he had been before received. These poor beings gathered about him and cursed him with the most fearful imprecations. Their consciences had been aroused by his preaching, and seeing no way of escape for themselves, they were nearly driven to despair. "For God's sake," they said, "let us alone. Don't we remember that we were pure once, and had homes of our own; and who knows better than we

what we now are? Will you not let us have a little comfort on the earth, if we can, and not torment us before our time? You tell us to leave this place: if we do, how are we to live? None will trust us with work, or take us into their houses. If we quit the lives we are leading we must starve."

The missionary pondered over what he had seen and heard, as he walked home. The next day he sought to get work for these women, but was only laughed at for his pains. They would steal and pawn every thing intrusted to them, he was told; and it was only by becoming personally responsible that he succeeded in getting some plain sewing for them. How willingly the unaccustomed fingers of these poor creatures worked upon it! They sewed by day under the supervision of Mrs. Pease, and at night took their work with them. Some wrought by the light of their neighbor's fire or candle, and others were found beneath the street-lamps. Their labor was worth nothing, for it had to be unravelled and sewn over again, yet they did as well as they could, and received, as was their due, full prices for their attempts.

It was soon found that it did but little good to employ these women all day, and at night send them home where they were exposed to the worst temptations. Accordingly, Mr. Pease gave up his house in Henry street, and with his family moved down into the very centre of the vileness and poverty, which has made the Five-Points notorious in every corner of the republic. A house of ill-repute was indicted as a nuisance and cleared of its inmates. Its walls swarmed with lice and fleas, and its halls and stairways reeked with filth. Quick-lime was thickly strewn upon every floor and rubbed into their crevices, and slacked by pouring water upon it. The doors and windows were then closed, and pans of living coals were put into all the rooms and brimstone thrown into them. The lime and the sulphur killed all the vermin, and a thorough cleansing with pure water made the house once more fit to be dwelt in.

Thirty women and a few children were gathered into this dwelling on the first night it was opened. When bed-time came, he who was as a father to these outcasts prayed with them, and then sang a hymn. At first nearly all joined with him. But, one by one, their voices stopped, because of their weeping. It is not easy to say what emotions the hymn had awakened. It may be that they remembered the days when, at the close of the Sabbath, they sang with their mothers and sisters in their own homes.

From that time until the present the Mission has nobly flourished. In October, 1850, a second house was taken, and the inmates of the asylum increased to sixty. In May, 1851, four

other houses adjoining, and two years afterward three more were hired. A bakery was also added to the establishment. About three hundred persons are now within the walls of the Mission, of whom one hundred and fifty are children, one hundred and twenty-five women, and twenty-five men. These have all been taken from the lowest classes in the city. Two hundred children are in the schools, of whom not quite half come in from the streets, and are fed by the Mission. Two men, thirty women, and sixteen girls are employed in sewing; three men and ten boys in the making of shoes, and twenty-five women and girls in straw-work. The remainder are employed in cooking and keeping the houses in order. Several hundreds of every age, and of both sexes, within the past six months have been provided with places as servants and laborers in the city and adjoining country. In 1851, the receipts of the Mission were two thousand six hundred dollars; in 1853, they amounted to seventeen thousand six hundred dollars.

Through the kindness of Mr. Pease, we were permitted to go through the seven houses which compose the House of Industry. They were all clean and well warmed. In some rooms women were sewing, quilting, and binding shoes; in others children were weaving coarse willow baskets and making artificial flowers, and in others men were at work as tailors and shoemakers. Every one seemed contented. Nothing that we saw, however, during our visit, pleased us half so well as the children in the schools. These were gathered under their teachers in various rooms, according to their ages and capacities. They were not, as we expected to see, a stupid and degenerate class; they did not bear in their faces the impress of their parents' vices, and of the privations they had once suffered; on the contrary, most of them had clear and healthy skins and bright and intelligent countenances. We doubt whether in any school among us which numbers two hundred scholars there would be found more of whom better hopes could be entertained than are in this school of the House of Industry. These children besides being taught are fed and clothed by the Mission, and most of them sleep within its walls.

We must not omit to speak of the farm of sixty-four acres of arable land which has been recently bought by several gentlemen for the purposes of the Mission, and which will play an important part hereafter in its operations. It lies in Westchester county, upon the River Bronx. It was without buildings at the time of its purchase; but within a few months a house, four stories high, has been reared upon it. The basement contains a kitchen, a large dining-room, and store-rooms; upon the first floor are a parlor, reading-room, offices, and several

bed-rooms; upon the second are the private apartments of the superintendent and a large play-room, while dormitories occupy the remaining stories. Barns are to be built upon the farm, and workshops also, so soon as the money requisite for these undertakings shall be contributed.

We will let Mr. Pease unfold for himself the objects for which this farm was bought. "The country establishment," he says in his report to the Trustees of the Mission, "should be regarded as the great field of improvement, and the principal dwelling place of those under our charge. Yet the house at the Five-Points should not be given up, but maintained as a centre of operations and influence in the city—a place of reception, trial, and training, and of temporary employment and relief, where such only are needed. The prospect of transfer to an inviting home in the country will generally be a strong incentive to good conduct, by which the length of trial at the house at the Five-Points may be regulated." "The principal industrial operations being there carried on, it may be hoped that their country establishment will eventually, in a great measure, be rendered self-supporting, while that at the Five-Points will always be partially so. The employments at the country house should be farming and gardening, (in the proper seasons,) in which all inmates, of either sex, should take part, according to their strength and capacity. In the intervals, housework, plain sewing, tailoring, shoe-making, basket-making, and all other branches of industry which can be profitably introduced, should be taught and carried on. All our operations, whether in city or country, will doubtless be conducted upon the vital and essential principle of the system, as embodied in your articles of incorporation,* namely, *voluntary labor and just wages as far as practicable, and charity pure and free when charity becomes necessary. It is this which distinguishes our system from pauperism, and justifies the effort to supersede the Alms-House by the House of Industry.*"

We stated at the outset that Mr. Pease was first sent into the Five-Points by the Methodists. A misunderstanding arose between them and him, and in 1852, they withdrew their support from him. But they did not quit the field. After preaching and holding their schools for a few months under a wooden shed in the square, they bought the OLD BREWERY, tore down its tottering walls, and erected what is now known as the FIVE-POINTS MISSION-HOUSE.

The OLD BREWERY was built in 1792, and in 1837 was converted into a tenement house. We never saw it, but the fol-

* The House of Industry was incorporated by the Legislature in the winter of 1853.

lowing description, taken from the *Times* newspaper, will serve the double purpose of giving to our readers an idea of this notorious building and of the condition of the Five-Points themselves:

"An alley extends all around the building; on the north side it is of irregular width, wide at the entrance and gradually tapering to a point. On the opposite side the passage-way is known by the name of 'Murderer's Alley,' a filthy, narrow path, scarcely three feet in width. There are double rows of rooms throughout the building, entered by the alley-ways on either side. Some of these are just passably decent; the majority are dirty, dark, and totally unfit for occupation. The dark and winding passage-ways, which extend throughout the whole building, must have afforded a convenient means of escape to thieves and criminals of all kinds; various hiding-places have also been recently discovered, which have no doubt afforded the means of escape to offenders against the laws. In the floor in one of the upper rooms a place was found where the boards had been sawed; upon tearing them up, human bones were found, the remains, no doubt, of a victim of some murder. The whole of the building above ground is rickety and dilapidated. Our way was explored, by the aid of a single lamp, in company with two gentlemen and a guide; besides these there were a number of rather rough-looking customers, who appeared as much interested as any body else. But when one of the gentlemen complained, in one of the dark passages, of a strange hand in his pocket, our guide told us, in an undertone, that we were surrounded by a gang of the most notorious pickpockets of that section, and must take good care of our watches. No pleasant matter to be groping at night through this building with the light in sight only a portion of the time and in the midst of a pushing, crowding set of desperadoes!

"In the south-west corner of the basement, in a room not more than fifteen feet square, twenty-six human beings reside. A man could hardly stand erect in it; two men were sitting by the blaze of a few sticks when our company entered; women lay on a mass of filthy, unsightly rags in the corner, sick, feeble, and emaciated; six or seven children were in various attitudes about the corner; an old table covered with broken dishes; two women were peeling potatoes and actually pulling off the skins with their finger-nails. The smoke and stench of the room was so suffocating that it could not be long endured; and the announcement that, in addition to the misfortunes of poverty, they had the measles to boot, started most of our party in a precipitate retreat from the premises.

"On the front side of the building the basement was deeper, but, if possible, worse. Here were seen only a few miserable-looking women; one was drunk and stupid, and lay upon the bare floor in the corner; in a side room, in front of a fire-place and before a full blaze, sat two women, who looked as low and debased as any human beings could. No furniture was in the room, with only the floor for their bed and the scant dresses they wore for their only covering."

The NEW MISSION-HOUSE is a brick building of plain exterior, and cost \$36,000. In the basement are bath-rooms and wardrobes, offices, and two large school-rooms. About one hundred children are clothed and taught by the Mission. Like the scholars under the care of Mr. Pease, they are sprightly and intelligent, and we were assured by the teachers during a

visit we paid the Mission, that although their parents were of the most vicious and intemperate class in the Five-Points, they were docile and ready pupils. A class of girls sang several pretty songs to us, in one of which they held up their hands to show how clean they were, and in another, pretended to go to sleep to the words, "We are all nid—nodding." Their mimicry was capital, and our heart was filled with gladness at the hopeful future which now exists for these dear little ones, whom Christ loved so tenderly when he was upon the earth.

In another room in the basement we found half-a-dozen girls of larger growth. These were just reaching womanhood, and had been taken from the streets, where in another year they would have been ruined well-nigh beyond recovery. It is the design of the Mission to teach them habits of industry, and at the same time give them a thorough moral and intellectual training. They were busily weaving baskets, and seemed pleased and contented. Nevertheless, it is no easy matter to interest them. The lives they lead in the Mission-House are spiritless in comparison with their previously unrestrained existence, and it sometimes happens with them, as with the inmates of the Magdalen Asylum, that they long for and return to their former exciting mode of life.

In the second and third stories of the Mission-House are the parsonage and a chapel, in which are seats for five hundred persons. Religious services are held in it thrice on Sunday, and as many times during the week. The church already numbers thirty communicants, who, rescued from the depths of their previous degradation, are striving to prove the sincerity of their reformation by leading peaceful, temperate, and industrious lives.

The missionary who labors among them has no easy task to perform. During the week, besides the supervision he must maintain over the schools and religious meetings, he is beset by needy creatures who are begging for relief, and great patience and care must be exercised by him lest the wants of the undeserving be supplied to the exclusion of the worthy. When Sunday comes, he must lay aside his learning and bring himself down to the capacities of his hearers, who are like children. They sing and cry, almost as their inclinations prompt them, and freely answer questions which the preacher may put in the course of his sermon. Thus, one Sunday, while he was expounding some of the great truths of Christianity, he looked around among his hearers and asked, "Do you believe this?" A woman, well known in that neighborhood—Debby, by name—at once rose up, and solemnly said: "Yes; I do believe every word of it, and, by God's help, I'll

try to be good." No one of the congregation seemed to think she had done any thing amiss, nor was the missionary at all disconcerted.

The fourth and fifth stories of the Mission-House are divided into twenty suites of apartments, each suite consisting of a sitting-room and two bed-rooms. These are well-lighted and ventilated, and are let to the poor (widows with families having the preference) at the rate of \$5 a month. We went through nearly all of these rooms, and found them clean and comfortably furnished. Many of them were carpeted, and had muslin curtains at the windows. The inmates of these tenements are free to come and go as they please, and to live in the manner they like best. The only rules they are required to observe are to abstain from drink, and to be at home at ten o'clock in the evening, when the public gate is closed until morning. Nevertheless, they are carefully looked after by the missionary, who, by sympathizing with them when they are in trouble, by giving them work, by interesting himself in their children, and by friendly counsel, is able to exert a strong and healthful influence over them.

The halls and stair-cases of the building are kept clean and are lighted by the Mission, who also provide conveniences for washing clothes and drying them upon the roof, as well as receptacles for all refuse matter. The Mission has a large lot unoccupied behind this house, upon which is soon to be reared a large building, to be devoted in the main to tenements for the poor. We earnestly wish that rich and humane men would visit this Mission-House, and see for themselves how much good they might do, without pecuniary loss, by building tenements like these all over the city for the use of our laboring poor.

The success which attended Mr. Pease's efforts stimulated others to enter upon the same field. In February, 1853, the Children's Aid Society was organized, under the auspices of Charles L. Brace, its Secretary. Its design is to withdraw the children of New-York from the evil influences with which they are surrounded, and to provide them with work and new homes. Or, to state the matter more particularly, the Society proposes to open work-shops for the poor boys, and "Industrial Schools" for the girls; and to provide homes among the manufacturers, mechanics, and farmers in the country, and among Christian families in the city, for as many of both sexes as is possible. No light task has it imposed upon itself. In 1849, there were 1000 vagrant children in the city, and in eleven wards 2955 were engaged in thieving, of whom two thirds were girls between the ages of eight and sixteen. In 1852, the

Grand-Jury reported: "Of the higher grades of felony, four fifths of the complaints examined have been against minors, and two thirds of all the complaints acted upon during the term have been against persons between the ages of nineteen and twenty-one." The Captain of Police in the Eleventh Ward of the city affirms, as the result of long investigation by him, that, out of the 12,000 children of the ward, between the ages of five and sixteen, 5000 never attended a school of any kind. These statistics will give our readers some idea of the labors which the Society has taken upon itself.

This Association is still in its very infancy; yet it has met with unexpected success. It sent last year, we learn from its first report, to good homes in the country, 164 boys and 43 girls, of whom about twenty were taken from prison. "The great majority were the children of poor or degraded people, who were leaving them to grow up neglected in the streets. They were found by our visitors at the turning-point of their lives, and sent to friendly homes, where they will be removed from the overwhelming temptations which poverty and neglect certainly occasion in a great city. Of these two hundred boys and girls, a great proportion are so many criminals or vagrants saved; so much expense lessened to courts and prisons; so much poisonous influence removed from the city; and so many boys and girls, worthy of something better from society than a felon's fate, placed where they can enter on manhood or womanhood somewhat as God intended they should."

In addition to this, a work-shop for pegging shoes has been opened at No. 26 Wooster street—in the heart of one of the worst portions of the city. This shop has employed on an average thirty boys between the ages of ten and fifteen, and gathered out of the streets, who have earned from \$1.25 to \$4 a week. The shop has nearly supported itself, although this is a small matter when compared with the good that has been done these boys. Without this work they would have been idle, or beggars, or thieves; whereas the past year has seen the development of a new life in them. They have been taught habits of order and industry, and received their first lessons in religious and intellectual culture.

For the poor girls of the city six "Industrial Schools," auxiliary to the Children's Aid Society, have been established, in which more than four hundred children have been fed, clothed, and taught. The largest of these schools is at 22 Oliver street, where one hundred and twenty pupils daily attend, taught by two paid and twenty voluntary teachers. Another is devoted to poor German girls, who are taught the English language, in order to fit them for the public schools.

They are more docile and affectionate than any children the Society has as yet met.

These schools are opened at nine in the morning with the reading of a few verses from the Bible, singing and prayer. Before the children enter upon their tasks, they are made to wash their hands and faces thoroughly, and to comb their hair. They are thus taught to be neat and cleanly in their persons, an important element in the instruction of these poor girls. The forenoon is spent by them in reading and writing, and in the study of arithmetic and geography. They are also exercised in singing for half an hour. At noon, they are marched in detachments to the dining-room, where, after grace, they receive an abundance of plain and wholesome food. Bean and beef-soup, rice, boiled Indian-pudding, and bread and molasses, compose their dinner ordinarily. They then sew from one until three upon garments intended for the children themselves. In a report-book, opposite to the name of each girl, numbers are put, according to her neatness, good conduct, and diligence, and the sum of these numbers at the end of every month points out the value of the clothing she is to receive. This plan works admirably. It excites the ambition of these children, making them strive to be neater and more docile and industrious.

Besides these schools, there is another, having no connection with the Children's Aid Society, called the "Wilson Industrial School for Girls." This was the pioneer of these labors in behalf of vagrant children and was opened after the Asylum for Friendless Boys, of which we shall presently speak, was merged into the corporation known as the New-York Juvenile Asylum. We take from its annual report, a history of the establishment of this school.

The ladies hitherto forming the Association for Friendless Boys, now came forward and organized the *Girls' Industrial School*, and within three weeks after it was first proposed, they had hired an apartment, engaged a matron and a teacher, and commenced their labors. The district from which the girls were to be brought in was limited to that portion of the city which lies between Fourteenth and Houston streets, and the Second avenue and the East River. It is occupied mostly by tenement houses containing from ten to twenty families. The whole of this district was visited by a committee of ladies, and cards were distributed announcing the opening of the school on the 14th of February, 1853. On that morning a large number of girls assembled, many of whom were found to be proper subjects for the public schools, and were necessarily refused admittance, and who left with many tears and loud cries of

disappointment. For those who remained it was found absolutely indispensable to provide dinner. In many instances this was an inducement to parents to permit their children to come, and it was often found that this was their first meal for the day. Many of them, especially on Monday mornings, came to the school faint from their long fast.

This school has been in operation for a year. During this time 355 pupils have been received, clothed, fed, and taught plain sewing and the common branches of education. These scholars were received into the school only after their parents had been visited and their circumstances inquired into by the ladies. More than a thousand garments have been distributed among the girls, according to their various necessities, made by the children themselves, most of whom had never before used a needle. Sixty ladies have been in attendance each week at the school, teaching and superintending the work done in the establishment. Under these influences many families have become able to send their children to the public schools, others have been sent to places in the city and country, and others again have become so skilled in the use of the needle as to be able to obtain from the shops some of the coarse kinds of sewing.

The generous ladies who compose this Society have lately bought a handsome house near Tompkins' Square, which they have put in complete order for their School and Asylum. It is large and convenient, is fitted up with baths, and is lighted with gas. In the basement are the kitchen and dining-room; the rest of the house is devoted to school and work-rooms. It cost \$10,700, of which sum nearly the whole has been paid. The expense of the maintenance of the school in 1853 was nearly \$1600.

There is nothing in all these labors of love which gives to the thoughtful so much encouragement and hope as the fact that it is the rich and well-born who are taking the chief part in them. Women, whose positions and associations naturally keep them out of sight of the poverty and degradation which lie beneath them, are now heartily entering upon the task of alleviating that poverty and removing that degradation. It would seem as if the restraints with which custom and fashion have incrustured many noble natures were falling off under the pressure of Christ-like principles beneath. If the rich and cultured who, through carelessness or ignorance, have hitherto stood aloof from those who most needed their aid, are now learning the divine qualities of patience and kindness, and the art of adapting themselves to the capacities of children, in order to guide these little ones into the paths of order and virtue, may we not hope that a brighter day is now dawning upon the

world? How is the millennium ever to come, excepting by efforts like these which are being made in the missions at the Five-Points, and the Girls' Industrial Schools?

The schools for girls once established, the attention of the Secretary of the Children's Aid Society was turned towards the news-boys of New-York. All who have ever passed any of the great newspaper establishments can not have failed to notice them. They compose a class by themselves. They maintain themselves mostly by selling newspapers, and with all the independence that self-maintenance gives them, they are as impatient of restraint as young eagles. They are bright, shrewd, crafty, and given to lying, yet full of generous and hearty impulses in their dealings with one another. They take their meals at the eating-houses, always calling, when they have had a successful day, for the best of every kind of food. During the day they sell newspapers, and when these are disposed of, sometimes sell mock jewelry along the wharves. At night they betake themselves to the cheaper theatres. None enjoy a play more heartily than they, and none discuss with greater relish the merits of the actors. The theatre closed, they creep into cellars, or boxes upon the pavements, or the vaults of the printing-offices, and sleep, if it be not too cold, until day-break. No boys of their rank in life are better worth reclaiming; for their intelligence, activity, and shrewdness, if rightly directed, could not fail of making them useful and prominent men.

Their vocabulary is filled with slang words. With them to sleep out of doors is "snoozing," and walking at night when it is too cold to sleep is "bumping. Begging goes by the name of "grubbing," the pilfering of luggage is called "smashing," and the selling of mock jewelry "bluffing."

Of course these homeless boys are exposed to a thousand evils, and the "Lodging-House for News-Boys" was established for the purpose of rescuing them. The topmost story of the office of the *Sun* newspaper was hired, and divided by a partition into two rooms. In one, beds or bunks for eighty boys were put; the other was reserved for an office, a bath and wash-room, and a school-room. The restrictions upon the boys are as few as possible. Each must pay six cents a night for his bed, be in by ten o'clock, and take a bath before going to sleep. The cost of the maintenance of the establishment is about \$1000 per annum, although it will be self-supporting as soon as its beds are regularly taken. About thirty-five boys only avail themselves of its privileges.

No directly religious instruction is given them, lest they should be driven away. But they are taught to read and write

and cipher by voluntary teachers, are permitted the use of a small library belonging to the lodging-house, and receive lessons in singing. They learn readily, and are for the most part willing scholars. But it is necessary to treat them in a frank and hearty manner, and many, not knowing their peculiarities, receive rebuffs, like that which a mild-voiced man received, who began his address, "Young gentlemen." "Ain't no gentlemen here," was the quick response; "we are all snoozers."

We were exceedingly pleased with a visit we paid the lodging-house a few evenings ago. The boys, all fresh from their baths, were running about the well-warmed and lighted room without their coats, and with bare feet. Mr. Tracy, the Superintendent, had them under capital control. They were frolicksome and full of spirit without being boisterous. They sang several hymns (it being Sunday night) at our request, with a great deal of spirit; and it is worthy of notice that all the hymns they chose were founded upon texts like this, "Love one another." It seemed to prove the dawning of a kinder and gentler spirit in their hearts.

A savings bank has lately been established in the school-room for them. It is a simple drawer in a table, divided into partitions, and kept securely locked. Through the top of the table, in which the drawer is, small holes have been cut, through which to drop coin, and these slits are numbered so that each boy can know his own bank. In one month, thirty of these ragged little fellows deposited \$70, which when the cold weather came, they drew out and bought clothing for themselves. They seemed well pleased with their prudence, as they had a right to feel; nevertheless, a warm discussion arose among them on the 1st of November, whether the bank should be closed for a week or for the whole month. A little fellow, Barney by name, with black lustrous eyes and an earnest face, made quite a speech in favor of the longer period. He urged the benefits they had experienced, and called upon all to side with him, excepting those who put no money in the bank the month before, and who, therefore, he declared "were not citizens and had no vote!" His earnestness prevailed, and it was voted that the bank should be closed for the whole month.

The Superintendent, as was wise, took no part in this discussion. But when the minority, in the first impulse of their dissatisfaction, began to threaten to withdraw from the bank altogether, he seized upon the occasion to teach them a useful lesson. "Boys," he said, "when men get together to decide any question, as for example, in Congress, after the question has been fairly discussed and the vote taken, those who are in the minority always cheerfully yield to the majority." This

seemed a new idea to the dissatisfied; but the doctrine found favor in their eyes, and they ceased their threats at once. It is in this way that their Superintendent, who is admirably adapted for his place, has exerted a very strong influence over them. He gives them the fullest liberty, but, by carefully watching the opportunity, is able to teach them lessons of submission, kindness, or generosity, in the method best calculated to impress the instruction firmly on their memories.

A powerful auxiliary to the Children's Aid Society are the "Boys' Meetings," which are held in different portions of the city upon Sunday. There are a great many boys who can not be prevailed upon to enter a church or Sunday-school, and these meetings have been opened for the purpose of influencing them by means of addresses adapted to their capacities, and of music and simple prayers. This effort was commenced in the spring of 1848 (we quote almost verbatim the words of one of the founders of these meetings) by three members of the Carmine-street Presbyterian Church, who had repeatedly discussed the probabilities of success in laboring for the vagrant children of New-York. An effort was made to learn something of their numbers, habits, employments, and condition. After a careful examination, it was found that about twenty thousand children never went to Sunday-school, and a majority of that number never received any religious instruction whatever. They lived for the most part in by-streets, never worked or went to school, and spent their time in lounging about the wharves, in fishing and in pitching pennies. Deeply impressed with the duty of doing something for the welfare of these wretched children, a "Boy's Meeting" was projected—a church for boys—whose exercises should be of a character adapted to interest and instruct them.

A room was accordingly rented in a favorable location, and the first meeting held in June, 1848. Here, as everywhere else, where boys of this description are got together, nothing could at first be done. They shouted and laughed loudly, crept under the benches and upset them, so as to sometimes throw twenty boys upon the floor at once, and joined in with all their might when *Old Hundred* was attempted to be sung, to the tune of "Jim Crow" or "Old Dan Tucker," with a chorus of three cheers for the man who sung, and a *finale* of stamping and clapping of hands to "trot him out to sing again." Yet here too, as everywhere else, their attention was gained in the end, and sometimes four hundred vagrant boys have been gathered into this school, all attentive and quiet listeners, and singing hymns zealously, but without their original accompaniments.

Seven similar "Boys' Meetings" have been established since

1848 in different portions of the city. They are doing a vast deal of good, yet not the least of their benefits has been the establishment of the Asylum for Friendless Boys, now merged in the New-York Juvenile Asylum.

In 1850, several benevolent gentlemen in New-York applied to the Legislature for a charter, under which they might establish an asylum for the vagrant and destitute children in the city. For some reason, now not clearly known, their petition was rejected. It was renewed, however, the next year with better success. A charter, organizing the New-York Juvenile Asylum, was granted, and it was proved by the twenty-seventh section of the Act of Incorporation, that, when the Society should collect fifty thousand dollars by voluntary subscription, they should be entitled to apply to the city for an equal sum. This condition of the charter was soon complied with, and in January, 1853, the corporation took possession of the house No. 109 Bank street, which had been previously occupied as an asylum for friendless boys. About three hundred and sixty boys were committed during the first year to the Asylum, of whom a third were afterward apprenticed to service, the rest remaining in the establishment. The number for this, the current year, will greatly exceed that of the last. Upon the arrival of a child at the Asylum, he receives a bath and new clothes, if he stands in need of them, and at once enters upon the course of training marked out for him. He is compelled to rise at about sunrise; school occupies him six hours, and his work five. Besides being taught the common branches of an English education, the boys are instructed in gardening, tailoring, shoe-making, and the plaiting of straw; and the girls in cooking, sewing, and knitting. The exercises of each day are begun and closed by reading the Scriptures.

This charity, although it grew out of the movement made for the establishment of "Boys' Meetings" and "Industrial Schools," differs from them in an important particular. In them no restraint is laid upon the freedom of the children, they being free to attend or stay, as they please. The inmates of the Juvenile Asylum on the other hand are those who have been apprenticed by their parents or guardians to the Society, or committed to it by the magistrates of the city. Moreover, the Asylum receives sixty dollars a year from the treasury of the city for every child it receives and maintains. In this respect also it is to be distinguished from the societies we have endeavored to describe, since they are supported entirely by the gifts of benevolent persons.

The first feeling, we would say in conclusion, which will fill

the heart of him who enters into the investigation of the condition of the vagrant children of New-York, will be one of despondency. Their numbers are so great and constantly recruited by additions from abroad, and their vices and degradation are so deeply rooted, that any attempt to reclaim them seems impossible. All that can be done, it would appear at first sight, is to touch this mass of evil and corruption at a few salient points, leaving its core untouched. The labors of the missionaries at the Five-Points and of the Childrens' Aid Society, however, have demonstrated this fact, and this is not the least good they have done—that degraded as the children of our lowest classes are, and great as is their number, they can be redeemed. If rich men will spend a little of their wealth, and they who have leisure will give a portion of their spare time, these poor, neglected, outcast little ones can be taught all that it is needful they should know, to make them honest, industrious, and useful citizens. And if the time ever comes when this work shall be accomplished, it will be our chief glory, although the wealth of Europe and her treasures of art should become our inheritance.

SIR WALTER RALEIGH.

HIS EARLY VOYAGES TO THIS COUNTRY.

AMONG the names which adorn early American history none stands more prominent than Sir Walter Raleigh, and distinguished as he is in the annals of England for his brilliant and eminent services to his country, he is not less deserving of the respect and admiration of the people of the American Union, as being the pioneer of the settlements made within its bounds; whence he has received the appellation of "The Father of American Colonization."

In the histories of this country, an account is given of the several expeditions to it planned by him; but which, embracing a wide space, have only summarily and briefly related them. Having paid some attention to the biographies of him that have been written, especially to that by Mr. Cayley, to which are appended the journals of the different leaders of these expeditions, in which are minutely related their operations, it has appeared to me that a more full account of them,

drawn from these sources, would be agreeable to the readers of this Journal.

It will not be unsuitable, previous to giving it, to present a sketch of his early life, to exhibit in what manner he induced the first of English subjects, to engage in plans of colonization.

Few men have at any time appeared on the public stage, in whom were united so many shining and various qualities, and who acted in so many different capacities in the concerns of his country, as Sir Walter Raleigh. A naval and military hero, he was also a statesman, who performed an important part in the councils of his nation; and an adroit courtier, who contended for the favor of his sovereign, Queen Elizabeth, amid a throng of the brightest geniuses in the kingdom, who surrounded her throne, each aiming to be first in her regard; and with these qualities, possessed of an ardent love of science, and devoting to the pursuit of it the leisure hours he could secure amid the bustling scenes of war he struggles against the intriguing schemes of rivals at court, and gives to the world the fruits of his studies in writings of the highest character for wisdom of remark and elegance of composition.

He was born in the year 1532, in the county of Devonshire, in the reign of the sovereign just mentioned, at a period when the critical relations of England with other powers, required the employment of all her great abilities, and the counsels of the eminent men, a galaxy unsurpassed in any age of its history, who then shed lustre on their country.

Of his early years little is known, but from the best authorities, those of Lord Bacon and Camden, it is undoubted that he entered the University of Oxford. But it appears that he continued there not more than two years. When not over seventeen, a civil war existing in France between the Huguenots and Catholics, the Queen having commissioned Henry Champeron, a relative of his, to raise a troop of one hundred horse to assist the Huguenots, Raleigh, with the spirit of enterprise which ever characterized him, breaking from his studies, joined the volunteer corps and went over with it to the scene of civil strife.

He remained in France five years to the death of Charles V., and in this school, from the battles in which he was engaged, and the constant observation of the military skill of the distinguished leaders on both sides of the great struggle, he laid the foundation of the military reputation he afterwards possessed, and, without doubt, at his early age, and this being his first entrance into the world, in some measure formed his manners by the example of this polite and refined nation.

His next stage of action was in the Netherlands, joining the enemy sent out there under General Sir John Norris, by Queen Elizabeth, to aid the Prince of Orange against the Spaniards, then seeking to subject his country to Spanish domination; where he must have further improved his knowledge of the military art.

But he was destined to have his talents also exercised on another element, the ocean, which in the end, became his favorite field, and on which he acquired the most distinction. These land engagements belong to his early years; his naval career is the great feature of his life.

Soon after his return from Holland, being then in his twenty-fifth year, his brother-in-law, Sir Humphrey Gilbert, having obtained a patent from the Queen to plant and inhabit the northern parts of America unpossessed by any power with which she was in alliance, prepared some vessels to make a voyage to Newfoundland, which had been discovered by the Cabots under Henry VII. But the interior of the country had not been examined and the trade that had been commenced with it under Edward VI., which made a good return from the fisheries, had since been negligently carried on.

Many gentlemen of good standing resorted to Sir Humphrey to accompany him in the expedition, and young Raleigh also agreed to join it, and fitted out a ship. The example and encouragement of his brother it may be supposed, had some influence on him; but it appears that he had early imbibed a predilection for the sea. This may have been at first inspired by his being born in Devonshire, which looked into the ocean, and was also the birth-place of those distinguished naval heroes, Drake and Hawkins, whose exploits may have drawn the attention of his youthful mind. But it also appears from a family tradition that the discoveries of Columbus and the conquests of Cortez and Pizarro, were the favorite historians that, while at the University, engaged his early attention.

After Sir Humphrey Gilbert had prepared his vessels, divisions arose among those who had agreed to join him; some were unwilling to obey orders, and at length most deserted him, leaving him with only a few of his assured friends. With these, however, he put to sea; but he was shortly compelled to return home with the loss of a large ship from a sharp encounter it had with the Spaniards. It has been doubted whether Raleigh actually embarked in the expedition; but this doubt is entirely removed by a letter which an author of the time addressed to him, in which he tells him "that after your return from land service, having gained sufficient knowledge and experience therein in the military art, that you might

be able to serve your Prince and the commonwealth, you were desirous to be acquainted with maritime affairs; then you, together with your brother, Sir Humphrey Gilbert, traversed the seas for the search of such countries from which, if they had been discovered, infinite commodities in sundry respects, must have ensued; and whereof there was no doubt if the fleet then accompanying you had, according to appointment, followed, and you yourself had escaped the dangerous sea-fight wherein many of your company were slain."

After this enterprise Raleigh was again engaged in service on land. A rebellion having broken out in Ireland, he joined the forces under the Earl of Desmond, employed against the insurgents, as captain of a company, and conducted himself during the campaign with such gallantry, skill, and judgment, that when the Earl left for England in the spring of 1551, his government of Munster, the seat of the rebellion, was given to him, together with Sir William Morgan, and Captain Pierce.

Raleigh was not long returned to England, when we find him attracting the attention of Queen Elizabeth, and introduced to court; an event that led to the most important consequences in his future career. The manner in which it is related to have occurred bears something of a romantic character, but as it is mentioned by all his biographers, must be considered authentic.

As the Queen was returning from her barge, in which she had made an excursion on the Thames, attended by a royal retinue, which drew a throng to observe her progress, Raleigh, who was among the by-standers, in the bloom of early manhood, and who had always been studious to set off his person with an elegant dress, seeing the Queen arrive at a miry place, threw off his velvet-plush mantle, and laid it down for Elizabeth to pass over. His action and appearance were noticed by the Queen, who, not insensible to attractions from the other sex, on her return to the palace soon after sent for him. The mind of Raleigh, intent always on seizing advantages offered to him, perceived at once the road that was opened to his ambition, and availed itself of whatever means offered to rise in the favor and regard of the Queen. It is related by one of his biographers, that after he had been introduced to court, he wrote with a diamond on a window-glass which he thought the Queen could not fail of observing, this line:

"Fain would I climb, but that I fear to fall."

Beneath which was afterwards written by Elizabeth:

"If thy heart fail thee, climb not at all."

The accounts which the Queen received, on learning his name, of his gallant conduct in Ireland, doubtless strengthened the favorable impression he had made on her. But a circumstance which occurred after his introduction to court contributed still more to raise him in her estimation and regard. Toward the end of August, 1552, Lord Grey resigned the vice-royalty of Ireland, after he had held it two years, and a dispute arising between him and Raleigh on some matter connected with the Irish campaign, they were both heard before the Privy Council, of which discussion a cotemporary gives the following account: "Among the second causes of his (Raleigh's) growth, (not denying, or rather acquiescing in his actions and accomplishments being the first,) was the variance between him and Lord Grey in his descent into Ireland; for it drew them both over to the Council Table to plead their cause, where he had so much the better in the telling of his tale, that the Queen and the Council took no slight mark of the man and his parts; from thence he came to be known and to have access to the Queen and the lords. It is certain that he had gotten the Queen's ear in a trice, and she began to be taken with his elocution, and loved to hear his reasons to her demands; and the truth is, she took him for a kind of oracle, which nettled them all; yea, those he relied on began to take this his sudden favor for an alarm; to be sensible of their own supplantation, and to project his."

But whatever were the causes of the sudden rise of Raleigh, Elizabeth soon bestowed on him the highest marks of her favor, and placed him in the first rank of those around the throne. We find him among the gentlemen appointed by her to accompany the ambassador of France as his safe convoy home. Afterwards, when the Duke of Anjou had been three months in England, making suit for the hand of Elizabeth, though she declined his proposals, principally from the strong aversion of her ministry to the alliance, she treated him with such marked respect, that when he left the kingdom to assume the government of the Netherlands, she bore him company in person to Dover, and appointed a splendid retinue of nobles and gentlemen to wait upon him to his new government—among whom was Raleigh.

About this time Sir Humphrey Gilbert, as four years of the patent granted him for six years had elapsed, thought it necessary to make a new attempt in person at the discoveries in which he had before failed. Accordingly, he fitted out a fleet of four ships, and Raleigh joined him, preparing a ship, which was the largest of all, and accompanied the fleet as vice-

admiral. The vessels departed from Plymouth on the 11th June, 1583. But in two or three days, Raleigh was obliged to return with his ship, from a contagious disease breaking out in it which infected the whole corps. To Sir Humphrey the voyage proved fatal. He arrived at Newfoundland, and took possession of the country for the Crown of England, but on his return, after he had gone three hundred leagues, was lost in one of his ships.

After the failure of this expedition, Raleigh, filled with a spirit of maritime enterprise from his earliest years, and having in two voyages under his relative had some naval experience, resolved on undertaking a voyage of discovery.

The continent of North-America had not yet been fully made known. The Cabots had discovered it from Newfoundland southerly to the latitude of thirty-eight degrees, between the Delaware and Chesapeake Bays. The Spaniards had discovered and occupied Florida. Raleigh, whose inquisitive mind always sought for information on all subjects, was informed by mariners whom he met in Holland and Flanders, that the Spaniards in their voyages to South-America, on their return sailed through the Bahama Channel between Cuba and Florida, and following the western coast, found that it continually tended to the north, but how far they were prevented ascertaining by standing away to the east for Spain. From this information Raleigh conjectured that the country discovered by the Cabots and that by the Spaniards were connected by a continuous line of coast which was yet to be discovered.

Entertaining these views, his thoughts were directed to the discovering of this connecting line of coast, and after much deliberation, having digested his scheme, he drew up the mode in which he proposed to prosecute it, which he laid before the Queen and Council; to whom it appearing a reasonable and practical undertaking, the Queen, in the beginning of the year 1584, granted him by letters-patent full power to possess and enjoy such countries as he proposed to discover.

On this he prepared an expedition for the purpose, of two vessels well furnished with men and provisions, the command of which he gave to Captains Philip Amidas and Arthur Barlowe. They sailed on the 24th of April, 1584, and from the report which they made on their return, we have the following account of their voyage and its results.

It appears that they went first to the West-Indies and sailed around Cuba; then through the Bahama Channel, to avoid crossing the Gulf-Stream, which they supposed to be of greater force than they afterward found. They proceeded northward beyond the Spanish discoveries, and on the 2d of July came to sound-

ings off the coast of North-Carolina; "and so sweet an air," they observe, "came from the land as if they had been in some delicate garden abounding with all kinds of odoriferous flowers, by which they were assured it could not be far distant." On the 4th, they came in sight of the coast, which they took to be the Continent; but which proved to be the chain of long islands forming Pamlico Sound, along which they sailed one hundred and twenty miles before they could discover a passage through. The first they found they entered, and anchored before an island on which they landed and took possession of, in the name and for the use of the Queen. On the third day, a boat with some Indians was seen, and one of them came on board, to whom some presents were given; and the next day the brother of the king of the country came to the ships with several boats, containing forty or fifty Indians, who had a good appearance, and conducted themselves with great propriety, with whom the commanders commenced trading for skins. The king's name was Wingina, and the country called Wingandacoa. After this, other parties came to trade, bringing the productions of the country, animal and vegetable of various kinds. In two or three days after the visit of the prince, he made another, in which he was accompanied by his wife, daughter, and two or three children. "The wife wore a long cloak of skin with the fur inside, and a piece of the same in front. About her forehead was a band of white coral, and in her ears strings of pearls hanging down to her waist. The rest of the women of the better sort had pendants of copper hanging in either ear, and some of the children had five or six in each. The prince had around his head a band of coral, and upon his head was a broad plate of copper or gold." A continual traffic was thereafter kept up with the prince, who frequently came to the ships, "and every day," says the report, "sent deer, conies, hare, fish of the best description, and different kinds of excellent fruits and roots, melons, cucumbers, etc., and the country corn, which is most excellent, very white, fair, and well tasted." "The soil of the country is the most plentiful, sweet, and wholesome of all the world; there are about fourteen sweet-smelling timber trees, and the most part of their underwood is bays and such like." "They have also those oaks that we have, but much better." It is probable that from the ornaments seen on the prince and his party, Amidas and Barlowe were led to believe that the country was also valuable for its mineral treasures.

After the prince had made several visits to the ship, the commanders went in a boat to the island Roanoke, the place of his residence, where they were received with the greatest

kindness and hospitality. On approaching the shore, his wife, he being then absent, came running down to it in the most cheerful and friendly manner, and directed some of the Indians to carry them from the boat to the land, others to draw it up on the beach, and some to take charge of the oars and convey them to the house to be guarded. She then conducted them to the house, in which were several rooms, in one of which she entered with them and seated them before a large fire, and had their socks taken off and washed, and when they had again put them on, they were taken to another room where a plentiful repast was spread of maize, venison, and fish, variously dressed, different roots, and melons, and other fruits. "We were entertained," they remark, "with all love and kindness, and with as much bounty after their manner, as they could possibly devise. We found the people most gentle, loving, and faithful, void of all guile and treason, and such as live after the manner of the golden age."

Having obtained all the information they could of the continent, the course of the coast, the rivers emptying into the sea, and the different nations around, they concluded to return to England without attempting to make any settlement, "contenting themselves," as they observe, "with the service at this time, which we hope hereafter to enlarge as occasion and assistance shall be given," and accordingly made preparations to sail to England, where they arrived the middle of September.

The report which they made of their voyage was highly gratifying to the Queen, who, delighted with the beauty and riches of the country they made known, directed, in allusion to her state of life, that it should be called "Virginia."

This is the account given by all the biographers of Raleigh, who refer to Oldys, one of his earliest, as their authority. But this origin of the name "Virginia," appears to us doubtful. It would imply that Elizabeth gloried in her single state, which is opposed to her receiving proposals for a match from the Duke of Anjou, as has been related, and from which she appears to have been diverted only by the opposition of her ministry, an opinion confirmed by the very marked respect she showed the Duke on his return. Besides the sedulous attentions paid her by Lord Leicester for twenty years, during which he was generally considered the favorite at court, together with his incarceration of his wife in a castle in Scotland, so affectingly related by Sir Walter Scott in his novel *Kenilworth*, would not, it may be presumed, have been made but from a hope of gaining the hand of Elizabeth, which he could not have entertained had he known that she had determined to remain ever in a single state. To this we may add that

the devoted homage paid by Raleigh to the Queen, and all the arts of flattery he made use of towards her, (as exhibited in his after-life, which does not fall within the subject embraced by this paper,) would not have been shown unless his ambitious spirit aspired to the same elevation, and that he had hopes of reaching it.

It has struck us that the name Virginia was taken from Wingina, the king of the country which Amidas and Barlowe made known. Virgina and Wingina are not very unlike in sound, and the people hearing an unknown Indian name may have taken it for Virginia, and supposed it given in honor of the Queen. Or Raleigh, having so many motives to flatter her, may, with the ingenuity he possessed, have purposely altered it.

The result of this expedition, while it raised Raleigh in favor with the Queen, also increased his reputation with the public. The session of Parliament 1584, approaching, he was elected a member for the county of Devon, and we find him acting in it on a committee upon several bills. It was also during this session that he received from the Queen the honor of knighthood, a compliment the more to be valued as a testimony to his abilities and services as Elizabeth bestowed her titles in a frugal manner and with caution and discrimination. The Queen also patronized his plan of colonization, and to assist him, granted him a patent for licensing the venders of wine throughout the kingdom.

Raleigh also received about this time another mark of the royal favor. An end having been put to the Irish rebellion, the Earl of Desmond's territories in Ireland were declared forfeited, and after some restitutions had been made, the remainder was divided into seignories and given chiefly to those who had been most instrumental in appeasing the rebellion. One of the largest divisions, which was twelve thousand acres situate in the counties of Cork and Waterford, was given by the Queen to Raleigh, upon condition of his planting and improving the same.

Early in June, 1585, Sir Walter Raleigh, (as he must now be styled,) from the favorable account given by Barlowe and Amidas of Virginia, resolved to form a settlement there, and prepared seven ships to sail to it with a colony of one hundred and eighteen men, under the command of Richard Lane, who was appointed governor of it. This first attempt to plant an English colony in North-America south of Newfoundland, appears to have excited a good degree of interest in the public, as some persons of note were among the colonists, of which number was Harriot, the eminent mathematician. The ships

sailed on the 9th of April, and followed the route taken by Amidas and Barlowe, first to the West-Indies; thence passing through the Bahama Channel, they reached the coast of North-Carolina June 20th, when they anchored at the Island Wocron. They then proceeded to Roanoke, the residence of the king Wingina, and there Lane planted his colony and built a fort and houses for its accommodation. After this he made several excursions to the main and was most favorably impressed with it. In a letter which he wrote to Richard Hackluyt, the celebrated geographer and historian, to whom this continent is so much indebted for the assistance he gave to all plans for colonizing it, he says: "We have found the main to be the best soil under the cope of heaven, abounding in such sweet fruit-trees that bring such rich and pleasant gums, grapes of such greatness as France, Spain, nor Italy have no greater, several kinds of flax and maize, or Guinea wheat, whose ear yieldeth corn for bread for one hundred upon one ear. . . . Beside that, it is the best and most pleasing territory of the world, . . . and very well peopled and towned, though savagely, and the climate so wholesome that we had not one sick since we reached here."

But delightful as the country appeared, unfortunately for the colonists, they received information of a mine in the country, which so excited them that they entirely neglected cultivation and devoted their whole attention to the discovery of minerals. Lane, in an account which he wrote of his voyage, addressed to Sir Walter Raleigh, says: "That which made me most anxious to have some doings with the Mangoaks . . . was that it is a thing most notorious to all the country, that there is a province to which the said Mangoaks have recourse and traffic up the river Moratoc, which hath a marvellous and most strange mineral. . . . The mineral they say is wassador, which is copper; but they call by the name of wassador every metal whatsoever. They say it is the color of our copper, but our copper is better than theirs, and the reason is that it is redder and harder, whereas that is very soft and pale."

Being resolved if possible, to discover the mine, he prepared two double wherries with forty men or more, who were chiefly armed, taking only a small quantity of provisions, relying on obtaining a supply from the Mangoaks, and crossed over the sound to the river Moratoc which led to it in seven days. But this expedition proved unsuccessful. On ascending it, from the violence of its current, he made but a slow passage, and after four days' rowing, "during which he saw not a single person, though the banks were lighted up with fires, on the evening of the last day he heard a cry from some savages,

with which he was delighted, hoping to have been able to have conference with them." He therefore directed an Indian who was with him, to answer them, which he did, when they began a song which he supposed was a welcome to him. But the Indian said they were preparing to fight. This was no sooner said than a shower of arrows was thrown upon one of the boats, but which injured none. He then landed with all his company, on seeing which, the savages all fled. The next morning, finding his stock of provisions reduced to the smallest quantity, occasioned by the tedious passage he had made, and having been assured that he could not obtain any from the savages should he pursue them, he determined to return home, and this resolution being made known to the company, the whole readily assented to it. In descending the river, by the force of the current he reached in a day the mouth of it, a distance which he had been four days in ascending, and lodged on an island, where he says, "we had nothing in the world to eat but potage of sassafras leaves." From this island he crossed over the sound and returned to Roanoke.

That the discovery of mineral treasures was now his principal object, appears from what he further observes in his letter to Raleigh: "The discovery of a good mine or a passage to the South Sea, or some way to it, and nothing else, can bring this country in request to be inhabited by our nation; and with the discovery of either, it will be the most sweet and healthful climate in the world, and with it the most fertile soil (being manured) in the world."

So wholly engrossed were the colonists with the idea of discovering minerals in the country, that they neglected even to raise provisions for their subsistence; and not being able to obtain them from the natives, whose hostility they had incurred, they became reduced to the greatest distress. At length they began to plant corn; but as some time would elapse before it could be gathered, it was doubtful whether they could yet be saved from famine. Raleigh had meanwhile not been unmindful of them, and had prepared a vessel freighted with different necessities, but met with delay in dispatching it. Sir Richard Grenville, who was associated with him in this enterprise, had also taken measures to assist them, of which they had been informed; but his vessel not arriving, nor that of Raleigh, they began to be in entire despair, when a wholly unlooked-for occurrence relieved them. Sir Francis Drake, with a fleet, returning from the West-Indies, appeared off the coast and came to Roanoke; and, seeing their necessities, at once furnished them with provisions, clothing, and whatever else they required. The colony being thus recruited, Lane was desirous to continue it, and, as

appears, chiefly for the discovery of mineral treasures; for, on visiting the Admiral the next day, after returning him thanks for his generous conduct, requested him to furnish him "with ore, men, artificers, and others;" also he asked "for a supply of calivers, hand-weapons, match, and hard tools, apparel, and the like." To this request, Sir Francis Drake readily consented, and ordered a bark of one hundred men to be prepared, supplied with all these articles, and whatever else he requested, with provisions for four months. But while the bark was being loaded, a violent storm suddenly arose, which drove two of the ships and the bark itself into the sea. Lane, then calling together his captains and others of the company, they all united in requesting him, in consequence of the disaster that had occurred, and seeing the small stock of provisions on hand, to apply to Sir Francis Drake to take them home. This request being made to him, was favorably received, and he sent two pinnaces to bring the colonists on board the fleet, in which the few that remained (the greater part having already flocked to the ships) were brought to them, and the fleet sailed for England 19th June, 1586, with the whole colony, which had been but a twelve-month in the country.

The fleet had hardly left when the ship prepared by Sir Walter Raleigh for the relief of the colony, arrived at Roanoke; which after spending some time in searching for it, and finding no trace of it, returned to England. About a fortnight after, Sir Richard Grenville, with three ships, arrived there, and finding the places which the colonists occupied deserted, and not being able to obtain any intelligence of them, also returned, but left behind fifteen men to hold possession of the country.

From what has been related, it appears that this attempt of Sir Walter Raleigh at colonization in North-America failed solely from the *mania* for gold, which seized Lane and his company. But that the accounts brought to him by the natives, of the existence of minerals in the mountainous district of North-Carolina were not unfounded, is proved by recent discoveries made in it, and the mining operations for gold which have been carried on in that State to a considerable extent, and with favorable results.

On his unsuccessful voyage, Dr. Robertson (History of America) remarks: "Such was the inauspicious beginning of the English settlements in the New World; and after exciting high expectations, this first attempt produced no effect but that of affording a more complete knowledge of the country, as it enabled Hariot, a man of science and observation, to describe its soil, climate, productions, and the manners of its inhabitants with a degree of accuracy which merits no inconsiderable praise

when compared with the childish and marvellous tales published by several of the early visitants of the New World. There is another consequence of this abortive colony, important enough to entitle it to a place in history. Lane and his associates, by their constant intercourse with the Indians, had acquired their relish for their favorite enjoyment of smoking tobacco. . . . They brought with them a specimen of this new commodity to England, and taught their countrymen the method of using it, which Raleigh and some men of fashion fondly adopted. From imitation of them, from the love of novelty, and from the favorable opinion of its salutary qualities entertained by several physicians, the practice spread among the English."

Raleigh, resolving to persevere in planting Virginia, not discouraged by the failure of his last expedition, prepared a new colony of one hundred and fifty men to be sent there, with three ships to convey it under the command of Mr. John White, who was appointed governor of it. The fleet departed from Portsmouth on the 26th of April, 1587, and in three months arrived on the coast of North-Carolina, and went to the island of Roanoke, to seek for the fifteen men left there by Sir Richard Grenville, intending thence to pass to Chesapeake Bay, to establish themselves there, according to the directions given them by Raleigh. But when they came to the north part of the island, where Grenville had built a fort, they found it razed, and the ground-room of the houses he had erected for the colonists occupied by deer, and overgrown with melons and other fruits. At Croaten they were well received by the Indians, and of them he learned that the fifteen men had been treacherously attacked by a party of two hostile nations, who wounded some, and the others escaped in a boat; but what became of them afterward, they could give no account. Governor White having confirmed his alliance with the friendly Indians, and landing the provisions he had brought, the colonists began to consider that they would not be sufficient, and were desirous that one of the company should return home with the vessels to obtain a further supply; and after much discussion, not being able to agree on the person to be sent, they unanimously petitioned Governor White to return himself for the purpose, which request was so urgently made, that he at length consented to it, and sailed with the ships and some few of the colonists for England, where they arrived about the latter end of the same year.

On his arrival, acquainting Raleigh with the state of the colony, he immediately prepared two pinnaces to proceed to it with supplies of whatever they requested, under the command

of Sir Richard Grenville. But an alarm was prevailing in England, from a formidable armament that was being prepared by Philip II. of Spain, for the invasion of it, commonly called the "Spanish Armada," which had so increased that the Queen placed every ship that was in readiness in requisition, and ordered Sir Richard Grenville not to depart on his voyage.

Against the Armada Elizabeth prepared a powerful fleet, which encountered and obtained a signal victory over it, to the great joy of the whole kingdom and the glory of her reign, an event prominent in English history; in which engagement Raleigh bore a part, and exhibited, as on all other occasions, his heroic spirit and valor.

When this crisis was over, Sir Walter Raleigh had leisure to attend to his private concerns, and made an assignment of his patent for planting colonies in America to several gentlemen of London.

Among the causes which may be supposed to have led him to this step, the principal was without doubt the failure of his attempts at colonization, for which he had made heavy disbursements, not less than £60,000, in which must be included his disappointment in not receiving mineral treasures from "Virginia," which appears to have been an important consideration with him, not only from the course pursued by Gov. Lane, who, it may be presumed, acted in a manner which he thought would be most agreeable to him, but also from the reservation Raleigh made in the sale of his patent of one fifth of all the gold and silver ore which should be found. There was another motive which probably influenced him. He was engaged in the settlement of the lands in Ireland granted him by the Queen, which he appears to have thought more worthy his attention than planting colonies in Virginia, from some remarks made by Richard Hackluyt in the dedication of a work to him, in which he urges him by arguments he presented to continue to prosecute his plan of colonizing it as less difficult and more advantageous than populating Ireland.

There was, it is certain, still another reason for the sale of his patent, which had perhaps more weight than any other. Familiar as he was with the Spanish voyages to South-America, and seeing their vessels constantly returning from it richly laden with the precious metals, his thoughts began to be turned to that region as offering a rich harvest of golden treasures. To this Dr. Robertson alludes in enumerating the causes which led to his abandoning his scheme of colonizing "Virginia." "Raleigh, with a most aspiring mind and extraordinary talents, enlightened by knowledge no less uncommon, had the spirit and the defects of a projector. He was apt to engage in under-

takings so vast and so various as to be far beyond his power of accomplishing. He was now intent on the peopling and improving a district of country in Ireland, of which he had obtained a grant from the Queen. He was a deep adventurer in the scheme of fitting out a powerful armament against Spain, in order to place Don Antonio on the throne of Portugal. He had begun to form his favorite but visionary plan of penetrating into the province of Guiana, (in South-America,) where he fondly dreamed of taking possession of inexhaustible wealth from the mines of the New World." The last particular is, however, not sufficiently explained by Dr. Robertson. It was not the pursuit of mines of gold or silver in that province to which he was now attracted. His imagination was excited, and his ambition, with the love of gold, which was certainly a prevailing passion with him, was inflamed by accounts which were given by the Spaniards, of the existence in Guiana of a splendid city, sumptuously adorned with gold—the famous El Dorado, which they had before sought in vain in many bold and toilsome expeditions in New-Granada. That this captivating object then occupied his mind is, we think, evident from his making, a few years after, a voyage to South-America for the discovery of it, and sending out the two succeeding years thereafter a second and third expedition for the same object, connected with a remark made by him in the narrative he published of his voyage, that "many years before he had knowledge by relation of the extent and wealth of Guiana and of the great and golden city which the natives call Manoa, and the Spaniards El Dorado."

The fate of the colony left by White in Virginia deserves attention. As they were never afterward heard of, did they perish from famine or the hands of the natives? The latter appears on good authority to have been their destiny, that of Purchas, (Book iv., p. 1728,) who states that Powhatan, the Indian chief in Virginia, so well known in its history, confessed to Capt. John Smith, (the founder of Jamestown,) that he had been at the murder of the colony, and showed some articles which had belonged to them.

A most unjust charge is made by Southey in his *Life of Raleigh*, that he took no measures to relieve the colony. This would indeed properly have devolved on the company to whom he assigned his patent; who, however, made only one attempt to assist it. But notwithstanding, it would have been a serious imputation against Sir Walter Raleigh, if he had entirely neglected those whom he had invited and encouraged to go out to a distant region under the banner of hope which he unfurled. But this charge is wholly unfounded. Oldys, one of his earliest

biographers, says: "He was so regardful of the English he had planted there, that he sent to them almost every other year from the time of the assignment; for beside the five voyages before it, which himself chiefly was at the expense of, for the plantation of Virginia, we are well informed of five voyages more, on which *since then* he set forth thither for the relief of his countrymen, as well as for their discoveries of those parts and alliance with the people; and that the last of these voyages was under the command of Captain Samuel Mace."

The new company made no attempt to plant a colony in Virginia, being satisfied with carrying on a petty traffic with the natives, with some small barks which they sent out. But soon after, on the accession of James I. to the English throne, in 1603, a spirit of colonization was aroused in England which the King encouraged, who authorized two companies to be formed, one called the South or Virginia, the other the Plymouth colony, whose efforts proved successful and founded the first English colonies planted in North-America.

But as the first attempts to colonize it were made by Sir Walter Raleigh, and which without doubt gave rise to this spirit in England, particularly as the attention of one of the companies was directed to the region he had made known, he is justly entitled to the appellation of "Father of American Colonization."

MEDIÆVAL HISTORY OF ATHENS.

JOHN W. ZINKEISEN. *Geschichte Griechenlands*. Vol. I. Leipzig, 1832.

PHILIP FALEMERAYER. *Slavonian and Albanian Colonies in Attica*.

GEORGE FINLAY. *Greece under the Romans*. Edinburgh, 1843.

Mediæval Greece and Trebizond. Edinburgh, 1851.

Byzantine Empire. Edinburgh, 1854.

ADOLPHUS L. KOEPPEN. *The World in the Middle Ages, with an Historico-Geographical Atlas*. New-York, 1854. Fol.

THE primitive inhabitants of Attica formed part of the far-wandering Pelasgian nation, which, from the eighteenth down to the fifteenth century before the Christian era, spread widely over the surface of the Illyrian and Italian peninsulas. It is generally supposed that the Pelasgians had their early seats in

Asia, whence they migrated to Europe across the Hellespont and the islands of the Ægean sea; yet the Greek traditions present them as an aboriginal people in Greece. Their different tribes occupied the most fertile regions on the mainland of Hellas, the large peninsula Pelasgia, (which in after-times, from the Phrygian colony of Pelops, received the name of Peloponnesus,) the islands of the Archipelago, Crete, and the opposite shores of Asia Minor. The Pelasgi loved to settle on the rich soil of the alluvial plains, which they called *Argos*, thus expressing their fertility; their chiefs were named *Lar*, and their capital cities *Larissa*; and everywhere, both in Greece and in Italy, we find their memorials in some city *Larissa*, and some cultivated plains or Pelasgian *Argos*. Hence it came that the ancients supposed their name *Pelasgos* or *Pelargos* to be expressive of their character as agriculturists, from the Greek *πέλειν* and *ἀργος*, that is, "to dwell in the plain," while the geographer Strabo derives it from *Pelargos*, the stork, thus indicating their wandering habits.*

The Pelasgians are described as a venerable, pious, and industrious race, that had early made considerable progress toward civilization. In their primitive seats in Attica, Argolis, and Thessaly, they lived as herdsmen and agriculturists; they yoked the oxen to the plough, and tilled their fields; they planted the vine, and cultivated the olive tree; they baked their bread, and offered up rural, pure, and unbloody sacrifices to their gods, whom they honored as the authors of their blessings with festive rites and songs. Homer praises them as the noble-minded and godlike Pelasgi. Eternal monuments of their strength, skill, and enduring perseverance are the immense polygonal Cyclopean or Pelasgian walls which in Greece and Italy still excite our wonder and admiration at the present day.

Athenian tradition mentions Cecrops, the Egyptian, as founder of the first city on the high, precipitous rock of the Acropolis, which the native Pelasgians made inhabitable by levelling the asperities of its summit, and fortifying its western ascent with mighty walls of which traces still exist. We may therefore consider the Pelasgian nation as the beginners of a higher civilization in Greece, and that in the same manner as, in Attica, by fortifying the rocky height of the Cecropia, they laid the first foundation of the proud and beautiful monuments of Athens, so everywhere on the mainland and islands they pro-

* It is a curious fact that one of the most powerful and roving Pelasgian tribes, which, for several centuries, as pirates, infested the coasts of Messenia, Laconia, and the islands, was called *Leleges*, while in the modern Greek language the stork is still called *Lelek*, Turkish *Lelek*.

moted the future cultivation of Hellas and the rapid development of Hellenic life and industry by their agricultural habits, quiet and virtuous manners, and the worship of the Divine Being. They were not a foreign barbarous race, as has been stated by some theorizing modern historians, writing in the gloomy study far away from Greece; they were the Greeks, Grakoi or Hellenes themselves, in the early state of their civilization. From among these various Pelasgian tribes rose the warlike Ionians and Dorians who, with their conquests and colonies, extended the Hellenic name over the most distant shores of the Mediterranean.

From the time when Cecrops and his Egyptian colony settled on the Acropolis in the sixteenth century before our era down to our present day, a period of three thousand and five hundred years has elapsed—or if we consider Theseus the real founder of the Athenian commonwealth and government, according to the opinion of the Greek Historians, then this celebrated city and its environs have attracted the admiration and wonder of the civilized world for more than thirty centuries. Such an immense lapse of time has passed since the small but proud and beautiful galleys of Athens swept the Mediterranean, until the present, when the huge leviathans of Great Britain and the United States keep the expanse of the ocean. What a change of generations between the bright civilization of Pericles and Plato, the barbarous grandeur of Charlemagne and Gregory VII.—and how young are even the oldest empires and republics in Europe and America, when compared with time-honored Athens! And yet it is a highly remarkable historical fact that the political predominance and grandeur of Athens, as an independent Hellenic Republic, and her influence on the vast theatre of the civilized nations of antiquity, haughtily wielding her sword against barbarians and Greeks, is confined to a comparatively short period of time. Let us say from the victorious battle of Marathon against the Persians in 490 B.C., to the final and fatal overthrow of the forces of united Hellas at Chæroneia by Philip of Macedonia in 338 B.C.; and even this brilliant period of one hundred and sixty-six years presents intervals of the most fearful calamities—defeats and humiliation by internal dissensions, pestilence, and the destructive Peloponnesian and Bœotian wars. Those disastrous events make such an awful gap, as it were, in the brightest annals of Athenian history, that we can not assign a larger space of time for the rising military glory and far-spreading political influence of this celebrated city, as a leading Republic of all Hellas, than seventy years!—that is, from the victories of the Persian war until the entire destruction of the Athenian fleet and army

before the walls of Syracuse in Sicily—a very limited period indeed, if compared with the lasting halo of glory irradiating the name of Athens through thousands of years.

And when we dwell for a moment on this important epoch of Athenian history, and compare the most enlightened commercial and naval republic of Grecian antiquity with the greatest, best constituted, wealthiest, and most glorious democracy of modern times, that of our United States, we find that Athens in the short period of seventy years, adding victory to victory and uniting more than eight hundred flourishing cities on the coasts of Asia Minor, Thrace, the Pontus, Italy, and Sicily into her vast confederation, had already run her full career—and passing all bounds of moderation and justice, had become selfish and cruel. Nay, she had even, intoxicated by continual success, changed the wise and well-poised constitution of Solon into an unbridled, riotous democracy, and appeared already at that time to the eye of the philosopher, fast verging toward her decline; while on the contrary we find the greatest republic of modern times, during a like period of seventy years, victorious and prosperous, advancing toward her acme, more and more firmly constituting the broad and solid basis for her future greatness.

It is on purpose that we draw the attention of the reader to this important testimony in the history of Athens, in order to prove in a remarkable instance one of the greatest truths which history reveals; and it is this, that the power and political influence of every nation, nay the supremacy of the bravest and most spirited people, as a political body, is ephemeral and transient, if that predominance is not founded on territorial possessions, proportional to the population of the state or on a productive territory itself—instead of artificial combinations or commercial and other speculative resources.

On such deceitful and easily-shaken foundations as the last did the entire political existence of Athens rest during the period of her victory and glory; whilst on the other hand the young American republic has the firm guarantee of constant development in the fact of her not only reaping the abundant benefit of industrial pursuits, but also possessing fertile territories, so vast that an over-crowded population need not be apprehended for ages and ages to come.

In Athens, inclosing within its long walls and land-locked harbors the space of thirty English miles, lived in the time of Pericles a crowded population of more than three hundred thousand souls, freemen and slaves, on a small, rocky, and barren peninsula, the produce of which in grain and other necessities of life would hardly have been sufficient for a popu-

lation of thirty thousand individuals. Thus the very existence of its numerous inhabitants depended on foreign commerce and the tributes of the confederate cities and colonies of Asia Minor, Thrace, and the islands. It is during this time of prosperity that we discover the first germ of the decline of Athens, in the indiscreet expenditure of her vast but precarious resources. Such was the erection of the magnificent monuments on the Acropolis, where the Propylæa or Portals on the western ascent alone demanded an expense of two thousand Attic talents, or more than two millions of our money; while the costs of the great temple of Minerva, the Parthenon, were far greater, and the artist converted six hundred thousand dollars into the golden arms and drapery of the splendid ivory statue, of the Goddess, the master-piece of Phidias. Another still more prominent cause of the rapid decline of the Athenian commonwealth we find in the constitution of her government.

Solon, the sagacious and prudent law-giver, had instituted the Areopagos or Senate and the Grand Council of the Four Hundred, and called them the two Anchors of the State. The judicious division of power between those two bodies, the great moral and religious influence of the venerable assembly on the Areopagos, as the superior court of justice, and its control and moderating restraint on the decisions of the popular assembly, were still more strengthened by the reform introduced some years later, 507 B. C., by Clisthenes, which mainly contributed to give the Athenian people that union, strength, and patriotism, to which they owed their victories and glory in the Persian wars. At that time two brave and virtuous statesmen, Aristides and Cimon, the son of Miltiades, maintained the balance of power between the *Eupatridæ* or nobles and the *Demos* or commoners, and secured the interests and dignity of the Areopagos against the attacks of the movement party—the Loco-Focos of that day—or proletarians, led on by the young and eloquent Pericles. Yet the death of Aristides, in 461, and the distant expeditions of Cimon against the Persians, facilitated the victory of the ambitious demagogue. The prerogatives and political control of the Areopagos were wrested out of its hand, and the boisterous and passionate *demos* instantly grasped at the reins of government. The consequence of this democratic revolution of the year 461, was the exile of Cimon and the first bloody contest with aristocratic Sparta. Thus the Greeks turned their arms against themselves: the two opposing parties, the Spartan aristocracy at the head of the Dorian confederacy in the Peloponnesus and on the mainland, and the Ionian democracy of Athens, with its fleets, commanding the seas and coasts of Europe and Asia Minor, now began to pre-

pare for that deadly struggle, which was at last to decide the supremacy in Hellas, and terminate with the humiliation of Athens.

Yet the powerful genius and irresistible eloquence of Pericles, for more than thirty years continued to bridle and direct the restless energies of the fickle and inconsiderate Athenian democracy, which he himself had created, by urging on the nation from one enterprise to another, in arts, war, commerce, colonization, and conquest. Pericles and his sixty thousand Athenian citizens filled the world with their renown, and unclouded success accompanied their arms. But the death of that great statesman, during the plague in 429, put a sudden stop to the prosperity of the republic.

The command of the state now passed into other hands, and the uncurbed multitude, led on by the swaggering Kleon, the tanner, the cowardly Hyperbolus, the candle-stick-maker, and the frivolous Lysicles, the grazier, all so severely handled by the satiric scourge of Aristophanes, became capricious and tyrannical. The colonies began to show their dissatisfaction; the Ionian alliance was shaken; and the real but hitherto concealed weakness of Athens now was revealed at once. Instead of protecting and cherishing their colonies, their tributary and allied states, the arrogant and short-sighted Athenian democracy, in 418 B.C.—like the British aristocracy in 1775—insulted and oppressed them, and the consequence in both cases proved fatal: on the first serious defeat of the Athenian arms in Sicily, the colonies and allies revolted and ranged their fleets and armies under the banner of Sparta.

In this general political catastrophe, the most unjust and violent decisions were taken by the contending multitude at Athens. The islanders were treated with barbarous cruelty, which spared neither age nor sex; the citizens of Lesbos, Melos, and Samos were butchered in cold blood; Alcibiades, the most talented Athenian leader, was first idolized, then suspended, condemned, recalled from exile, and banished again; the brave Athenian admirals, fighting victoriously against the overwhelming forces of Sparta, were, by a blood-thirsty and bigoted caprice of the mob, most unjustly condemned and thrown down the precipice.

At Athens, at that time of dissension and demoralization, there did not exist any controlling power, such as that of the august senate in Rome. There, at the irruption of the Gauls and the conflagration of the city—fifteen years after these events in Athens—and at a later period, during the terrible defeats of the Romans in the very centre of Italy, by Hannibal and the Carthaginian armies, the venerable Assembly of the

Conscript Fathers, by their energy and union, rose superior to the disasters of the staggering republic, and ranged all the allied Italian states in a steady and durable array for the salvation of Rome.

Had the Athenian multitude possessed the tenacious fortitude and enlightened administrative spirit of the Roman Senate, they might, like them, have risen superior to every reverse, and have gradually spread by the willing incorporation of lesser states with their own dominions, and by solid conquest against the barbarians into a vast empire, extending over all the shores of the Mediterranean and Pontus Euxinus, and giving law, like the mighty Roman people which succeeded them for a thousand years, to the whole civilized world.

Athens and all Hellas, now bowed to the rising star of Macedon. Only Sparta, still remembering her ancient power, attempted to make a stand, but vanquished and invaded by Antipater, she, too, was obliged to yield to the Macedonian phalanx. The career of Alexander was brilliant, but of short duration; nor did he live to consolidate his Macedonian empire. During the endless dissensions and feuds of his ambitious generals, who with their swords carved out his vast conquests among them, Athens placed herself under the protection of mighty Rome—200 B.C.—and enjoyed at last a long period of inglorious tranquillity.

With the exception of one headlong and inconsiderate rebellion, raised by the contending parties in the city, during the civil wars in Italy, and which was cruelly punished by the Roman consul, Lucius Cornelius Sylla, 86 B.C., Athens remained faithful to her alliance, and being still the seat of literature and science, the Roman emperors, in the first two centuries of our era, vied with one another in embellishing her as the most revered and beautiful city of the eastern world. Athens, no doubt, suffered her part in the later oppression of the Roman pro-consuls and their sacrilegious spoliation in Greece, nor did she escape the devastations of the terrible maritime expeditions of the Goths, in 252; but the seat of the empire being removed from Rome to Byzantium, in 330, the surviving talents of the Athenian artists were again called into vigorous action by the sudden and wonderful transformation of the humble Megarian colony into the magnificent and voluptuous capital of Constantinople.

Athens again saw the expiring lamp of civilization rekindled within her walls, and held instinctively in her enfeebled hand the torch of science which her youthful grasp had borne aloft till its broad illumination shone over half the world.*

* Emerson's History of Modern Greece, London, 1830. Vol. ii., c. xiv.

She held it during the vicissitudes and divisions of the Roman empire, and the desolating invasions of the Goths, the Huns, and other barbarian tribes of the North and East, which during the fifth century, over-ran the provinces of the western empire.

It was not, however, until the following—536 A.D.—that the bigoted Justinian I. closed the celebrated schools of the Athenian philosophers, under the pretext that their new Platonian doctrines impeded the progress of Christianity by the encouragement they gave to the old heathen worship, which still lingered in Athens around the venerable temple monuments of her Acropolis. The sudden closing of the schools, and the dispersion of the learned teachers of the Hellenic language and literature, proved a blow from which Athens never rose again. Minerva herself now forsook her cherished abode; ignorant monks, with crosses and banners, occupied the sanctuaries. The image of another virgin was fixed on the altar of the Parthenon; superstition and bigotry rose in rank luxuriance around the deserted seats of the Muses; insulted science sought a new asylum beneath the crescent of the victorious Saracens, and Athens became thus gradually abandoned to poverty, obscurity, and decay.

Yet though the paths of history, poetry, and the liberal investigations of philosophy were abandoned,* the active litigious spirit, which even to the present day characterizes the Athenians, found no repose; having been checked merely in the accustomed direction of its energies, it now carried that intelligent people with headlong speed into the turmoil of all the theological disputes of the times. Athens appears again on the battle-field of religious liberty, against the polemic intolerance of the Patriarchs of Constantinople. The virulent controversies about the One Will of the Creator and the Two Natures of his Son, in the seventh century, had hardly subsided when the still more terrible storm about the worship of Images—the civil war between the *Ikonoklasts* and *Ikonodouloi*—burst forth in the following eighth with redoubled fury. The intelligent and high-minded Leo III. the Isaurian, a monarch standing high above the narrow prejudices of his time, resolved to put a stop to the superstitious worship of the images, and ordered the cathedrals of Constantinople and all the churches of the Eastern provinces to be cleansed from idolatry. But the enthusiastic and fanciful Athenians, at that period, as devoutly

* No Athenian name enlightens the ages of darkness; and among all the Byzantine historians, who during the long course of nine centuries, from Justinian I. to the last Constantine and the overthrow of the Eastern Empire, have left us at least the leading events of their times, we do not meet with a single Athenian.

adoring the painted image of the Mother of Christ—the *Paraghia*—as formerly the sculptured statue of *Pallas Athena* opposed the imperial order sword in hand. The rebellion spread like wild-fire over Greece and Italy, in the year 727, and the Greeks of the continent uniting with the islanders of the *Ægean*, quickly armed a fleet and sailed to the *Bosphorus*, under the command of the rebellious generals *Stephanos* and *Agellianos*, in order to depose the iconoclast emperor and raise a certain *Cosmos* to the throne. But this premature attack on Constantinople terminated with the total defeat of the image worshippers; their ships were burnt and destroyed by the terrible *Greek fire*, and their leaders suffered capital punishment*.

Yet though the sword of the Athenian warriors was unsuccessful, the charms of an Athenian woman, as celebrated for her beauty as for her manly qualities and cruel propensities—the *Semiramis* of her age—carried the point and restored tranquillity to the Eastern Church. *Irene*, the fair orphan maid of Athens, married the Emperor *Leo IV.*, and though the world condemns her reckless ambition, the murder of her husband and her cruelty toward her son *Constantine*, yet she succeeded by her prudence and conciliating measures to quench the flames of civil and religious warfare, and obtained the honors of a saint, which she still possesses in the Greek Church.

Though we lose sight of nearly every other part of Greece during the earlier ages of Byzantine history, yet a faint light is now and then reflected on the capital of Attica. While many cities of the *Peloponnesus*, such as *Megalopolis*, *Olympia*, and *Tegea*, lay in ruins, and *Sparta*, *Corinth*, and *Thebes* in *Bœotia*, for several centuries were exposed to the incursions of the *Avaro-Bulgarian* and *Slavonian* hordes from the *Danube*, who settled permanently in the country, we still find Athens a populous city, inhabited by Greeks and the seat of an Archbishop. On the *Acropolis* the ancient monuments were still in good preservation, and the city became the capital of the new province or *Thema* of *Hellas*.†

* The liquid or maritime fire, as it was called by the Greeks, had been invented some sixty years before, by a Syrian engineer, *Kallinikos*, and was employed in the first siege of Constantinople by the Arabs, 688–675 A.D., and with still more destructive effect during the second siege, at the commencement of the reign of *Leo the Isaurian*, 717–718 A.D.

† In the turbulent times between *Justinian I.* and *Heraclius*, from 550 to 628, the ancient division of the empire and the administration established by *Constantine* Asia Minor and Europe, were then divided in twenty-nine military districts or the Great had become entirely changed. Many provinces had been conquered by the *Barbarians* of the North and the *Saracens* of the East; and the remaining, both in *themata*, and placed under the command of generals, with detachments of troops (*themeta*) for their protection. Greece Proper thus formed three themes: *Hellas*, *Peloponnesus*, and *Ægeon Pelagos*—the latter comprehending the islands of the *Archipelagus* and part of the coast of Asia Minor.

The Slavonian tribes which had settled in Greece during the revolutions of the seventh century, were converted to Christianity and brought back to the allegiance of the empire, by the Emperor Michael III., in 860. Yet Greece still continued to suffer from the terrible invasions of the Bulgarians, until their total defeat on the banks of the Sperchios, near Thermopylæ, by Nikephoros Uranos and the happy termination of the war in 1019. The victorious emperor, Basilus II., surnamed the Slayer of the Bulgarians—*Bulgaroktonos*—visited Athens on his triumphant march through Greece; he offered up thanksgivings to St. Mary, and adorned her sanctuary on the Acropolis with magnificent votive offerings from the Bulgarian spoils. Greece seems now to have enjoyed a long period of undisturbed tranquillity; she was less exposed to invasions than the more northern provinces; her cities became flourishing and their inhabitants wealthy, by industry, agriculture, and commerce.

In Athens, Thebes, and Corinth, thousands of weavers were employed in the silk manufactures, which constituted the principal branch of industry since the introduction of the silk-worm by Justinian I., in the sixth century.*

Numerous churches and monasteries for the conversion of the Slavonian settlers were built and endowed, by the emperors of the Comnenian dynasty in Attica, Bœotia, and Peloponnesus, already then called Morea.†

With the beginning of the Crusades, toward the close of the eleventh century, a totally new scene opens on the theatre of Athenian history. Instead of sombre processions of priests and monks with crosses, images, and banners, we behold the warriors of the West, in bright armor, on their prancing war-steeds, thronging through the defiles of Thermopylæ, and after a bloodless conquest, transforming ancient Hellas into a young

* The prosperity of Thebes and Corinth was destroyed by the roving expeditions of King Roger I. and his Normans, in 1146. The cities were laid waste, the country plundered, and the unhappy silk-weavers by hundreds transported to Palermo, where they gave a new impulse to Italian industry and the cultivation of the silk-worm in Sicily and France. The account of Gibbon that Athens likewise was violated by the rapine and cruelty of the Normans, seems to be unfounded, as none of the Byzantine historians mention the fact; only the German Bishop Otho of Freisingen, says that the Normans, *Thebus et Athenas, antiqua nobilitate celebres, expugnant*—but this may only be a flourish. Certain it is, however, that the knights made an excursion to Chalkis in Eubœa, which they devastated like the rest.

† This modern name of the Peninsula is by some supposed to be derived from the mulberry leaf, in Italian *mora*, though it has rather the form of that of the plane or platanus; others with more probability, give *Morea* a Slavonic origin, *more* or *morje* in that language signifying maritime region, from *mor*, the sea. The French Crusaders in the Peloponnesus, found the name *Moreas*, in 1205, only applied to the coast-lands of Elis; and the Byzantine historians do not appear to have made use of the popular appellation before the fifteenth century.

France. This curious period of the Athenian annals is so little known in this country, that we do not fear to trespass on the forbearance of the readers of our Review by touching on some of the most characteristic incidents of a conquest so well depicting the manners, ideas, and political relations of the thirteenth century.

The death of Manuel Comnenus in 1180, after a long and prosperous reign, put a sudden stop to the transient prosperity of the Eastern empire; and its real weakness and hopeless decline was soon revealed to the world, by the terrible domestic revolutions among the Angelian princes, who now followed the Comneni on the throne of Constantinople. Isaac II. Angelos was dethroned and made blind by his unnatural brother Alexius; but his young son Alexius succeeded in eluding the vigilance of the usurper, and found a refuge in Germany.

Innocent III., a man of prominent talent and activity, had in the mean time ascended the chair of St. Peter. He immediately called Christendom to arms, for the delivery of Jerusalem, and a fourth crusade was quickly organized, in order to compensate for the failure of the third, that of Philip August, and Richard the Lion-hearted. But the times had changed; the ambition of conquest and worldly greatness, had succeeded the pure and pious zeal of Godfrey of Bouillon, and the first Crusaders; and thus a series of the most extraordinary events carried the ambitious leaders and the greater part of their army from the coast of Palestine, to the Hellespont and Bosphorus; and instead of driving the Saracens from the Holy Sepulchre, they wantonly overturned the Christian Empire of Constantinople. Alexius, the fugitive, appeared before the army assembled on the coast of Dalmatia, in 1202; with brilliant offers he persuaded its leaders, Boniface, Marquis of Montferrat, Baldwin, Count of Flanders, and Henry Dandolo, Doge of Venice, to replace his father Isaac on the throne of Constantinople. He likewise obtained the reluctant consent of the Pope, by the promise of terminating the schism between the two contending churches, and of forcing the Greeks to submit to the supremacy of the Roman pontiff. Thus an army of 40,000 French and Italian Crusaders sailed to Constantinople, and attacking the city by sea and land, soon forced the usurper to flight, and reinstated the blind old Isaac and his son Alexius on the imperial throne. But new difficulties arose; the immense sums demanded by the Latins could not be paid; the Greeks refused to submit to the haughty exactions of the Italian clergy. Another terrible war broke out, and an ambitious Greek prince, Alexius Dukas, placing himself at the head of the exasperated people, deposed and slaughtered the young Emperor Alexius,

while the imbecile Isaac died in prison. Dukas defeated the Crusaders in several sharp skirmishes, and he surrounded himself by the bravest Greek chieftains, some of whom afterwards obtained the greatest influence on the leading events, and succeeded by valor and cunning, *dolis instructi et arte Pelasga*, to hinder the consolidation of the conquest of the Latins, and prepare the final overthrow of their empire. These were Theodore Dukas, Theodore Lascaris, and the Peloponnesian archon, Leon Sgueros of Nauplion, who at this time was engaged to the fair Eudocia, the youngest daughter of the dethroned usurper, Alexius Angelus. Yet all their exertions to withstand the impetuous valor of the Crusaders were in vain: from the 9th to the 12th April, 1204, the most furious assaults were made by the French knights on the land-walls near the palace of Blachernæ, and by the Venetians from their ships in the port. The Danish body-guard of the Emperor, the stout *Væringers* or Varanghi, with their heavy battle-axes, sent the French cavaliers headlong from the battlements, and stood their ground victoriously, until the Venetians from the port forced back the Greeks, planted the banner of St. Mark on the battlements and set on fire the adjacent regions of the city. The Petron gate was then opened, and the knights on horseback rushed to the fight, though the darkness did not permit them to penetrate into the interior of the city. During this awful night the flames spread across the finest part of that doomed town, from the harbor to the distant Propontis. Dukas having in vain attempted to prolong the defense, left the city. The despairing multitude hurried to the cathedral of Santa Sophia, where they elected Theodore Lascaris emperor; but in the morning when the Crusaders advanced in battle array, all opposition ceased; the poor Greeks sued for peace, and during the horrors of a general pillage, Lascaris fled to Asia Minor, where he continued the war from Nicæa, his new capital.

Theodore Dukas found a refuge in the mountains of Epirus, and became soon a formidable enemy to the Latin usurpers. During the troubles in Constantinople, several chieftains in the Peloponnesus took arms, and aspired to independence, as tyrants of their native cities. Thus Chamaretes founded a principality in Lacedæmon, and the bold and crafty Leon Sgueros possessed himself of Nauplion and Argos by treachery. Under the pretense of reconciliation and friendship, he invited the Archbishop of Corinth, Nikolaos, to a banquet; but no sooner had he seized on the fortress, the impregnable Acrocorinth, than he ordered the unsuspecting prelate to be blinded, and precipitated from the rock. Sgueros then sent off his fleet

across the Saronic gulf to the Peiræus, while he himself marched his army by land, hoping by a simultaneous attack from the coast and the mountains, to obtain possession of Athens and the Acropolis. But the prudent Michael Choniatas, Archbishop of Athens and brother of the historian, paid no attention to the promises or threats of the usurper, and repelled all his attacks on the walls of the city and fortress. Sgueros in his rage, then vented his ire (like the Spartans of old) on the beautiful country-seats, the olive groves and gardens adorning the environs of the city, carried off the flocks and provisions, and quickly passing Mount Cytheron, stormed and occupied Thebes. He then fortified the defile of Thermopylæ, and advanced upon Larissa, the capital of Thessaly or Great Wallachia, as the province was called at that time, where he met with the fugitive usurper, Alexius Angelus, whose daughter Eudocia he married. With their united forces the two chiefs now occupied the passes of Mount Olympus, thus hoping to bar the entry of Greece to the conquerors of Constantinople. In that unhappy city the submission had been complete. Baldwin of Flanders was elected emperor, with all the titles and prerogatives of the Byzantine throne, and a fourth part of the Greek monarchy. Boniface, Marquis of Montferrat, one of the principal leaders of the expedition, received Macedonia and Greece with the royal title, and the remaining portions of the yet unconquered country were equally divided among the Venetian republics and the Barons of France, who, like the King of Macedonia, were to hold their future possessions as military tenures of the supreme head of the empire.

While one part of the French army was sent to Asia Minor against Lascaris, Boniface occupied Thessalonica, and began to organize the administration of his new kingdom. Late in the fall of the same year (1204) he invaded Greece. He was accompanied by Jacques d'Avesnes, Robert de Champille, Otho de la Roche, and other Burgundian and Italian barons, and a numerous suite of officious Greeks, who now vied with one another to show their allegiance to the conquerors. While the bands of Leon Sgueros were guarding the defiles of Mount Olympus, Greek guides led the king-marquis by a quick march through the valley of Tempe; Larissa was taken, and when the Crusaders advanced upon Thermopylæ, where the Nauplian tyrant had united all his forces in the celebrated pass at the Hot Springs, his soldiers, terrified at the strange sight of the Frank cavaliers,* fled in dismay. Sgueros

* Nicetas Choniates openly confesses, that the Greeks were unable to bear the sight of the Frank squadrons of steel-clad knights, when the charge was sounded,

was thus obliged to relinquish his new conquests and retreat on Corinth, where as Nicetas says, he shut himself up in the fortress, as a snake in his hole. Jacques d'Avesnes, with a detachment, started off for Eubœa; Thebes and Athens opened their gates, and the worthy old Archbishop Michael, who now saw the whole empire at the mercy of the Latin lances, and all resistance in vain, surrendered the Church of our Lady—the glorious Parthenon—to his Latin successor, received a French garrison into the Acropolis and left the diocese he had governed for thirty years, in order faithfully to follow the fortunes of the Greek Princes in Asia Minor, where he soon after died.

The army proceeded to Corinth and Nauplion, but Leon Sgueros defended himself so obstinately in his lofty and impregnable castle, and had such brilliant success in his sorties, that the Marquis became tired of the protracted siege, and on the first news of the formidable invasion of Joannizza, king of the Bulgarians, and the impending danger of Constantinople, he resolved to return.

Before his departure, however, he conferred the Sovereign Principality of the Morea on the Burgundian Baron, Robert de Champlitte, and Attica, with Bœotia, on another Burgundian noble, Otho de la Roche from Franche-Comté, who obtained title of *Megas-Kyr* or Grand Sire, and was ordered to follow the banner of the Prince of Morea as his feudal liege-lord.

Boniface, on his return to Thessaly, learned the defeat and death of Baldwin the Emperor, in the battle of Adrianople, against the Bulgarians, and he himself, two years afterward, perished in his vain attempts to consolidate his unjust conquests.

Otho de la Roche returned to Athens, where he took up his residence. He built his palace on the ancient ruins of the Propylæa, in the Acropolis, on which we still see the high gothic square tower that formed part of his fortress. For fifteen years—from 1205 to 1220—he fulfilled all his judicial duties in the feudal court of the Prince of Morea, and his military service for the consolidation of the conquest. Afterward, on the decease of his father in Franche-Comté, he transferred the seignory of Athens to his nephew, Guy de la Roche, and, returning to France, spent his later years in his paternal castle in Burgundy.

His successor, who, with reluctance, for sixteen years had followed the banner of his liege lord, Godfrey II., of Ville Hardouin, during his continual feuds in the Morea and his

the lances lowered, and the close front lines came rushing on in full gallop. In this and many other passages he describes, in his tasteless, bombastic language, the terrors and dastardly flight of his countrymen.

maritime expeditions in support of the Latin emperors of Constantinople, resolved, on the death of Godfrey and the succession of his brother, William Calamátas, in the year 1236, to throw off his allegiance, and with the consent of his feudal barons to maintain his independence; but the warlike Prince of Morea, though surrounded with difficulties, instantly advanced with his army and defeated the Athenian knights in a brisk skirmish on the ridge of Mount Karydi, near Megara. Guy and his adherents fled to Thebes, where they soon were forced to surrender. William, of Ville Hardouin, always generous and noble, did not confiscate their estates, and rested satisfied with the ceremonial homage they rendered him in the presence of all the nobility and clergy in the plain of Niklí (Tegea) in Morea; but he ordered Guy de la Roche to present himself before the feudal court of Saint Louis, in France, to whose decision he left the dispute. The Signor of Athens then sailed with his galleys to France, where he found the King arming for his great crusade to Egypt. Louis, desirous of uniting all his brave warriors in the East in concord and forbearance toward one another, reconciled the contending parties and conferred the ducal title on Guy de la Roche. The Duke appears to have enjoyed his new dignity in France for several years, and returned to Greece in 1260. Here he learned the impending dangers of Baldwin II. in Constantinople, and the disastrous campaign of his liege lord, the gallant William, of Ville Hardouin, who in the great battle of Perlepi, in Macedonia, had been defeated and taken prisoner by the Greek Emperor, Michael VIII., Palæologus.

Ville Hardouin at last obtained his release in 1262, on his surrendering the entire province of Laconia to the Emperor. New and more virulent feuds then began in the Morea, but the Duke of Athens took no part in them, and lived quietly on his Acropolis till his death in 1264.

His eldest son, John, who succeeded him on the ducal throne, had a hard stand against the sly and treacherous Michael VIII. Palæologus. Since the expulsion of the French from Constantinople, in 1261, the Emperor was hovering on the frontiers, and had principally his eye on the beautiful island of Eubœa, whose fall would render Attica and Bœotia an easy conquest. John boldly encountered the Greek galleys in the straits, but the Genoese auxiliaries of Michael coming up, the Duke was taken prisoner, and carried in triumph to Constantinople. The Emperor, however, being anxious to separate him from his own more troublesome enemy, the despot of Epirus, offered him the hand of one of his daughters, and on his refusing that honor, generously sent him back to Athens. Unmarried, sick, and

melancholy, John died in 1275, leaving his duchy to his younger brother, William, with whose son, Guy II., the fifth prince of Athens, the ducal line of De la Roche became extinct in 1308.

William, a spirited and brave knight, not only strengthened his power by marriage and alliance in the Comnenian family of Epirus, and thus frustrated the plans of the Palæologians; but as bailiff of the principality of Morea, after the extinction of the female line of the Ville Hardouins in 1280, he extended his influence over the greater part of old Hellas, and made Athens the centre of the feudal fashion and splendor of those times. This prosperity continued during the reign of his son Guy II., but was soon to be clouded by new and terrible storms, already appearing on the horizon. In this period, toward the close of the thirteenth century, the old chroniclers give us many lively and highly interesting details of the condition of Athens and almost every part of Greece.

The Latin Arch-bishopric, or *province* of Athens, ruled over fifteen suffragans, among whom were the bishops of Megara, Thermopylæ, and the islands of Eubœa, Ægina, Ceos, and Scyros. Many splendid Latin churches and convents at Athens and Thebes, were built during this period, and adorned with the armorial bearings and inscriptions of their founders. The Duke resided either at Athens, or in the strong and elegant castle of Saint-Omer, at Thebes. His court was the most magnificent in the East; he even considered himself as an independent sovereign, although he, both as Duke of Athens and Bailiff of Morea, rendered homage to the crown of Naples. A thousand French barons, with their mounted vassals, followed the ducal banner, while the Greek levies formed the light-armed and rather contemptible infantry of those times. Numerous towns and castles arose over all the country. Many of these are seen to this day, and though in a more or less ruinous state, they often served the Greeks as excellent strongholds in the late war of independence against the Turks. Such are, for instance, the castles of Erimocastro, Coronia, Livadia, Bodonitza, Patrashic, Lamia, and the fortresses of Oreos, Chalcis, Dystos, and Carystos, in Eubœa. The proud barons disdained to marry the daughters of their inferiors, and chose their brides among the high-born maidens of France; hence Ramon Muntaner, the Catalonian chronicler says, that they all boasted of the purest blood; that the noblest chivalry in the world were the French barons in Romilia, and that the French language was spoken in Athens with as much grace and elegance as at Paris itself.

At the great tournaments which the dukes frequently held

on the plain of Athens, or at Thebes, princes, knights, and minstrels flocked in from all parts of Christendom. The prelates as well as the respectable classes of the Greeks appeared at these festivals, and all were the guests of the liberal Duke. Many brave but indigent knights, who came to Athens to make their fortunes, were hospitably received, and their services rewarded with military commands, estates, and the fair hand of some noble lady; nay, the Duke, Guy II., himself condescended to receive the accolade from Sir Boniface of Verona, a brave Italian knight, at a tournament, at Thebes. Even the humble squires, minstrels, and jugglers were not forgotten; and it is curious to observe, in the old records, the gifts and largesses distributed to the *ménéstreux* and *jongleurs* of the ducal court at Athens.

Guy II. died in 1308, and was buried in the Benedictine convent of Delphina, (Daphni,) near Athens, where his sarcophagus was discovered in a sepulchral vault, a few years ago. The duchy of Athens now devolved on the young Count Walter de Brienne, son of Hugh de Brienne, Count of Lecce, and Isabella of Caritena, sister of William de la Roche, and was governed by the prudent and brave old Sir Boniface, of Verona, as regent, during the absence of the young Duke. On his arrival at Athens in 1309, he found his northern frontiers attacked by the despot of Epirus, and threatened with a still more formidable invasion by the desperate bands of the Catalans. These brave but ruthless freebooters, Catalans, Aragonians, and Almogavares, were of Spanish and Moorish origin; they had defended Sicily during the wars with the house of Anjou, and in 1304 being called to Constantinople by the Emperor Andronicus the Younger, for the protection of Asia Minor against the Turks. Here Osman, the son of Ertogrul, had in 1299, by the conquest of Nicæa, laid the foundation of the Turkish Empire, and he threatened already to expel the Greeks entirely from that continent. In two campaigns the Catalans vanquished the Turks in some partial engagements, and reconquered Philadelphia; but they soon turned their arms against the Greeks, under pretense of not being sufficiently rewarded; and their undisciplined bands committed everywhere horrible outrages and incredible damage in the country which they occupied. They took possession of Gallipolis, on the Hellespont, and sent their general, Roger de Flor, with an armed retinue to Adrianople to enforce their exorbitant demands. The weak Emperor, in this dilemma, being everywhere surrounded by foes, sought refuge in treachery. Roger was stabbed at court, his followers massacred by the infuriated Greeks, and an army sent off against Gallipolis. The Catalans, thus brought

to despair, joined alliance with the Turks, who now for the *first* time crossed the Hellespont, and sustained victoriously, a most bloody and unequal struggle against all the forces of the Greek empire, until the total devastation of Thrace at last forced them and their Turkish auxiliaries to abandon the desert around them, and with their swords open a passage to the fertile and well-cultivated regions of Greece. Ferrand de Arenos and other Aragonian knights, had found a welcome reception by the Duke Guy II., of Athens, and obtained estates at Almyros, on the frontiers of Thessaly. Their companions therefore resolved to imitate their example. They had destroyed their fleet at Gallipolis, and having pillaged and burnt every city on their road, they marched quickly through Macedonia, spent the winter 1308 in Thessaly, and through the pass of Thermopylæ, entered Greece, where they proudly pitched their camp on the banks of the river Cephissus, in Bœotia, and sent a deputation to the Duke requesting that they might either enter his service, or obtain a free passage through his dominions to the Peloponnesus. The young Duke had just arrived in Athens, and taken possession of his inheritance; chivalrous and brave, but rash and inconsiderate, like the French nobles of the times, he refused their demands with disdain, and resolved to crush them with one blow. Such is the statement of the Greek historian, Nicephoros Gregoras, while the chronicles of Ramon Muntaner and the anonymous Moreote, represent the relations between the Duke and the Catalans in a different manner. They had already been invited to enter the service of the Duke Guy II. in 1308; this invitation being renewed by Walter de Brienne, they were well received, brilliantly paid, and employed for six months in a feud against the despot of Epirus, and Angelos Dukas of Thessaly, during which they defeated the enemy, took thirty castles, and forced the Greek princes to conclude peace with the Duke of Athens, highly advantageous to the latter. Proud of this success, the Duke refused to pay the Company their arrears, and after retaining two hundred of these men-at-arms in his service, he ordered the rest immediately to quit his dominions. This latter statement, which is very probable, has been adopted by Du Cange, and Buchon. However this may be, all historians concur in the terrible catastrophe which followed.

During the winter of 1310, Walter de Brienne assembled his large feudal army; many high barons from Morea, and Italian adventurers, flocked to his banner. Thus, at the head of 700 belted knights, 6000 light-horse, and a numerous infantry of Athenians, Bœotians and Phocians, he advanced on the 15th of March, 1311, to attack the Catalans.

The freebooters were now placed in a dangerous position. Their bravest generals, Roger de Flor, d'Entenza, and Rocafor, had perished by the sword of the Greeks, or in their civil feud. They were at present without leaders, and their reduced force consisted of only six thousand and five hundred men-at-arms and archers, and one thousand Turkish light-horse. Yet they did not lose courage; they immediately elected two Spanish knights, and an Adalid of the Almogavares for their commanders, and determined to stand the shock of the French chivalry.

They had already crossed the Cephissus, and encamped on the extensive plain of Orchomenus, near the swampy banks of the Lake Copais; they had fortified the front of their line by deep pits sunk into the field, in which they pitched sharp stakes and iron spikes, and covered the apertures so carefully with sods and brushwood, that the lurking dangers of the battle-ground escaped the observation of the enemy, while their flanks were easily secured by deep water-courses from the river in their rear. They then formed the deep battle array behind their fences, and quietly awaited the attack. On the appearance of the ducal army, the Turcopules who had followed the fortunes of the Catalans, suspecting some treachery of the Christians for their own destruction, turned bridle and fled to the hills beyond the river, and the Spaniards were thus left to their own skill and bravery. The young Duke with his brilliant chivalry coming up in advance of the main body of his army, and seeing the green and smooth plain before him, ordered the charge to be sounded, and rushed full speed against the front of the Catalans, where that fate awaited him, which a few years later foiled the pride of England at Bannockburn, and that of France at Cressy and Poitiers; for

"Down! down! in headlong overthrow,
 Horseman and horse, the foremost go
 Wild floundering on the field.
 The first are in destruction's gorge,
 Their followers wildly o'er them urge
 The knightly helm and shield;
 The mail, the acorn, and the spear,
 Strong hand, high heart, are useless here."

Useless, indeed! The unhorsed knights lay rolling on the ground in their heavy armor, unable to rise, while the nimble Almogavares overwhelmed them with showers of darts and arrows; and when at last the Greek pedestrian forces advanced to the rescue of the perishing cavaliers, the Turkish horsemen from the hills perceiving the battle of the Christians to be in earnest, now hurried to retrieve their unjust defection, and

quickly wheeling in the rear of the Greeks, completed their defeat. The Catalans gave no quarter, and the slaughter was immense. The Duke fell with all his nobles, except two, the old Boniface, of Verona, and Sir Roger Deslau, a French knight from Roussillon, whom they spared.

Such was the death of Walter V., Count of Brienne, and by a singular coincidence of events, a similar fate was reserved for his son, Walter VI., titular Duke of Athens and Connétable of France, who had inherited the impetuous bravery and arrogance of his father, without the prudence and moderation to draw any lesson from his disasters. All his vain attempts to reconquer his duchy of Athens were easily re-foiled by the Great Company; his haughty and despotic bearing in free and democratic Florence was punished by the sudden overthrow of his power, and his shameful flight; and at last when raised to the distinguished rank of Connétable of France, he led the flower of her chivalry against the yeomanry of the Black Prince at Poitiers, in 1356, where he, by the most inconceivable infatuation, brought disgrace, death, and destruction on his king, himself, and his country.

The plain extending along the banks of the Cephissus, between Chæroneia and Orchomenos, has been celebrated, in history, by three hard-fought battles, and it is an interesting fact that we, at the present day, possess monuments or memorials of every one of them. In the first, which took place on the upper plain westward, near Chæroneia, the army of the united Hellenes, led on by Athens and Thebes, was defeated by the formidable phalanx of old Philip of Macedon. There, the villagers of the modern hamlet, Káprena, still call the plain "the field of blood"—*ὁ κάμπος τοῦ αἵματος*—and show the traveller the immense fragments of the colossal marble lion which the Thebans raised on the spot where their bravest youths—the sacred battalion—fell beneath the lances of young Alexander and his Macedonian horse-guards.

In the second battle, a mile or two more eastward, towards Orchomenos, Lucius Cornelius Sylla, with his Roman legions, drove the hundred thousands of Mithridates into the swamps, where myriads of barbarians perished in the lake of Copais. Plutarch tells us that in his time a multitude of spear-points, arrow-heads, brazen skull-caps, buckles and other relics were found in the marshes, and at the present day, a large Roman triumphal arch, on the rising hill above the lake, still records the victory of the terrible Sylla.

These verdant pastures, on the right bank of the Cephissus, and the borders of the lake, were the scene of the defeat and death of Duke Walter, in 1311, and the large heaps of heavy

plate armor from the 14th century, which were accidentally discovered at the castle of Chalsis in 1841, no doubt belonged to the French knights who perished on that battle-field.

The victorious Catalans, having sent off their light-troops in pursuit of the flying enemy, held a convention on the field, and offered the supreme command of their forces to their prisoner Boniface of Verona, who, as former regent of the duchy, and Count of Eubœa, enjoyed great influence with the Greeks. But the old man refused, and Roger Deslau then accepted the proffered distinction, which he held with prudence and ability for sixteen years. Thebes, Athens, and all the towns and castles throughout the country, opened their gates at the approach of the victors, who now divided the estates, and married the widows and daughters of the slaughtered knights.

This was the first visit of the Turks in Athens; and no doubt they were pleased with it, for they received their share in the immense booty, and obtaining leave of the Catalans to depart, they resolved to return to their homes in Asia Minor. As the galleys were destroyed, they were obliged to march on through Macedonia to the Hellespont. Here a terrible fate awaited them; in spite of the safe conduct of the Emperor, the Greeks and Genoese, attracted by their riches, lay in wait for them, and after the most savage bloodshed, the first Turkish invaders in Greece were cut off to a man.

In Athens we now see a military republic of Spanish, Moorish, French, and Italian warriors, who, knowing the detestation of the Catalan name among the Greeks, prudently constituted their government with the title and seal of "The Sovereign Army of the *Franks* in Romania."* We might have expected disturbances and civil wars among these fierce feudal republicans, but it appears that they had become wiser by their fearful experience of discord in Thrace, and now, surrounded as they were, by powerful enemies, they felt the necessity of a strong and united government; thus, while they, by continual wars with the Princes of Epirus and Thessaly, and the Barons of Morea, extended their dominion, they enjoyed the blessings of peace and concord at home. When on the death of Roger Deslau they remained without a leader, and symptoms of ambition and jealousy began to rise among them, they prudently sent off ambassadors, in 1326, to King Frederic of Sicily, to whom they offered the sovereignty of their warlike community. The King conferred the Duchy of Athens on his son Manfred of Aragon, and sent the brave and intelligent Beranger Estag-

* Du Cange tells us that he has seen a curious document, dated from Thebes, in April, 1314, with this inscription: *Nos universitas fidelis Francorum exercitus, in partibus Romanie existentis.*—*Historie de l'Empire*, Vol. ii., page 197.

nol to Athens, as regent of the duchy, which remained an honorary title of the Aragon princes, though none ever claimed actual possession of their rights.* So late as 1354, we find the Catalans in the Hellespont and Bosphorus taking an active part in the desperate naval battles between Venetians and Genoese; but in 1394, the duchy had passed to the rich Florentine noble, Nerio Acciajuoli. His son Antony embellished Athens with public buildings, and raised on their pedestals the ancient marble lions in the Peiræus, which in 1688 were removed to Venice, by General Morosini, where they still adorn the portals of the Arsenal.

The Ottoman Sultans had in the mean time crossed the Hellespont, and extended their conquests to the Danube. Constantinople fell in 1453, and Mohammed II., at the head of a numerous army, invaded Greece, drove the Palælogian princes from the Peloponnesus, and on his return in 1466, deposed and beheaded the last Duke of Athens, Franco Acciajuoli.

The Sultan himself visited the Acropolis, and stood for a while lost in wonder and admiration before its well-preserved temples. He then gave orders that no injury should be done to the ancient monuments. But the Parthenon was transformed into a mosque; the castle strongly fortified and occupied by a Turkish garrison.

The Venetians were still powerful in those parts of the Levant; they possessed the neighboring island of Eubœa, Cyprus, Crete, the strongly fortified town of Lepanto (Naupactus) on the Corinthian gulf, Nauplion, Monembasia, and the southern parts of Morea, and they made repeated attempts to obtain a firm footing on the mainland by the conquest of Attica. But although they in 1464, occupied Athens, and in 1687 bombarded the Acropolis and destroyed the great temple, they were soon forced to evacuate the territory again, which then remained in the undisturbed possession of the Moslems until the outbreak of the general resurrection of the Greeks in 1821.

During the long dominion of the Franks from the beginning of the thirteenth to the middle of the fifteenth century the manners of the Greeks no doubt became to a certain extent assimilated to those of their feudal masters. This influence of the Latins is particularly remarkable in the facility with which the Greeks adopted in their own language the many feudal terms and expressions of the French, which we meet on every page of the

* *De aquí los reyes de Aragon se intitulaban como duques de Atenas y Neopatras hasta nuestra edad; estados de título solo y sin renta.*—Mariana, *Hist. Hisp.*, Lib. 15, cap. 14. Mariana himself calls the Catalans, "*Ladrones, gente mala y desgraciada.*"

Byzantine historians of those times.* Many of their words have become obsolete in the Romaic of the present day, or are now rejected as barbarous; but some are still in common use, and the entire construction of the Romaic may have been moulded into its present form, in its construction so widely differing from the Hellenic of old, by the direct intermixture with the French and Spanish, which is so curiously exhibited in the versified chronicle of the anonymous poet of the Morea, and other writings from that period.

Yet the Greeks remained obstinately faithful to their Church and Greek liturgy. Proud of their descent and higher civilization, they spurned the warlike and savage manners of the Crusaders and retained that aversion and contempt for the Latins which is not entirely obliterated at the present day. The more oppressed they were, the more they cherished the habits, ideas, and superstitions of their ancestors, and throughout all the vicissitudes of fortune and change of government, this generous and indestructible nation preserved that characteristic stamp and physiognomy both of mind and body, by which the world still hails and proclaims them as Greeks. Just before the Turkish conquest, the Greek nationality had received another admixture from a kindred race—the Albanians or Sky-petars from the mountains of Epirus. In the Morea we find Albanian settlements so early as 1391, where these warlike tribes formed the principal support of the Palæologi in their last desperate struggle with the Turks. After the death of the great Albanian chief, Georgios Castriotas, or Scanderbei, in 1467, numerous colonies from Epirus settled in Eubœa, Attica, and the islands of Hydra, Spetzia, and Poros, where the indomitable mountaineers, preferring the errant but free life of fishermen and pirates to the subjection of the Osmanlies, sought a secure refuge, and in the course of time became that enterprising and wealthy seafaring and commercial people which so powerfully contributed to the ultimate emancipation and restoration of Greece.†

* Such feudal terms are, for instance, ὁ ῥήξ or ῥήγας, (*rex*,) king; ὁ πρίγκηπας, prince; ὁ μέγας κύρ, grand-sire; ὁ κόντος, count; ὁ μπαρόνς, baron; ὁ μπαίλος or πάλος, bailiff; ὁ καβαλλάρης, knight; σεργέντης, squire; ὁ ἄνθρωπος Αἰγός, liegeman; τὸ ὀφικίδιον, office; τὸ ὁμάτζιον, homage; τὰ προβιλέτσια, privileges; ἡ τζουστρία, τὸ τερνεμέντον, joust, tournament, otherwise called κονταγο κτύπημα, or thrusting with lances.

† It has been erroneously stated by Buchon, (*Voyage en Grèce*, p. 84.) and others, that it was not until a recent date that Athens and its environs became peopled with Albanians; that it was the wild hordes, who, in 1770, after the expulsion of the Russians from Morea, occupied the valleys of Attica. Yet some of the earliest travellers, Mons. de la Guillaumière in 1669, and Sir George Wheler in 1675, found the Arnauts already in full possession of the villages on the plain of Marathon and in the Mesogaion just as at the present day; and the former, who in this

CONTEMPORARY LITERATURE OF THE LAST THREE MONTHS.

HISTORY.

THE object of this work is clearly stated in the dignified and elegant preface. "How the Constitution of the United States

History of the Origin, Formation, and Adoption of the Constitution of the United States, with notices of its principal framers. By GEO. TICKNOR CURTIS. In two volumes. Vol. I. New-York: Harper & Bros., Franklin Square, 1854: pp. 518, 8vo.

came to be formed; from what circumstances it arose; what its relations were to institutions previously existing in the country; what necessities it satisfied, and what was its adaptation to the situation of these States." From the preface too, we learn, what indeed the work itself would have shown, that it has been the gradual growth of several laborious years. In part it covers the ground which Mr. Web-

ster had chosen for a work which was uppermost in his thoughts till within a few weeks of his death; and the words of the dying statesman to our author are a high tribute to his qualifications for this important task. "*You have a future, I have none. You are writing a History of the Constitution. You will write that work. I shall not. Go on, by all means, and you shall have every aid that I can give you.*"

The volume now published brings the subject down from the first Continental Congress in 1774, to the Convention for the framing of the Federal Constitution in 1787; covering the difficult period of the war, upon which it throws new and important light; the dark and gloomy days of the Convention, during which Washington himself began to fear that he had lived too long; and the history of the steps which led to the Convention of 1787; at which point the direct narrative pauses for a while, to make room for more detailed notices of the principal framers of the Constitution. The statements are carefully authenticated by references at the foot of the page, to the sources from which they were drawn, and some of the more curious questions discussed in separate dissertations.

case may be regarded as an authority, says that the Greek emperors during the decline of the Empire, finding the Arnauts turbulent and inclined to revolt, sent the most unruly of them to the Morea and Attica, where, after the death of Scanderbei, they were joined by many fugitives from Epirus, and lived dispersed in an indefinite number of villages as herdsmen and agriculturists. He then adds: "That they are *excellent* at thieving, and whatever they lay their hands on is their own—and speak a jargon of their own, made up of broken Slavonian."—*De la Guilière: Athens, Ancient and Modern*; London, 1616, page 85.

The literary character of the work is of a high order; the distribution of the narrative clear and judicious; the style manly, distinct, and graceful; and with this testimony to the claims of the new author, we must wait till the appearance of the second volume enables us to return to the subject with the care and scrutiny which it deserves at the hands of every American who feels the responsibilities of his birth-right.

This is one of those laborious and comprehensive collections from which the historian draws the materials for his "pictured

page." It abounds with names that can not be found anywhere else; facts that would have been lost but for the timely industry that has brought them together before the materials were irretrievably scattered, documents painfully transcribed from illegible records and imperfect archives, and sketches of manners and character that will prove invaluable to the future historian. The compilers of works like these, modest men, content to labor and live in comparative obscurity, while they open for others the path to brilliant reputations, deserve high praise and a cordial welcome from every student of history. Their industry implies an ardent love of truth, their curious researches reveal a deep sympathy with human nature,

and if they are wanting in philosophical generalization and eloquent narrative, they must be richly endowed with the rare faculty of doubting and believing in the right place. Mr. White, who is already favorably known by his valuable "Statistics of Georgia," has added greatly to his reputation by this industrious and curious volume.

This is a learned and accurate work which will be very acceptable to the student of Mediæval history. Professor Koeppen divides the historical geography of the Middle Ages into eight periods, "which are delineated in the atlas of six historical maps. The first and second periods are each represented in their proper maps, (A.D. 395 and 527.) The third period (close of the sixth century) embraces the second and third maps. The fourth, fifth, and sixth periods (Charlemagne, Otho the Great, 973, and Crusades) have each their own maps, while for the last

Historical Collections of Georgia, containing the most interesting Facts, Traditions, Biographical Sketches, Anecdotes, etc., relating to its History and Antiquities, from its first settlement to the present time, compiled from original records and official documents, etc., etc. By Rev. Geo. WHITE, M.A., author of the "Statistics of Georgia." New-York: Putney & Russell, Publishers, No. 79 John street. 1854. 1 vol., 8vo, pp. 688, with engravings.

The World in the Middle Ages. An Historical Geography, with Accounts of the Origin and Development, the Institutions and Literature, the Manners and Customs of the nations in Europe, Western Asia, and Northern Africa, from the close of the fourth to the middle of the

fifteenth century. By ADOLPHUS LOUIS KOEPPEN, Professor of History and German Literature in Franklin & Marshall College, Pennsylvania. Accompanied by complete historical and geographical indexes, and six colored maps from the Historical Atlas of Charles Spruner, LL.D., Captain of Engineers in the kingdom of Bavaria. New-York, D. Appleton & Co., 346, 348 Broadway. London, 16 Little Britain. MDCCCLIV. 1 vol. folio, pp. 232.

two periods, (close of fourteenth and close of fifteenth centuries,) one general map, illustrating the fourteenth and fifteen centuries was thought sufficient." To relieve the tedium of geographical detail, the author has interwoven historical sketches and personal local reminiscences, treating the whole in ten chapters, with learning, perspicuity and as much vivacity as was comfortable with the nature of the subject. The maps are taken, he tells us, from Prof. George W. Greene's translation of Dr. Spruner's great historical atlas.

This volume, though too large for a school text-book, supplies an important want of the English student of mediæval history. In France there are several

clever treatises in various forms, one of which, *Ansart's Précis*, has been freely used by Professor Koeppen in the preparation of his own work, and should, therefore, though cited in the list of authorities, have prevented the sweeping assertion of his preface, that there was no general geography of the Middle Ages. One of the earliest attempts that we remember to illustrate this important subject was made by Koch in his "*Tableau des Révolutions*," etc., which contains seven small maps, with a concise analysis prefixed to each of them. De Michels has followed a somewhat similar plan in his "*Précis de l'Histoire and de la Géographie du Moyen Age*," which is accompanied by eight maps, and had reached its ninth edition in 1846. For that part of his work, however, in which, as a Dane, he may have been supposed to have taken peculiar interest, Scandinavia, Professor Koeppen's may justly lay claim to great and important improvements upon all his predecessors. We should not forget to add that he writes very good English, seldom betraying his foreign origin.

This volume has all the characteristics of the author's other works; clearness of exposition, aptness of illustration, consistent phraseology, and an admirable didactic style.

The Elements of Intellectual Philosophy. By FRANCIS WAYLAND, President of Brown University, and Professor of Moral and Intellectual Philosophy. Boston: Phillips, Sampson & Co. New-York: J. C. Derby, 1854. 1 vol. 12mo, pp. 426.

Long familiarity with the classroom has given him a singular facility of conveying his thoughts with distinctness and precision. He has evidently been well trained in the dialectics of the recitation hour, and accustomed to meet his classes with a careful preparation of question and answer. Perhaps, too, as these discussions are invariably supposed to end

in victory, the consciousness of superiority may have followed him somewhat too often to his writing-desk, giving an occasional tinge of triumph to his sentences, which is not always reconcilable with their studied modesty of form.

In his system, Dr. Wayland is a devout disciple of the Scotch school, evidently looking up to Reid as the greatest of metaphysicians, and Hamilton as an adequate exponent of all that has ever been written about the mind. Of original thought there are traces rather than positive evidence. In his doctrine of original suggestion, we can see nothing more than another name for intuition. He judiciously transfers to his pages Hamilton's exhaustive analysis of the qualities of matter, and Cousin's distinction of logical and chronological antecedence and consequence. What he has read, he has read well and digested carefully. But his reading extends to but a small part of what a writer upon philosophy ought to read in order to qualify himself for a teacher of the nineteenth century. And hence, when you close the volume, you feel that you have read many interesting disquisitions, but failed to grasp the subject as a whole. The firm and vigorous touches of a powerful mind have not made up for the deficiencies of a narrow and one-sided culture.

The merits and defects of this volume are the direct reverse of those which we have pointed out in the treatise of Dr.

A System of Intellectual Philosophy. By Rev. ASA MAHAN, First President of Cleveland University. Revised and enlarged from the second edition. New-York: A. S. Barnes & Co., 51 John street. Cincinnati: H. W. Derby. 1854. 1 vol. 12mo, pp. 476.

Wayland upon the same subject. President Mahan is not a good writer. His style is something more than plain and homely; it is inelegant and occasionally obscure. His sentences are deficient in harmony, his words seldom well chosen, and his illustrations often coarse and vulgar. But he writes with a thorough knowledge of his subject. He is the expounder of a harmonious and well-digested system. He has read extensively, observed carefully, and thought profoundly.

Without possessing the natural vigor of Dr. Wayland, he has an acute mind, judiciously trained to habits of patient investigation. He meets the great questions of philosophy boldly, with full confidence in the power of science to solve the doubts which it awakens. And if he does not always satisfy you, he puts you upon the right path, conceals nothing, evades nothing, and disguises nothing.

The writers from whom he draws most freely, are Kant, Cousin, and Coleridge, whose writings he has evidently meditated well. But accepting the testimony of consciousness, and

regarding necessary ideas as rational intuitions, the logical antecedents of contingent ones, he escapes the fatal conclusions of Kant and Coleridge, by assigning to each of the primitive intuitive faculties its own legitimate and independent domain. Thus belief and not doubt is the result of the analysis, in which he uses for his guide many of the doctrines of the great father of modern philosophical skepticism.

As an introduction to the study of philosophy from the highest point of view, and an adequate preparation for following intelligently the speculations of the great schools of ancient and modern times—a study which every lover of the science must make for himself—we know of no work superior to this and none that it can be compared with, except the introductory chapters of Tappan's Logic.

TRAVELS.

This is a timely volume, which will be eagerly read by all who wish to know what kind of fellow-citizens we are trying to make for ourselves in the Pacific. The author, who has studied the subject on the spot, and consulted the best authorities, gives as the result of his investigations, the unqualified opinion that the Hawaiian Islands "will soon form an integral portion of the United States. They are absolutely essential to the protection and advancement of American commerce, and whoever owns them will be master of the Pacific." For our own part, we must confess that we should be very unwilling to buy the mastery of the Pacific at such a price. But although we can not subscribe to our author's opinion upon this subject, we can cordially recommend his "Notes" as a very readable and apparently a truthful picture of a race that is rapidly passing away.

Sandwich Island Notes
by a Haole. New-
York: Harper & Bros.,
Publishers, 1854. 1
vol. 12mo, pp. 493,
with engravings.

This is the second instalment of Mr. Taylor's record of his last travels—written with the freshness of feeling, simplicity of style, and singular felicity of descriptive narrative which have given him so high a rank in this department of literature. But as we have reserved a place in our next number for a fuller examination of his writings, we shall say nothing more upon the subject in this.

The Lands of the Saracen; or, Pictures of Palestine, Asia Minor, Sicily, and Spain. By BAYARD TAYLOR. New-York: Geo. P. Putnam & Co., 10 Park Place. 1855. pp. 451, with maps and engravings.

SCHOOL BOOKS.

The author of this volume is Professor of Mathematics in the most important of our educational institutions—the Free

A Practical and Commercial Arithmetic; containing definitions of terms and rules of Operations, with numerous examples. The whole forming a complete treatise for the use of Schools and Academies. By GERARDUS BEEKMAN DOCHARTY, LL.D., Professor of Mathematics in the New-York Free Academy, and author of the "Institutes of Algebra." New-York, Harper & Brothers, Publishers, Nos. 329 and 331 Pearl street, Franklin Square. 1854. 1 vol. 12mo, pp. 266.

Academy; and therefore brings to his task that thorough knowledge of all the processes of teaching which nothing but daily familiarity with the class-room can give. His "Institutes of Algebra," which was published some two years ago, is ranked among the most successful introductions in this difficult science, and the present volume is destined to take place by its side. The first six chapters are devoted to the fundamental principles of the science, including a thorough exposition of fractions, ratio, proportion, involution, progression, etc. The second part of seven chapters, to the operations of commerce. The exposition of principles is clear and distinct, the rules concise and definite, and the examples well chosen.

Each chapter is followed by a judicious selection of examination questions: and the whole work displays a thorough acquaintance with the subject, and an admirable comprehension of the wants of the learner. We welcome it, not only as a great improvement upon former treatises, but as a gratifying proof of the thorough and intelligent manner in which science is taught in the "Free Academy."

An Epitome of English Grammar. By the Rev. Dr. MYLNE, of England, author of an Elementary Treatise on Astronomy, etc., with important alterations and additions, adapted to the use of American Schools. By J. F. GIBSON. New-York: Charles B. Norton. 1854. 1 vol. 18mo, pp. 150.

An admirable compendium, clear, comprehensive, and precise. The rules are followed by copious exercises and a judicious selection of annotated parsing lessons. For the class of scholars for which it was written, we can scarcely conceive of a better introduction to the doctrines of grammar as they are still generally taught in our schools.

MISCELLANEOUS.

“The papers that make up the substance of this volume, aim to treat the chief stages in human life in connection with their attendant lessons and experiences.”

Mile-Stones in our Life-Journey. By SAMUEL OSGOOD, author of the *Hearth-Stone*, *God with Men*, *Studies in Christian Biography*, &c. New-York: D. Appleton & Co. 1855. 1 vol. 12mo, pp. 307.

Such is the author's account of his work, which consists of a series of essays, the fruits, as mere compositions, of a summer vacation, but as lessons, of close observation upon life, and careful meditation upon its manifold duties and cares. The pleasing and graceful garb in which they are clothed, will recommend them to a large circle of readers, not one of whom we believe, will close the volume without feeling himself stronger and fitter for his journey.

A pleasing intermixture of description, reflection, and narrative, gracefully written, with occasional felicitous dashes of humor. This is, we believe, the first time that Block Island has come in for its share in the records of summer tourists. The sportsman will find some congenial scenes, and recognize the hand of a thorough-bred brother of the gentle craft.

The ninth volume we believe in the new edition of Mr. Willis's works, and the last too, in order of production. It is full of beautiful descriptions, new thoughts happily expressed, and those deep sympathies with nature which give such a charm to the “Tent Pitched,” and the “Letters from under a Bridge.” No body writes about trees as Willis does. We would quarrel with the doctrine of his preface if we had room.

Out-Doors at Idle-Wild; or, the Shaping of a Home on the Banks of the Hudson. By N. P. WILLIS. New-York, Charles Scribner, 145 Nassau street. 1855. 1 vol. 12mo, pp. 519.

An erit, qui velle recuset
Os populi meruisse: et cedro digna locutus
Lingere nec scombros metuentia—nec thus?

These characteristic volumes have reached us at too late an hour for the full notice which they deserve, and we must content ourselves with extracting a single paragraph as the clue to the real aim of the author. “We never rise to be more than sons, or more than brothers, or more than men. And happy is the calm-thoughted fellow who knows this from the beginning; and who so orders his

Fudge Doings; being Tony Fudge's record of the same in Forty Chapters. By IK MARVEL. New-York: Charles Scribner. 1855. 2 vols. 12mo.

designs that every purpose may help towards the symmetric fulfillment of a destiny, which is only ours by the ordering of Providence, and which we may qualify by worthy deeds, but never shake from us by a spasm of pride or of anger."

The title-page of this magnificent volume contains so good an outline of its contents, that we shall not attempt a further description. Dr. Griswold has conferred

The Republican Court; or, American Society in the days of Washington. By RUFUS WILMOT GRISWOLD. With twenty-one portraits of Distinguished Women, engraved from original pictures, by Woolaston, Copley, Gainsborough, Stuart, Trumbull, Melbone, and other contemporary painters. 1 vol. 4to. New-York: D. Appleton & Co.

a lasting service upon the lovers of the past, which no one could have done so well. His taste for anecdote and personal description, and his remarkable familiarity with social as well as literary history, have found a congenial field over which he passes airily and gracefully, carrying his reader with him, and calling up pleasant recollections that, but for this happy thought of his, would in a few years have been entirely lost to history. In typographical execution, this work is perhaps the most elegant specimen of workman-

ship that ever issued from an American press.

It is pleasant to meet the author of "Rural Hours" in her own appropriate field, the illustration of the pleasures of the country. On this occasion, however, she has given us but little of her own, the "rhyme and reason of country life" being set forth in selections from poets of all ages and countries, with a few passages in prose, and all arranged under twenty-nine heads. The first contains Chaucer's exquisite poem of "The Flower and the Leaf." The second is entitled the "Bee,"

and is devoted to poems and extracts upon that type of industry. "Spring" is the third, and is illustrated in the same way; and thus through the twenty-nine. The selections are judicious, and there are few of them which the lover of sweet verse would not gladly treasure up in his memory. The introduction is a sketch of the progress of "the love of nature as an element of poetry," written in a beautiful spirit of appreciation, and in a style of singular warmth and elegance.

This journal has now reached its fifth volume, with a constantly increasing subscription-list. For accurate and comprehensive bibliographical information, it stands without a rival; its lists comprising, beside all the publications of our own country, carefully-prepared notes upon the most important publications of Eng-

Norton's Literary Gazette. Semi-monthly. CHARLES B. NORTON, Irving House. 4to.

land, France, Germany, Holland, etc. The literary notices are remarkable for their candor and judiciousness; and it is evident that no pains have been spared to secure, in the compilation of them, the mature opinions of qualified judges. We are glad to learn that the editorial department has been strengthened by the accession of Mr. Guild, librarian of Brown University, one of the most accurate and promising of our young bibliographers; and who, having made this important department his profession for life, brings to the study of its minute and laborious details, a rare combination of industry, judgment, and taste. For our own part, we regard the success of this invaluable journal as a subject of general congratulation to men of letters.

INDEX TO VOL. III.

- Abbot's Egyptian Museum, [250](#); advantages to be derived from its permanent possession by our city, [263](#).
- Abernethy, Mc Ilvaine's Memoirs of, [389](#); character of some of Colburn's issues, and non-facilities of the present author, [389](#); birth and parentage of Abernethy, [391](#); Abernethy and the Greek testament, [392](#); his predilection for the law, *ib.*; clinching and clinched, anecdotes, [393](#); Blicke, Blizard, and Hunter, [394](#); Abernethy commences as a lecturer, [395](#); his marriage, [396](#); his addiction to swearing, [396](#); Sir Astley Cooper's professional nepotism, [397](#); Wm. Lawrence as an "appropriator," etc., [398](#); Abernethy as lecturer, author, and practitioner, [400](#); his kindness to the poor, [403](#); general character of the work, [404](#).
- Abolitionism in America, [315](#); sentiments of Washington, Adams, etc., on slavery, *ib.*; what has abolitionism gained? [316](#); free-soilism, temperance, and free-masonry, *ib.*; Wilberforce, his opposition to African slave-trade, *ib.*; eclecticism and partisans, [317](#); Americans must think for themselves, *ib.*; Integrity of book-making considered, [318](#); the press should be the true exponent of popular opinion, [319](#); riches of America, the, [320](#); Nebraska bill, the, [321](#); demarcation of Northern and Southern interests, *ib.*; Northern abolitionism, [322](#); the spread of slavery a question of preponderating interest, *ib.*; how slavery might be abolished, [323](#); position of the African and Anglo-Saxon races, [324](#); colonization, [325](#); fugitive-slave act, the, *ib.*; power of constitutional laws, [326](#); prevailing sentiments of reform in the young, how to be directed, *ib.*; difficulties of the slavery question, *ib.*; slavery an institution peculiar to itself, [328](#); abolition movement, germs of greatness in the, *ib.*; evils of unduly magnifying slavery, [329](#); how the question should be treated, [330](#); its present movement, *ib.*; the true statesman, his position, [331](#); value of our national union to our collective and individual happiness, [332](#).
- Alexander compelled to maintain the nationality of his people, [36](#).
- Alfieri's history of Virginus prohibited in Italy, [72](#).
- Amusements, popular, the test of democracy, [72](#).
- "Angry Boy," Sheridan's anecdote, [184](#).
- Argonautic expedition, the real object of the, [114](#).
- Arnold, Dr., of Rugby, his scholastic influence and identity, [60](#).
- Astor Library, the, [250](#); design and progress of its institution, [258](#); its effect on literary taste of New-York, *ib.*; free access to great libraries, results of, [260](#); permanent and extended influence of its systematized formation, *ib.*; difficulties under which many libraries are placed, [261](#); librarians should be included in book-committees, [262](#); efficiencies required in librarians, *ib.*; present deficiencies in national and literary history, [263](#).
- Astor-Place massacre, the, [94](#).
- Austria, her position with respect to Russia in the existing war, [24-29](#).
- Auto-biography of an Actress, [153](#).
- Bancroft's History of the United States, [463](#).

- Barnard's, H., National Education and School Architecture, 313.
- Bartlett's, J. R., Personal Narrative of Exploration in Texas, New-Mexico, etc., etc., 303.
- Beaton, Cardinal, and the Sealed Letters, note, 1.
- Bryant's Poems, 539; poetical genius of W. C. Bryant, ib.; character of the poet, 541; the poetry of nature, 542; the ancient Hebrew poets, 543; purity of Bryant's poetic character, 544; Goethe's Faust, 546; poetic excellence of Bryant, ib.; sudden celebrity, 547; real love of genius, 548; Bryant, the sire of American poetry, 548; Forest Hymn, extracts, 548; Shelley, Byron, Longfellow, 550; philosophy of Bryant's poetry, 551; his fertility and power of invention, 552; Thanatopsis, 553; The Antiquity of Freedom, extracts, 554; Bryant as a lyric poet, 555; eras of poetic life, 557; nationality of Bryant's poetry, 558.
- Catherine of Russia, her hatred of the German foreigners, 88.
- Chief-Justices of the Supreme Court of the United States, Lives, etc., of, 478.
- Christianity, liberal, effects arising from preaching of a, 133.
- Church in Russia, the, 332; its history but little known, ib.; Greek orthodox and the Russian churches branches of same communion, 333; doctrines of Russian church, 334; negative aspects of Russian theology, ib.; Synod of Jassy, action of the, 335; transubstantiation, 336; Synod of Jerusalem, ib.; Cyril Lucar, sketch of, 338; Jansenists of France and the Jesuits, conflict between the, 337; eucharist, question of the, 339; saint-worship, 340; lay baptism, ib.; justification and redemption, ib.; purgatory and auricular confession, 341; of the Virgin and saints, 342; general review of their status among the creeds, etc., of other religious bodies, ib.; deism and infidelity of western Europe, 343; government of Russian church, ib.; the two great divisions of the sacred order in Russian church, 344, 351; Russia originally but one archiepiscopate, 346; revenue of a Russian metropolitan, 346; monasteries and parishes, ib.; worship and ceremonials of the Russian church, 347, 349; Russian churches, forms of, etc., 347; benediction of the waters, 357; lavipedium, ceremony of the, 352; imperial custom on coming into an episcopal city, ib.; reverence in which the Russian clergy are held ib.; general view of the Russian form of religion, 353.
- City Comptroller, New-York, extracts from reports by, 86.
- Clergy, English Episcopal, their augmentation considered, 52.
- Clerical office, *prestige* of the, 123; effect of reformation on its speciality, 125.
- College Tutors' Association, its object, 41.
- Colleges, diocesan training recommended 56.
- Commission of inquiry into present state of English universities, 41; particulars of their report, 48.
- Constantinople, long the desire of the Russian autocrat, 37.
- Contemporary literature, 150, 292, 468, 613.
- Croton aqueduct, annual report of 1854, 84.
- Couriers and messengers originally employed for transit of mercantile and government dispatches, 5.
- Cousin's, M. Victor, letters on the true, beautiful, and good, 310.
- Daubeny, Dr., on English university education, 63.
- Dead-letter office, British, 16; system in United States, 17.
- Desecration, a lionism of the modern pulpit, 132.
- Dissenters, English, their example and influence on the church, 133.
- Dissenters, religious, from Russian church, unimportant in character and number, 28.
- Drama, the Greek, 70, 78; features of the, considered, 75; English and American, 78.
- Dupuytren and the curé, interesting anecdote of, 130.
- Ecclesiastical Polity and Christian Truth, their line of demarcation, 128; ecclesiastical tribunals, on the origin of, 129; their true origin divine, 140; St. Paul's words a precept, not mere advice or counsel, ib.; how considered by the early Christians, 141; St. Peter's confirmation of Paul's precept, ib.; teachings of the fathers and doctors on this subject, 142; imperial laws and objections, 143; council of Paris favorable to belief of its divine origin, 145; errors of Mosheim, 146; ultimate ob-

jections of MM. Belime and Lefevriere, [147](#); notes, [149](#).

Emigration, effect of upon American productions, [237](#); the great social problem of the day, *ib.*; number of descendants of emigrants, 1790 to 1850, [239](#); partial results of emigrant additions to our population, [232](#); great natural advantages of the United States for extensive commerce, [232](#); increase of registered tonnage resulting from increased emigration, [241](#); annual value of agricultural, mineral, and manufacturing productions of the United States, [242](#); coast fisheries, *ib.*; whale fisheries, [243](#); customs duties of foreign commerce, great revenues from, *ib.*; public lands, sales of, [244](#); increase of farm lands from gradual enlargement of territory, [245](#); exports of breadstuffs from the United States hitherto partially limited, *ib.*; cotton our great exporting crop, [246](#); mineral wealth of the United States, vast increase of, [247](#); results from cheapening American productions, *ib.*; emigration movement nationally beneficial to Great Britain, [248](#); effects of war in England in raising market prices, etc., [249](#).

European Diplomacy, [522](#); Metternich, *ib.*; present difficulties of Europe, [523](#); policy and aim of England, [523](#), [524](#); Louis Napoleon, his policy, [525](#); position of Russia, [529](#); English and Russian constitutions compared, [531](#); Turkey and the Ottoman government, [532](#); Palmerston and Buol, [534](#); Austrian policy, *ib.*; Prussian connection with Russia, etc., [535](#); Denmark and Sweden, [536](#); European constitutional monarchy and diplomacy, [537](#); United States, what she may learn from present European crisis, [538](#).

Greece, Grote's, [106](#); silent progress and completion of the work, *ib.*; personal character of the author, [107](#); various English histories of Greece, [109](#); Hume on Greek history, extract, *ib.*; Napoleon's incredulity of Greek history, *ib.*; Gillies, his abilities as an historian, *ib.*; progressive elucidation of Greek history by European research, [110](#); Rollin, sketch of his habits as an author, [111](#); Mably, Denison, etc., inefficiency of their labors as Greek historians, [112](#); Thirlwall, Bishop of St. David's, characteristics of his Grecian history,

ib.; Thirlwall and Mr. Grote, difference of their historical labors, [113](#); historical works, method of examination of, [114](#); Grecian mythology a stumbling-block for the historian, *ib.*; Notitia Urbis, the old Roman guide-book, legend in, [115](#); roads, military, first operation by Romans after military conquest, *ib.*; Roman legends and the "Milliarium Aureum," *ib.*; Grecian history to be complete must start from legendary Greece, [116](#); Greek legend, interesting character of the [117-120](#); poets, the early Greek, [118](#); improvisatore, the Roman, power of over an audience, [118](#); progressive analysis of the Greek legend, [122](#).

Grisi, Giulia, [431](#); European singers, their appreciation in the United States, *ib.*; growing improvement of popular taste, *ib.*; Grisi's first appearance in New-York, [432](#); her Norma, *ib.*; compared with other artists, [432](#); character of her singing, [433](#); poetical luxury, [434](#).

Industrial Schools and charities of New-York, [559](#); John Pounds, originator of the ragged schools, *ib.*; London ragged school union, [560](#); New-York movement for reclamation of vagrant children and abandoned females, *ib.*; Pease, Lewis M., his progressive operations, [561](#); Five-Points house of industry farm, [563](#); Old Brewery, the, [564](#); Five Points, the, [565](#); new industrial mission-house, [565](#), [567](#); labors of the missionary, [566](#); Children's Aid Society, [567](#); uneducated state of many of the district children, [568](#); industrial workshop in Wooster street, *ib.*; industrial schools in New-York, *ib.*; rich and influential co-workers with this Society, [570](#); News-Boys' Lodging-House and Savings bank, [571](#), [572](#); boys' meetings, [573](#); New-York Juvenile Asylum, [574](#).

Loyola and the Jesuit reaction, [191](#); power of his influence in favor of the Roman Catholic Church, *ib.*; Loyola after the siege of Pampeluna, [192](#); his preparation, labors, and influence as a sectarian leader, [192](#); his public career, [195](#); sublime daring and extent of his work, [196](#); his worth, and influence of himself and order upon mankind, [199](#); his intellect and moral disposition, *ib.*; Pascal's influence against the Jesuit order, [202](#); Jesuits, the, their system and history, *ib.*

Macaulay's England, essays, etc., 492; diversity of genius, etc., in man, *ib.*; Macaulay as an historian, 499-506; his love of display, 502; his partial reference in place of fair quotation, 503; his whiggery, *ib.*; contemptuous bearing as an author, 504; Mr. Cobden, the *Times*, and Thucydides, 505; Macaulay's love of the personal pronoun, I, *ib.*; his initial chapter in his History of England, 506; his concurrence with Cromwell's depreciators, 508; his hatred of the Stuarts, *ib.*; Charles I, character of, 509; Charles II. and the second James, 511; Macaulay and Fox, *ib.*; James II., 512; peculiarities of Macaulay's style, 514, 515; his attack on Wm. Penn., 514; Macaulay as an essayist, 515; his love for paradox, 517; his poetry, 518; his piratical audacity, 520; personal appearance, 521.

Medieval History of Athens, 590; primitive inhabitants of Attica, *ib.*; city of the Acropolis, 591; commercial and naval republic of Grecian antiquity, 593; Solon and the Areopagos, 594; Pericles, his genius and eloquence, 595; mobocratic government of Athens, *ib.*; Macedon and Alexander, 596; Byzantium made the seat of government, *ib.*; closing of the schools of the Athenian philosophers, 597; virulent controversies in seventh century, *ib.*; Irene of Athens, 598; Greek fire, invention of, note, *ib.*; Grecian cities in early ages of Byzantine history, 598; Slavonian tribes, the, 599; triumphant march of Basilus II., *ib.*; introduction of the silk-worm, *ib.*; the crusades, *ib.*; death of Manuel Comnenus, 600; Pope Innocent III. organizes a fourth crusade, *ib.*; Alexius, the fugitive, *ib.*; victory of the crusaders, 601; Leon Sguros, *ib.*; invasion of Boniface, 602; Otho and Guy de la Roche, 603; William of Ville Hardouin, 604; Michael III., Palæologos, *ib.*; Latin archbishopric of Athens, 605; ducal tournaments, *ib.*; Count Walter de Brienne, 606; battle of Orcomenus, 608; death of Count Walter, 609; field of blood, the, *ib.*; first visit of the Turk to Athens, 610; Frankish government of Athens, *ib.*

Morale of the Eastern war, 161.

New-York City, the great want of a government, 80; its commercial greatness, *ib.*; the representative metropolis of the nation, 81; essential requi-

sites in, *ib.*; perversion of its principal advantages, 82; its present system of government inefficient, 83; annual message of Mayor of, suggestions, 84; fire department, chief engineer's communication, 1854, 85; Street Commissioner's annual report, 1854, *ib.*; ill success of experiments to improve the condition of the city government, 87; sketch of its government through successive changes, 88; defects of amended charter, 90; extension of power of elective chief magistrate necessary for control of his subordinate, 92; mayor and aldermen, their powers under the charter of 1849, 93; Common Council, inefficiency of their action, *ib.*; fees of officials of New-York municipality, exorbitance of, 95; municipality of New-York and appointment of subordinates, *ib.*; municipal government, sketch of a reformed, 97; practical advantages resulting from such an operative system, 101.

New-York Crystal Palace illustrated, 250; glance at history of the building, 251; Thorwaldsen, 253.

One of our great men, 206; greatness, its character unconfin'd, 207; Barneveldt, John Van Olden, his birth and history, 208, 215, 221, 226; progressive influence of Luther's reformation, 208; difficulties of Philip of Spain with regard to his Netherland subjects, 211; act of confederation or compromise, 213; the Netherland confederates of 1566, 214; United Provinces of the Netherlands, formation of the, 218; efforts for securing their independence, 220; device of first coin issued by the United Provinces, *ib.*; patriotism and principles of Barneveldt as pensionary, 221; Prince Maurice of Orange, 222; Philip of Spain and Philip of St. Aldegonde, deaths of, 225; Barneveldt, obligations to, and ingratitude of, his countrymen, 228; United Provinces, religious and political disturbances of the, *ib.*; Prince Maurice unites with the enemies of Barneveldt, 231; Barneveldt arraigned, sentenced, and executed as a traitor, 233; Grotius escapes to France, 235; character of Barneveldt, 236.

Politics, the Quarterly conservative in, 102.

Popular amusements, theatres in New-York, 68; Greek, Roman, French, and German theaters, 68; English theater, Ben Jonson, Shakspeare, etc., *ib.*; Ba-

con, Shakspeare, and Dickens, 69; Shakspeare, his genius and character as a dramatist, 69; refinement, arts, and freedom, their connection, 71; music, characteristics and influence of, extract, ib.; theaters in New-York, influence of considered, 72; literary and political antagonism of the continental drama, ib.; talent and genius contrasted, 73; drama in New-York, cause of its decline, 74; *Æsthetic* culture, Schiller on, extract, 76; English drama, character of the, 78.

Post-Office, our national, 1; commercial importance and sacred character of a well-directed, 1, 2; printing-press and post-office, connection of, 1; Sir J. Graham's assumptions as British post-master general, note, 2; mail letters of the United States and Great Britain, number of, compared, 3; postage, a cheap, the great want of in the United States, ib.; penny-post, Mr. R. Hill's scheme of, ib.; post-offices first instituted in Germany, 4; the establishment of public post-offices coeval with numerous important advantages, ib.; post-runners, Indian, in 1570, 5; Lamoral, Prince, post-master general of Germany, 1618, defeats the Protestants of that country, ib.; post-office, English, historical sketch of, 6; penny-post, British, increased revenue of, 7; postal system unknown to the ancients, ib.; Palmer, Mr., establishes mail-coaches in England, 7; post-office, United States, sketch of its history, 8; planters of Virginia, 1657, compelled to transmit the government dispatches, ib.; post-office established in Pennsylvania by Wm. Penn, 1683, ib.; postal rates for foreign letters, 1680, ib.; mails, United States, first official act for transmission of, in colony of New-York, 1672, 8; post-master general of American colonies first patented in 1691, 9; postal distances, extent of colonial, in 1710, 2; post-office, general, and county post-offices established in Virginia, 1732, ib.; Franklin, Benjamin, post-master at Philadelphia, 1737, ib.; succeeds to post-master generalship, 1753, ib.; his improvement of postal revenues, ib.; appointed post-master general by continental Congress, 1775, 10; post-masters general of the United States from 1776 to 1853, ib.; postal rates, United States from 1776 to 1851, ib.; post-offices and miles of post-roads, receipts

and expenses from 1790 to 1853, ib.; letters, number, receipts and expenses of British post-office department from 1837 to 1853, 11; number mailed in London, 1851, 12; number mailed presumptive, 1852, ib.; letters and population of London and five principal cities in the United States compared, ib.; letters mailed in the United States and Great Britain, 1852, ib.; a universal delivery of letters in all large towns and cities requisite, 13; advantages of, 15; postal system, an extended, improved, and thoroughly practical, imperative, 13; postage, United States, advantages of a two-cent system considered, 13, 18; money orders, postal system of, desirable, 14, 18; money orders system of Great Britain, 18; daily delivery and receiving houses in London system, 14; carriers and their compensation in Great Britain, ib.; post-office, British, perfect system of, 15; dead-letter systems in Great Britain and the United States, 16; pre-payment of letters in Great Britain, ib.

Priests, their various orders, 123; professions liberal, tendencies of the so-called, 125; priestly office, phases of the, ib.; priests, the employees of a sect, 127; distinctive influences of priests in different ages, 128; religious worship, various influences of, 129; priestly character and vocation, types of the, ib.; religion, illegitimate perversion of the, 131; English life, mixture of worldliness and religious ideas in, ib.; pulpit desecration a lionism of the day, 132; "c'est Sunday," an absurd caricature of a London Sabbath, ib.; devotional sentiment, a personal responsibility, 133; priestcraft to be resisted as such, 134; antagonisms of priestly ceremonials and actualities, ib.; priesthood, the effective agency of, in literature, 135; priesthood as a profession frequently a mistaken choice, ib.; religious sentiment and proselytism, effect of in female character, 136; preacher, Wirt's blind, Abeldar, and the Tartuffe, 137; sectarian *modus operandi*, ib.; "skeleton," or the outline of sermons, ib.; philosophers, essayists, and sermonizers, 138; priesthood and laity, integrity and obligations of the, 139.

Pauli's England, 406; partiality of English historians, ib.; Pauli's qualities as a writer of history, 407; richness of

England in material for national history, 408; Thomas à Becket, 410; Henry II. of England, 411, 418; Richard Cœur de Lion, 413; King John, character of, 415; Magna Charta, 416; Simon de Montfort, 420; his revolutionary parliament, 426; slain at the battle of Evesham, 427; growing commerce of England, 429; English serfs, the, 430; impregnable constitution of England, ib.

Quarterly, the, conservative in politics, 102; principles of its conservatism, 102, 104, 105; slavery not an institution of the general government of the United States, 103; slavery as it exists, ib.; States, certain rights of, examined, ib.; education and free-school systems of United States, to be encouraged and sustained, 105; resources, agricultural, commercial, and manufacturing, of the United States, their right of equable development, ib.

Railroads, American, 483; English and continental railways, ib.; Britannia tubular bridge, 484; Glasgow and South-western railway, ib.; construction of American railways, ib.; mail systems on railroads, 486; breaks on rail routes, 488; tunneling Straits of Dover, etc., 489; passport system, European, ib.; government control of railways and post-roads, ib.; United States and Canadian railways, 490; northern and southern railroads, 492; great advantage of through and unbroken lines, 493; equal right in railway law in New-York State, 494; average cost of United States and English railroads, 495; speed and efficiency, ib.; security of travel and railway regulations in England, 496, 497; accidents on American railways, 497; parcels and goods delivery from English rail routes, ib.

Raleigh, Sir Walter, his early voyages to this country, 575; the father of American colonization, ib.; sketch of his early life, 576; joins the forces in Ireland, under Lord Desmond, 578; first interview with Queen Elizabeth, ib.; accompanies Sir H. Gilbert to Newfoundland, 579; prepares an expedition for the new world, 580; results of the voyage, ib.; origin of the name of the State of "Virginia" considered, 582; increasing reputation of Raleigh, 583; first attempt to plant an English colony in America, ib.; expedition in search of mineral treasures,

584; distress of the colony, 585; embarkation for England, ib.; Dr. Bateson's remarks on the failure of the colony, 586; Raleigh prepares a new expedition, 587; the Spanish armada, 588; Raleigh assigns his patent for planting colonies in the new world, ib.; fate of the Virginia colony, 589; Southey's unjust charge of Raleigh's neglect, ib.; the Virginia and the Plymouth colonies, 590.

Russia as it is, Gurowski's, 161; foundation of its claim to Ottoman Europe, 162; Turkey's policy in inveigling France and England in her defense, 163, 184, 187; M. Francescque Bouvet's view of the question, 164; Russo-Turkish treaty of 1774, 165; position of Nicholas as regards this treaty, ib.; Menchikoff's hostile departure from Constantinople, 166; his claim on Turkish porte on behalf of Russia, 166, 169, 171; treaties, their integrity to be maintained inviolable, 167, 169; Russia, treatment of by Turkish government, 167; effect of Turkey's assent to Russia's demands, 168; claims of France on behalf of the Latin Christians, 170; Turkey, her condition of dependence on western powers, ib.; Nicholas's great object of territorial acquisition, ib.; gist of the "Viennese note" on the protection of Christian worship, 174; Turkey's reception of same considered, 175; French and English journals and N. Y. Times on the Russo-Turkish question, 177, 182, 183; objects of England and France in their alliance with Turkey, 180; secret correspondence on Russo-Turkish question, 185; France and the western powers, gain of their religious influence in the present contest, 188; Czar, the, his claim and position in this great eastern struggle, 190.

Russia, the politics of, 20; her resources, ib.; attachment of her people to their civil and religious head, ib.; her power of defiance to an advancing enemy, 21; her political and religious power, 21, 23, 29; extent of her spy system, 22; her gigantic greatness incomprehensible to the nations, ib.; her unity as a national and political power, 22, 26, 27, 32, 34; her condition feudal, not commercial, 23; predominance of her religious and political aversion to the Turks, 24; England and France, their position in the Russo-Turkish differences, 25; religious dissensions

ancient, of England, France, and Germany, 27; Uniates of Russia, their recantation in 1839, 27; Russian or Greek church, extent and influence of the, 28; Romanism in Russia, national hatred of, *ib.*; difficulties, origin of the, existing between Russia and Turkey, 30; Greek Christians, advocacy of their cause by Nicholas, *ib.*; self-dependence of Russia, 31; Poland, sacrifice of by national interests, *ib.*; diplomatic efficiencies and principles of Russia, 32, 33; revenue of Russia's political availability, etc., 33; Menchikoff, Prince, character and abilities of 34; Nesselrode, Count, political character of, 35; Nicholas, the controlling influence of, *ib.*; Peter the Great, introduction of foreigners to Russia by, 36; Peter III., result of his attempted reform, *ib.*; marriage policy of the Russian imperial family, 37; probable result of the Turko-Russian struggle, *ib.*

Sparta and the Dorians, 355; different relations with regard to Sparta, *ib.*; Grote's, Mr., opinion of the Antedorian monuments, 356; site and form of ancient and modern Sparta, 358; natural fortifications of, 360; Acropolis, ruins of the, 362; bridge of the Eurotas, 363; Roman ruins, the, *ib.*; prophecy of Thucydides, 364; Dorian city, the, not without ornaments, 365; Spartan craftsmen, 366; irruption of Alaric, *ib.*; Fourmont, Abbé de, the modern Alaric, 367, 373; Temple of Athens *Ponionchos*, 367; the Agora or forum, 369; Persian portico, the, *ib.*; Aphetais, the, or *Broadway* of Sparta, 370; Platanistas, Phoihaion, and Dromos, 371; Aphrodite, the temple of, 372; present capital of Lakedaimon, 374; environs of ancient Sparta, 375; Therapne, 376; Sungod, colossal statue of the, 377; monuments found in Amyklai, 378; discoveries by Mr. Gropuis, 379; route from Amyklai, 380; glens of Taygetos, 382; view from chapel of St. Elias, 383; great Persian war, the, 384; renewal of the Achaian league, 386; Roman tourists and repairs, 387.

Unity of the world, man's place in the creation, 435; man's position, study of, *ib.*; design of his creation, 436; creation of angels, 437; the work of creation gradual, 438; composite nature of man, fit subject for redemption, 439; man's higher nature, 442; our

advancement in knowledge, 444; earth, geological structure of the, 446; ceaseless change in nature, 450; heavenly bodies, are they inhabited, 452, 454; annihilation contrary to scientific relation, 454; plurality of worlds, regarded by Whewell and Brewster, 455, 463; difficulties arising from this question, 462; bearings of the plurality hypothesis upon the Christian religion, 465; the propitiation by the Redeemer once for all, 467; astronomical science and discovery adverse to the plurality theory, *ib.*

Universities, the English, 38; their character and system, *ib.*; deficiencies in same, 59; regarded as church institutions, 39; founded and supported by private beneficence, *ib.*; design and character of their institution, 40; education, an university, indispensable for an English public profession, 39; element and exclusiveness of the system, *ib.*; enforcing of same by English dissenting institutions, 40; universities of England and the United States, difference of their systems, *ib.*; Mr. Heywood's objections, 41; English and German universities contrasted, 43; Oxford Tutors' Association, grounds of their difference with Commissioners of Inquiry, 44; their concurrence in certain points, 45; extension and improvement in modes of study recommended, 46; general reforms, 47; proposed extension and object of, 50, 51; tutors of the English universities almost exclusively chosen from the clergy, 52; their duties and that of the ministerial office considered, *ib.*; Horsley, Bishop, his opinion of the clerical and tutorial unity, 53; ministerial office, inefficiencies of preparation for, *ib.*; university tutors, general character and habits of, *ib.*; professorships of English universities, their present condition, 55; proposed economy in tutorial system examined, 57; expensive habits of tutors to be deprecated, 58; collegiate tutors, what they should be, 59; uncontrolled and dissipated habits of English collegiate students, 60; inefficiency of present discipline at English universities, 61; private tutors, *ib.*; English collegiate students, their numbers considered, 62; present proficiencies in the university educational system, *ib.*; narrow-minded rigidity of same, 64; Palmerston's Lord, communication and suggestions to the Chan-

- cellors of the English universities, [65](#) ;
 an enlarged system of general educa-
 tion required by the age, [67](#).
- Willis, N. P., prose works of, [264](#) ; his
 popularity as a writer, *ib.* ; literary
 progress and originality, [265](#) ; titles of
 some of his works considered, [266](#) ; his
 prefatory defense in answer to the
 London Quarterly Review, *ib.* ; de-
 scription of the sea, extract, [268](#) ; the
 "Upholstery of Sunsets," extract, [271](#) ;
 "Forest Sculpture," "Glen-Mary," and
 "Involuntary Prayer of Happiness,"
 extracts, [271](#), [273](#) ; his collected pa-
 pers, [274](#).
- Wine and the wine trade, [276](#) ; wine-
 drinking, evils of inordinate, consi-
 dered, [276](#), [291](#) ; original design of
 wine, [279](#) ; alcoholic or "strong
 drinks," evils arising from, *ib.* ; Mr.
 Oliveira's observations on wine-drink-
 ing, [280](#) ; Liebig on different effects
 of wine and spirits, [281](#) ; effects
 of lower duties on wines, [283](#), [289](#) ;
 wines of France, Germany, Spain, and
 Portugal, [284](#) ; light wines, increased
 taste for in England, [286](#) ; isles of
 Mediterranean, their capabilities as
 wine countries, [288](#).
- World of science, art, and industry, the,
 illustrated from examples in the New-
 York Exhibition, 1853-4, [250](#) ; the year
 1770, [252](#) ; cost of its editorial labors,
 art illustrations, etc., note, [252](#).

THE

NEW YORK QUARTERLY.

...

THIS Work is designed to supply America with that class of literature which the best British journals have for a long time afforded England. It will treat of such subjects as are of interest to every citizen of our common country, as those subjects are conceived of by our enlightened statesmen and able scholars.

It will be its constant endeavor to foster a noble nationality in Literature and Art; and we are convinced that a well-conducted Quarterly can do much to infuse into the popular mind those high and just views of education which are essential to the development of our institutions.

As powerful as our commercial nationality has already become, so powerful shall it be the object of this work to render our nationality in letters and art. Every subject suited to advance the American mind, every theory calculated to have a wide bearing on the future destinies of our prosperous country, shall herein find ample space for discussion.

We invite the statesmen who would promote a noble endeavor to diffuse knowledge of a superior order among the citizens of our common country—divines, who would see our people developed in mind, that they may rationally conceive of highest truths—scholars, who would extend a broader and more genuine culture—to contribute to our liberal pages.

The Review will be strictly composed of original productions, and each number will contain a brief sketch of contemporary literature, and a scientific summary, recapitulating the most important discoveries throughout the world during the quarter.

PROSPECTUS

OF THE

NEW-YORK SATURDAY COURIER.

THIS new weekly which has just made its appearance in the literary and commercial metropolis of the Union, under the most favorable auspices, with every advantage that enterprise, energy, experience, and editorial ability can ensure has been established for the purpose of supplying the public with a pure, high-toned, entertaining, and instructive

MODEL FAMILY PAPER.

Its columns will be adorned with contributions from the most distinguished writers of America, and extracts carefully gleaned from the choicest productions of European literature. The English magazines and quarterlies, the French *feuilletons*, and German *Periodicals*, will all be laid under contribution, and will furnish, with the original productions of our own authors prepared expressly for the Courier, a lively, sparkling, inviting melange of the most interesting matter. The contents will embrace every variety in the field of Polite Literature,—

STORIES.

TRAVELS.

POEMS.

SKETCHES.

ANECDOTES.

REVIEWS.

contributions of value and interest for the farmer, the mechanic, and the man of science; weekly abstracts from the New-York markets; practical and intelligible Fashion articles, with seasonal patterns and illustrations; sparkling Editorials on the current topics of the day; special Correspondence from all parts of the world, and a condensed summary of News. The Extracts taken will be from rare and costly books or other sources not generally accessible; the reader will not only be made to pay for what he has already seen produced and reproduced in the various prints of the day. It is proposed to show in the columns of the N. Y. Saturday Courier that

INDEPENDENT CRITICISM

is not entirely extinct among us. The Editor is instructed to speak freely and fearlessly on all topics of public interest. Books are read before being noticed, and are criticised not *in puff*. The independence of the press will be strictly maintained, and no outside influence allowed to prevent an honest expression of opinion. The reader will find that he may place unreserved confidence in our notices of new books and music.

The Courier contains one feature, which, it is believed, will possess attractions for all. Our extracts are presented from every important new book as soon as it appears from the press, embodying the cream of the volume. By this means our readers, even in the remotest sections of the country, have an opportunity of judging for themselves of the style, merits, and substance of the new issues of the New-York, Philadelphia, and Boston publishing houses.

It is impossible, within the compass of a brief Prospectus, to enumerate all the valuable features of the Courier; it is preferred that the public should see and judge for themselves, and for this purpose a specimen number will be forwarded gratuitously to those who make a post paid application for the same. It is here sufficient to say that no pains or expense will be spared to make the Courier in all respects a model paper, adapted to the wants of the family circle. The motto of the proprietor is EXCELLENCE; and they will do their best to lay before their readers every week A *RELIABLE LITERARY TREAT*.

TERMS—Two dollars a year, INFLEXIBLY IN ADVANCE. Clubs are furnished at the following rates:—

Ten copies for	\$15.00.
Fifteen copies for	20.00.
Twenty copies for	25.00.

Terms of Advertising.

1 square, 12 lines, one insertion,	\$1.50.
" " three "	3.00.
" " three months,	10.00.

☒ Payments invariably in advance. ☐

Persons who are induced to trade from seeing advertisements in this paper, will oblige us by mentioning that fact to the dealer. Goods purchased without commission for our subscribers.

Life Insurances will also be effected for persons in the best companies in the city.

Bills of specie-paying Banks taken at par. Enclose direct to the undersigned.

☒ AGENTS wanted in every town in the United States and Canada. Terms, which are in the highest degree liberal, made known on application to this office.

☒ COUNTRY EDITORS may secure a regular exchange by inserting this Prospectus.

☒ All communications to be addressed to the proprietors,

F. J. VISSCHER & CO., 346 Broadway, New-York,
PROPRIETORS.

This book should be returned to
the Library on or before the last date
stamped below.

A fine of five cents a day is incurred
by retaining it beyond the specified
time.

Please return promptly.

JUL 26 1916

3 2044 092 672 229